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THE WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

FRONTISPIECE TO POPE'S WORKS, VOL. VIII.

PORTRAIT OF POPE'S MOTHER.

From a drawing by RICHARDSON, in the possession of EDWARD CHENEY, Esq.

THE WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

NEW EDITION.

INCLUDING

SEVERAL HUNDRED UNPUBLISHED LETTERS, AND OTHER NEW MATERIALS,

COLLECTED IN PART BY THE LATE

RT. HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER.

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

BY REV. WHITWELL ELWIN.

VOL. VIII.

CORRESPONDENCE.—VOL. III.

WITH PORTRAITS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRD VOLUME OF CORRESPONDENCE.

An asterisk is prefixed to the letters which, either in whole or in part, are not in the edition of Roscoe.

LETTERS BETWEEN POPE AND JERVAS.

FROM 1714 TO 1718.

LETTER.	MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
1. Jervas to Pope. Promotes the subscription to Pope's Iliad. Fiddes's pamphlet on Pope's proposals	[1714]	3
2. Pope to Jervas. His thoughts taken up with the translation of Homer	*July* 28, 1714	5
3. He is still absorbed in his translation. Their friendship will be lasting	*Aug.* 16, 1714	6
4. Jervas to Pope. Addison undertakes to befriend Pope. Homer's head	*Aug.* 20, 1714	7
5. Pope to Jervas. Regrets at Oxford for the queen's death. His regard for Addison. Attempt of Philips to set them at variance. Pope declines the proffered kindness till Addison has a juster opinion of him. His obligations to Swift. His detestation of party . .	*Aug.* 27, 1714	8
*6. Jervas to Pope. Engraving of Homer's head. Subscriptions to Tickell's Lucan . . .	[1715]	10
7. Pope's Farewell to London. His old sword. Subscribers to the Iliad. Tickell's translation of the first book	*June* 12, 1715	11
*8. Subscribers to the Iliad. The report of the committee to enquire into the conduct of the late ministry. Bolingbroke the hero of Pope's preface to the Iliad	*June* 28, 1715	13

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
9.	Pope to Jervas. Replies to the charge that Bolingbroke is his hero. Progress of his translation. Enquires what is said of Tickell's first book	[1715]	15
*10.	Jervas to Pope. Project for a journey on horseback to Bath. Vertue's engraving of Kneller's portrait of George I. Fans for the Miss Blounts	[1715]	16
11.	The projected journey. Flight of the Duke of Ormond	[*Aug.*] 2, [1715]	17
12.	Arrangements for the journey to Bath. Pope's bridle. Illness of Louis XIV.	*Aug.* 12, 1715	18
13.	Message to Pope from Lady M. W. Montagu	[1715 or 16]	19
14.	Pope to Jervas. The low state of poetry in England. Begs Jervas to come back from Ireland. Lord Burlington	*July* 9, 1716	20
15.	Gay's verses on Blackmore	*Nov.* 14, 1716	22
16.	Pope visits Dr. George Clarke at Oxford. Censure of portrait painting	*Nov.* 29, 1716	23
*17.	Directions to Jervas for distributing copies of the Iliad, Vol. 3	[*June*, 1717]	25
18.	Pope's removal to Twickenham. He builds. Longs for the return of Jervas. Death of Parnell, Rowe, and Garth	*Dec.* 12, 1718	26

LETTERS BETWEEN POPE, BROOME, AND FENTON.

FROM 1714 TO 1736.

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
*1.	Pope to Broome. Apologises for his letters to the Miss Marriota. Enquires what subscriptions Broome has received for the Iliad. He despises the world	*May* 30, [1714]	30
*2.	Asks Broome to get some of the colleges at Cambridge to subscribe to the Iliad, and requests him to translate notes from Eustathius	*Nov.* [1714]	32
*3.	The plan to be followed in translating the notes from Eustathius. Sends Vol. 1 of Eustathius	*Nov.* 29, 1714	32
*4.	Fears that Eustathius may have miscarried. He is in want of the notes	*Jan.* 29, [1715]	33
*5.	Approves the plan Broome has pursued in the digest of Eustathius. Philip's Miscellany. The new Spectator not by the former hands	*Feb.* 10, 1714[-15]	35

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
*6.	Hears that Broome has gone through Vol. 1 of Eustathius. Begs that the notes, and the book, may be sent to him. Subscribers to the Iliad. He is weary of authorship . . .	*June* 16, [1715]	36
*7.	Lintot's Miscellany. Begs Broome to continue his digest of Eustathius	*Dec.* 6, [1715]	37
*8.	Sends directions for the quarto edition of his works	[1716 or 17]	38
9.	Fenton to Pope. Jortin's extracts from Eustathius	[1718]	39
*10.	Sends notes from Eustathius	*Sept.* 29, 1718	40
*11.	Pope to Broome. Thanks him for notes from Eustathius. The beauties of Twickenham. Invitation to Broome	*Dec.* 31, [1718]	40
*12	Thanks Broome for his help. Anticipations of release from the slavery of authorship. Invites Broome to join him in a tour of visits	*Feb.* 16, 1718 [19]	41
13.	Fenton to Lintot. Information on a couple of notes to Homer's Iliad	*Sept.* 14, 1719	42
*14.	Pope to Broome. Reasons why he has not met Broome in London	[1719 or 20]	43
*15.	The index to the Iliad. Thanks Broome for his drudgery in compiling notes from Eustathius. Pope's life passed in social distractions. Illness of Mrs. Lepell	*Mar.* 24, 1720	43
16.	Pope to Fenton. Fenton's engagement to live with Craggs. Pope's employments. He only writes when he has nothing else to do. He desires the good opinion of honest men, and is the friend of the ingenious and undesigning .	*May* 5, [1720]	45
*17.	Pope to Broome. Regrets that Broome is ill. Invites him to Twickenham	*Dec.* [1720]	47
*18.	Broome's illness. Invitation to Twickenham, which is improved and enlarged. Broome's intention to celebrate in verse the introduction of inoculation by Lady M. W. Montagu. .	*July* 16, 1721	47
*19.	Urges Broome to be diligent in translating the Odyssey. Enjoins secrecy. Approves the portions Broome has already translated . .	*Feb.* 10, [1722]	48
*20.	Fenton to Broome. Projected visit to Broome. Is translating the first book of the Odyssey. His Mariamne	*March*, 1722	50
*21.	Pope and Fenton to Broome. Broome weary of Homer. Pope suggests that Broome should receive Fenton after the fashion of Homer's times. The proposals for the subscription to the Odyssey to be circulated at Michaelmas .	*April* [1722]	51

LETTER.	MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
*22. Fenton to Broome. Fenton becomes tutor to Blount, and proposes that they should board for a time with Broome	*May* 23, 1722	52
*23. Broome to Fenton. He will welcome Fenton and Blount. Has to translate eight books of the Odyssey, and to write the notes. His progress in the task	*May* 29, 1722	53
*24. Fenton to Broome. Announces that he and his pupil will shortly be with Broome . . .	*June* 7, 1722	55
*25. Pope to Broome. He has been constantly ill. Fenton's laziness. Pope's grotto. Recommends care in translating the Odyssey . .	*July* 9, [1722]	56
*26. Fenton's note to Barber. The edition of Shakespeare. Pope urges dispatch in translating. His want of leisure	*Aug.* 12, [1722]	57
*27. Declines to write the prologue to Fenton's Mariamne. The report false that Pope is engaged to be married. He is immersed in business	*Sept.* 18, 1722	58
*28. Fenton's play. Not a fit season to publish the proposals for the Odyssey. Prefers the interlined manuscript of Broome's translation to a fair copy	*Nov.* 22, [1722]	59
*29. Fenton to Broome. Sir C. Cottrell desires Broome's acquaintance. Fenton asks for a prologue to his play	*Dec.* 13, 1722	61
*30. Broome to Fenton. The difficulty of composing the prologue. Compliment to Sir C. Cottrell	*Dec.* 23, 1722	61
*31. Fenton to Broome. Requests the remainder of the prologue	*Jan.* 1, 1723	62
*32. Returns the commencement of the prologue, and reports Pope's criticism upon it . .	*Jan.* 1, [1723]	63
*33. Broome to Fenton. The success of Fenton's tragedy. Fenton too sedate and reserved. Attack on Fenton's play. Broome disparages his own prologue	*Mar.* 6, 1722-3	63
*34. Pope to Broome. Hopes through the Odyssey to put the finishing stroke to Fenton's moderate desires. Has set his friends to canvass for subscriptions. Recommends diligence in translating	*April* 6, [1723]	64
*35. He will revise Broome's poem. Progress made in the translation of the Odyssey. The spread of avarice and corruption. Marriage of Lord Lynn	*July* 14, [1723]	66
*36. The charms of Windsor Forest. Necessary that Broome should spend a month with him. Broome's enemies. Pope's translation true to the style of Homer	*Oct.* 3, [1723]	67

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
*37.	Condoles with Broome on the death of his daughter. Fenton will shortly be summoned to town. Broome too much concerned at ill-natured remarks	*Oct.* 24, [1723]	69
*38.	Broome's depression of mind. State of affairs with regard to the Homer	*Dec.* 24, 1723	70
*39.	Reports against Broome. He is vindicated by Pope	*Dec.* 28, [1723]	71
*40.	Fenton to Broome. Dissuades Broome from going to Twickenham. Tonson declines to contract for the Odyssey, and Lintot is exacting. Gay's tragedy	*Jan.* 9, 1723-4	73
*41.	Pope and Fenton to Broome. Acknowledges notes on the first book of the Odyssey. Pope's vindication of Broome. Failure of Gay's tragedy	*Jan.* 30, [1724]	74
*42.	Pope to Broome. Health of Broome, Pope, and Fenton. Asks for the notes on the second book of the Odyssey	*Mar.* 6, [1724]	76
*43.	Pope's fever. Asks for notes. Progress of the translation. Pope will be careful in correcting faulty passages. Broome's restoration to tranquillity of mind	*April* 3, 1724	76
*44.	Fenton's indolence in writing letters. Pope commends Broome's punctuality in the Homer. Invites him to go and work at Twickenham. Beautiful lines from Persius	*April* 24, 1724	77
*45.	Fenton to Broome. Regrets that he is leaving town just as Broome comes	*April* 30, 1724	78
*46	Regrets that Broome did not visit him in Windsor Forest. Fenton's progress in the translation. Difficulty of translating Homer poetically. Reproves Broome's retired life. Their love of puns. Southerne is pleased with Broome's laudatory verses. Stebbing's book . . .	*May* 31, 1724	79
*47.	Pope to Broome. He buys three lottery tickets for Broome	*July* 4, 1724	81
*48.	Fenton to Broome. He has completed the index to Shakespeare. He is meditating an edition of Waller. Mr. Blount and his sword. Mr. and Lady Jane Holt. The past and present extent of Fenton's correspondence . .	*July* 19, 1724	82
*49.	Pope to Broome. He is a bad correspondent. The subscriptions procured by Broome to be his own. Pope asks for notes. The translation of the fourteenth book a heavy task .	*Aug.* 16, [1724]	84
*50.	The drawing of the lottery tickets. He has been laying out a garden. The labour of		

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
	translating the fourteenth book, and the aversion with which he thinks of the seventeenth	*Sept.* 12, 1724	85
*51.	Broome gets a 50*l.* prize in the lottery. The notes from Eustathius too copious. Advises Broome not to deliver receipts to subscribers till the money is paid. The fourteenth book finished	*Oct.* 8, [1724]	86
*52.	Thanks Broome for mushrooms. Pope's Miscellany. Promise to correct Broome's poems. The edition of Shakespeare completed . .	*Oct.* 31, [1724]	87
*53.	Pope's mother has been at the point of death. Laments that fewer colleges subscribe at Cambridge than at Oxford. Is about to publish the proposals. Schemes for remunerating Broome. Recommends secrecy as to Broome's share in the translation. Advises that the public should be trepanned into justice . .	[*Nov.* 1724]	88
*54.	The world is Pope's foe. Necessity for informing the public that Broome is concerned in the Homer. Pope is free from vanity. He is more anxious to promote the fame of a friend than his own. His contempt for popular opinion	*Dec.* 4, 1724	90
*55.	Fenton to Broome. He has undertaken the edition of Waller. Asks for the loan of Lady Rich's Life	*Dec.* 19, 1724	93
*56.	Pope to Broome. His time is taken up in getting the Homer through the press. Lintot is a scoundrel. Pope will send the copies for Broome's subscribers	*Feb.* 13, [1725]	93
*57.	His multiplicity of business. Ill designs of Lintot. Copies for Broome's subscribers. Broome's verses on the war in Flanders . .	*Mar.* 5, [1725]	94
*58.	Begs Broome not to go to town till his subscribers have their books	*Mar.* 30, [1725]	95
*59.	Sends fourteen sets of the Homer for Broome's subscribers	*April* 8, 1725	96
*60.	His distaste for the great world. Advises Broome to publish a collection of his poems. Pope wishes to print in his own Miscellany Broome's laudatory verses. Fenton's retirement, and abstracted habits	*May* 25, [1725]	96
*61.	Asks for Broome's verses on him. Only testimonies from honest men are valuable. Broome's emendation of a passage in Shakespeare. Pope moralises on the ill effects of living much in the world. Designs a visit into Buckinghamshire	*June* 29, [1725]	98

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
*62	Broome's translation of the sixteenth book, and Pope's corrections	*Sept.* 14, [1725]	99
*63.	Pope's mother dangerously ill, and his nurse dying. He puts off Broome's visit . .	*Nov.* 2, [1725]	101
*64.	His mother better. He is sick of the translation. His concern for his morals. He only desires to be esteemed for honour and tenderness	*Nov.* 10, 1725	101
*65.	Fenton to Broome. Congratulates Broome on having completed his part of the translation. Broome's design to translate Apollonius. Fenton presses Broome to go to town that they may settle with Pope. Southerne's comedy	*Nov.* 20, [1725]	103
*66.	Pope to Broome. Asks Broome to translate the conclusion of the seventeenth book. Announces that he is about to print in his Miscellany Broome's complimentary verses	*Nov.* 22 [1725]	104
*67.	Broome to Fenton. Reflections on Fenton's visit to him. Leaves Fenton to settle with Pope. Expresses his belief that Pope will not allow them their share of credit for the translation. Broome acknowledges his mistaken criticism on Cowley's translation of a passage from Statius. Broome's translation of a passage from Claudian	*Dec.* 1, 1725	105
*68.	Fenton to Broome. Pope requires the remaining notes. Fenton refuses to negociate with Pope in Broome's absence. Southerne's comedy	*Dec.* 21, 1725	108
*69.	Pope to Broome. He has put Broome's verses into the Miscellany. Corrects Broome's translation of the twenty-third book. Abjures idle for worthy society	*Dec.* 30, 1725	109
*70.	Broome to Pope. Exultation at completing the notes to the Odyssey. Fenton's laziness. Broome undertakes to write the epilogue to Southerne's comedy. Decline of Southerne's powers. Broome rejoices that his name and Pope's will be read together by posterity .	*Jan.* 2, 1725[–6]	110
*71.	Fenton to Broome. Jeffreys has furnished the epilogue to Southerne's comedy. Southerne cold to Fenton for not relishing the play. Fenton's desire that it should be settled in what way he and Broome were to be mentioned as Pope's assistants	*Jan.* 13 [1726]	112
*72.	Pope to Broome. They must pay a tribute		

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
	to each other at the close of the Odyssey. Broome's plagiarisms from Madame Dacier .	*Jan.* 20 [1726]	113
*73.	Fenton to Broome. The meeting for settling with Pope	*Jan.* 29, [1726]	115
*74.	Pope to Broome. Invitation to Broome and Fenton	[1726]	115
*75.	Apology for not going to see Broome in town	[1726]	116
*76.	Has completed his postscript to Homer. Birth of Broome's son. Good wishes . .	*April* 16, 1726	116
*77.	Fenton to Broome. Trumbull and Fenton at Cambridge. Pope's postscript to the Odyssey. The clamour against him and the work	*May* 20, 1726	117
*78.	Pope to Broome. Impertinent visitors. The postscript to the Odyssey. Advice respecting Broome's poems. Spence's Essay on the Odyssey	*June* 4,[1726]	118
*79.	Fenton to Broome. Invites Broome to Cambridge. Spence's Essay. Party spirit and intrigues at the colleges. Dr. Tudway .	*June* 10, 1726	120
*80.	Fenton's displeasure at Broome's note to the Odyssey. Broome's poems. Lintot a scoundrel. Fenton refuses to revise Broome's poems. Pope purloins merits which do not belong to him. Broome's verses to Fenton.	*Aug.* 7, 1726	121
*81	Pope to Broome. He is annoyed that his note for £100 should be sent up to be cashed. Readiness to look over Broome's poems. Praises Fenton. Delay in delivering some copies of Homer	*Aug.* 23, 1726	124
*82.	Broome to Fenton. Pope's undue claims as a reviser. His want of veracity in the postscript to the Odyssey. Verses to Fenton. Posthumous fame, a delusive expectation. Broome's determination that there shall be nothing immoral in his poems . . .	*Aug.* 26, 1726	125
*83.	Pope to Broome. The note of hand for £100. Proposes that part of the money should go to Fenton. Pope has done his best to befriend Broome	*Sept.* 5, 1726	128
*84.	Fenton to Broome. Criticism on Broome's verses to Fenton. Pope's letters to Cromwell. Too much correction injures poetry .	*Sept.* 7, 1726	130
*85.	Has St. Anthony's fire. Asks for a turkey and a hare	*Nov.* 22,[1726]	132
*86.	Pope to Broome. The accident to Pope's hand. Offers to see Broome's poems through the press	*Dec.* 5,[1726]	133

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
*87.	Fenton to Broome. A friend's criticisms on Broome's verses to Fenton. Fenton advises Broome not to claim his share of the Homer. Broome's consignment of the merit to Pope	*Dec.* 17, 1726	134
*88.	Project for a new edition of Dryden's Virgil. Arbuthnot's Tables of Ancient Coins . .	*Mar.* 28, 1727	135
*89.	Pope to Broome. Thanks for Broome's poems, and Pope's opinion of them. Accusations against Lintot. His assertion that Pope concealed from him that Broome was to have a hand in the translation. Invitation to Broome	*April* 26, 1727	136
*90.	Fenton to Broome. Death of the master of St. John's College. The projected edition of Virgil. Broome's verses on the war in Flanders. Journey into Staffordshire . .	*May* 3, 1727	138
*91.	Pope to Broome. He is too busy to be a regular correspondent. Broome's Latin verses. Intended visit of George II. to Cambridge. Broome's honorary degree .	*Oct.* 5,[1727]	139
*92.	Fenton to Broome. Ill usage he has met with in life. His poetical dedication of his Waller to Lady M. Harley. He is planning a tragedy. Authorship good for the mind .	*Dec.* 3,[1727]	140
*93.	Pope to Broome. The proofs of friendship he had given Broome. Pope's peevish sayings are not his settled convictions. Attempts to set him and Broome at variance. Pope is not answerable for the remarks made by Jervas	*Jan.* 9, 1728	141
*94.	Fenton to Broome. Broome's honorary degree. He refuses preferment in Devonshire. A severe character of Pope in Mist's journal. Success of the Beggar's Opera . . .	*April* 3, 1728	143
*95.	The satirical remarks in the Bathos on Broome's poetry. Fenton's defence of Broome. He advises silence or a public reply	*April* 7,[1728]	144
*96.	Broome to Fenton. Broome an LL.D. Not vain of the title. Pope's malignity. Broome believes that the satirical strokes in the Beggar's Opera are by Pope . . .	*May* 3,[1728]	146
*97.	Pope's falsehood in the postscript to the Odyssey. His niggardly payment to Broome and Fenton. Broome has the power to render him scandalous. His letter of thanks to Broome for assistance in the Iliad. Pope no master of Greek. Useless for Broome to		

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
	retaliate. Broome's satirical lines on Pope. Fenton thinks Pope an insincere man . .	*June* 15,[1728]	148
*98.	Fenton to Broome. Mr. Blount engaged to be married. Fenton congratulates Broome on his presentation to the living of Pulham .	*Sept.* 15,[1728]	152
*99.	The edition of Waller about to be published. Thurston's poems. Fenton's relish for Greek and Latin poetry. Gay's Polly. Madden's Themistocles	*Mar.* 12,[1729]	153
*100.	Pope and Broome do not correspond. A furious war against Pope for the Dunciad .	*June* 24,[1729]	154
*101.	Fenton proposes to visit Broome in company with a pupil. Fenton employed on his tragedy	*Aug.* 11,[1729]	155
*102.	Mr. Blount miserable in his marriage. Fenton gives no credit to Pope's praise of the edition of Waller	*Sept.* 28,[1729]	156
*103.	Trumbull is cheated by his trustee. Broome has an explanation by letter with Pope, and declines all further commerce with him . .	*Mar.* 22,[1730]	157
*104.	Pope to Broome. Pope's public denial of the slander that he had not paid Broome for his assistance in the Odyssey. False statement on the authorship of the Profound. Pope boasts his own honesty. Calls upon Broome to justify him. Believed that the passage in the Bathos from Broome's poems was by Cowley. The assertion that Pope and Fenton were not friends	*May* 2, 1730	157
*105.	Pope expresses his satisfaction with Broome's letter. Neither Pope nor Arbuthnot were aware that the verses quoted in the Bathos were by Broome. Pope is attending on his dying mother.	*June* 16,[1730]	161
*106.	Broome to Pope. Death of Fenton. Broome's affection for him	*Aug.* 17, 1730	163
107.	Pope to Broome. Cause of Fenton's death. His papers. Pope designs to write his epitaph. Fenton's good offices to Broome .	*Aug.* 29, 1730	164
*108.	Death of Broome's namesake. Pope's mother has a narrow escape of being burnt to death. His belief in a particular providence. His epitaph on Fenton.	*Dec.* 14,[1730]	165
*109.	Pope drinks asses' milk	*May* 19,[1731]	167
*110.	Curll to Broome. Publication of Pope's letters. Curll hears that Pope evaded his contract with Broome and Fenton, and applies for a statement of the transaction and for letters.	*July* 22, 1735	168

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
*111.	Broome to Pope. He sends Curll's letter to Pope. Broome's veracity called in question for claiming eight books of the Odyssey. He has never publicly vindicated himself. He bids farewell to poetry	*Aug.* 4, 1735	16
*112.	Lintot to Broome. Panegyric on Broome's good-nature. Estimate of the cost of re-printing Broome's poems. Pope's published letters	*Aug.* 26, 1735	170
*113.	Broome to Pope. His reason for ceasing to correspond with Pope. False report that Pope had claimed the notes on twelve books of the Odyssey. Broome no longer writes poetry	*Sept.* 22, 1735	171
*114.	Pope to Broome. He is glad of the reconciliation with Broome. Not true that Pope claimed the notes to the Odyssey. He wishes that his conduct to his assistants in the translation should have justice done it by Broome. Pope praises Lord Cornwallis .	*Oct.* 2, 1735	173
*115.	Broome to Pope. Adieu to disputes. The sum Pope paid Broome and Fenton for the Odyssey. Pope had highly advanced Broome's fame. Broome's income. He was paid nothing for his notes on the Iliad . .	*Oct.* 29, 1735	175
116.	Pope to Broome. Requests him not to answer Curll's letter. Asks to have his own letters returned. Alters the couplet in the Dunciad depreciating Broome	*Nov.* 18, 1735	177
*117.	Broome to Pope. Commends Pope's letters. Thanks him for the alteration in the Dunciad. Broome's Miscellany. His poem on Death. Has renounced worldly aims . .	*Dec.* 1, 1735	179
*118.	Pope to Broome. The peculiar risks to which his letters were exposed. Broome's Miscellany and verses on Death. Pope has cancelled the leaf in the Dunciad which contained the couplet on Broome. Asks again for his letters	*Jan.* 12,[1736]	181
*119.	The cancelled leaf of the Dunciad. Lintot's death. Renews his request for the letters. Had sent two volumes of his works . .	*Mar.* 25, 1736	182
*120.	Broome to Pitt. Pitt's criticism on his verses. Additions to Broome's lines on Pope. Objects to a line in Pitt's Virgil .	*Mar.* 24, 1742	183

LETTERS TO AND FROM POPE AND LORD OXFORD.

From 1721 to 1739.

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
1.	Pope to Robert, Earl of Oxford. His poetical dedication of Parnell's poems to Lord Oxford	*Oct.* 21, 1721	186
2.	Robert, Earl of Oxford, to Pope. He acknowledges the dedication	*Nov.* 6, 1721	189
*3.	Pope to Lord Harley. He is ordered by the Duchess of Buckingham to send Lord Harley the duke's tragedies	*Feb.* 6, 1721[-2]	189
*4.	Lord Harley to Pope. Acknowledges the offer of the tragedies	*Feb.* 10, 1722	191
*5.	Pope to Lord Harley. He is unpopular for his conduct respecting the Duke of Buckingham's works, and defers issuing the Proposals for the Odyssey in consequence	*Feb.* 13, 1723	191
*6.	Requests Lord Harley to canvass for subscribers to the Odyssey	[1723]	192
*7.	Desires to read Prior's manuscripts	*Aug.* 24, 1723	193
*8.	His opinion of Prior's manuscripts. Wishes for a copy of his portrait	*Sept.* 29, 1723	194
*9.	His recovery from an illness.	*Mar.* 23, 1724	196
*10.	Pope to Edward, Earl of Oxford. Projected visit to Wimpole. Compliments Lord Oxford	*Sept.* 22, 1724	196
*11.	Lord Oxford to Pope. The projected visit to Wimpole. He compliments Pope	*Sept.* 25, 1724	198
*12.	Pope to Lord Oxford. Pope's visit delayed by his mother's illness	*Sept.* 29, 1724	199
*13.	Pope gives up the visit	*Oct.* 8, 1724	200
*14.	Lord Oxford to Pope. Regrets that Pope cannot visit Wimpole	*Oct.* 26, 1724	201
*15.	Pope to Lord Oxford. Dangerous illness of his mother	*Nov.* 6, 1724	201
*16.	Illness of his mother. Proposes that Lord and Lady Oxford should subscribe for five sets of the Odyssey. Sends his verses on Durfey	*Dec.* 12, 1724	202
*17.	Lord Oxford to Pope. Subscribes for sixteen sets of the Odyssey. Errors in the notes to Book 1	*Dec.* 17, 1724	204
*18.	Pope to Lord Oxford. His mother's recovery. His motive for printing the names of subscribers with the Proposals	*Dec.* 22, 1724	205
*19.	Retrospect of a visit to Lord Oxford at Down Hall	*Jan.* 22, 1725	206

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
*20.	Invites Lord and Lady Oxford to Twickenham	*July* 30, 1725	208
*21.	Lord Oxford to Pope. A note of enquiry, and items of news	*Aug.* 30, 1725	209
*22.	Pope to Lord Oxford. He is resolved to visit Wimpole	*Sept.* 7, 1725	210
*23.	Lord Oxford to Pope. Birth of his son	*Oct.* 19, 1725	211
*24.	Pope to Lord Oxford. Reflections on the death of his nurse. His sympathy on the death of Lord Oxford's son	*Nov.* 7, 1725	212
*25.	He eulogises Lord Oxford's unostentatious generosity, and dwells on his own gratitude and affection for him. He announces Swift's intended visit to England	*Dec.* 14, 1725	213
*26.	Arranges to visit Lord Oxford at Down Hall	*Dec.* 27, 1725	215
*27.	Morley's illness. Pope compliments Lord Oxford	*Jan.* 7, 1726	217
*28.	His preface to the Odyssey. The language of men in poetry should be less lofty than the language of the gods	*Mar.* 3, 1726	217
*29.	Lord Oxford to Pope. His pleasure in Pope's letters. Pope's translation of a satire of Donne's	*Mar.* 10, 1726	220
*30.	Pope to Lord Oxford. Arrival of Swift. Bridgmannic amphitheatre executed by Bridgman's workmen in Pope's garden	*Mar.* 22, 1726	221
*31.	Swift's movements	*Mar.* 26, 1726	222
*32.	Asks leave for Fenton to dedicate his Waller to Lady Margaret Harley	*April* 3, 1726	222
*33.	Lord Oxford to Pope. Accepts the dedication. Alterations at Wimpole	*April* 22, 1726	224
*34.	Lord Oxford's movements	*July* 17, 1726	224
*35.	Pope to Lord Oxford. Sends Swift's History	*Aug.* 15, 1726	225
*36.	Kept from visiting Lord Oxford by pain in his arm	*Sept.* 21, 1726	226
*37.	Invites Lord and Lady Oxford to Twickenham	*Sept.* 27, 1726	227
*38.	The Miscellanies projected	*Dec.* 8, 1726	227
*39.	He and Swift propose to dine with Lord Oxford	*April* 22, 1727	228
*40.	The dinner postponed	*April* 23, 1727	228
*41.	Solicits employment for his auctioneer	*Aug.* 15, 1727	229
*42.	Swift's illness. Pope puzzled how to invest his money. The Miscellanies	*Aug.* 25, 1727	230
*43.	A note of explanation	*Oct.* 2, 1727	231
*44.	Proposes to call on Lord Oxford	*Dec.* 13, 1727	231
*45.	Thanks for a gold cup	*Dec.* 26, 1727	232
*46.	The inscription for the cup	*Dec.* 28, 1727	233
*47.	Acknowledges Lord Oxford's enquiries	*May* 6, 1728	233
*48.	A request for franks	*May* 14, 1728	234
*49.	Sends some of Swift's MS. to be copied	*May* 17, 1728	234

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
*50.	Publication of the Dunciad. He has omitted the couplet on Maittaire	*May* 20, 1728	235
*51.	Lord Oxford to Pope. Receives some medals from Swift. Key to the Dunciad.	*May* 27, 1728	235
*52.	Pope to Lord Oxford. Asks for an extract from Caxton	*June* 13, 1728	236
*53.	He is preparing the annotated edition of the Dunciad. Dr. Stratford's concern for Pope's safety	*June* 17, 1728	236
*54.	Sends more of Swift's MS. to be copied	*June* 25, 1728	237
*55.	Sends the letter signed William Cleland to be transcribed	*July* 1, 1728	238
*56.	Apologises for troubling Lord Oxford's amanuensis.	*July* 17, 1728	238
*57.	Sends notes on the Dunciad	*July* 25, 1728	239
*58.	Asks Lord Oxford to employ Samuel Wesley to carry a letter to Cooke. Pope's antagonists have learnt the contents of some papers entrusted to Lord Oxford	*Aug.* 1728	239
*59.	Lord Oxford to Pope. He has executed Pope's commission. He insists that Pope's papers were kept secret, and that the charge must be cleared up	*Sept.* 10, 1728	241
*60.	Pope to Lord Oxford. He retracts his assertion that the contents of his papers had been divulged. He tries the Bath waters	*Sept.* 14, 1728	242
*61.	Proposes to dine with Lord Oxford, and asks that S. Wesley may be invited to meet him	*Nov.* 27, 1728	243
*62.	Health of himself and of his mother	*Dec.* 28, 1728	244
*63.	Dangerous illness of his mother and Gay. Sends a second letter for Cooke	*Jan.* 6, 1729	244
*64.	Lord Oxford to Pope. He has instructed Wesley not to deliver the letter to Cooke	*Jan.* 20, 1729	245
*65.	Pope to Lord Oxford. Continued illness of his mother. Death of Congreve	*Jan.* 21, 1729	246
*66.	Begs Lord Oxford to bring some friends to dine at Twickenham	*Jan.* 30, 1729	246
*67.	Lord Oxford to Pope. Accepts the invitation. Recovery of Gay	*Jan.* 30, 1729	247
*68.	Pope to Lord Oxford. Changes the day for the dinner	*Jan.* 31, 1729	248
*69.	The day settled	*Feb.* 1, 1729	248
*70.	Begs a repetition of the visit	*Feb.* 14, 1729	248
*71.	Lord Oxford to Pope. Sends Pope some publications	*Feb.* 14, 1729	249
*72.	Pope to Lord Oxford. Proposes to call on Lord Oxford. The Intelligencers	*Feb.* 20, 1729	249

LETTER		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
*73.	Enquires the number of Dunciads sent to Lord Oxford	*Mar.* 1729	250
*74.	Authorises Lord Oxford to circulate the Dunciad	*Mar.* 13, 1729	250
*75.	Directs Lord Oxford to suspend the issue of the Dunciad	*Mar.* 1729	251
*76.	Asks permission to lodge at Lord Oxford's town house. Directions for the sale of the Dunciad	*Mar.* 27, 1729	252
*77.	Requests Lord Oxford to join with other noblemen in attesting that they were the publishers of the Dunciad	*April* 18, 1729	253
*78.	Requests Lord Oxford to employ an agent to discover the author of Pope Alexander's Supremacy	*May* 16, 1729	254
*79.	His illness	*Aug.* 14, 1729	255
*80.	Asks leave to deposit some papers and letters in Lord Oxford's library. Meditates publishing the Wycherley correspondence	*Sept.* 15, 1729	256
*81.	Asks permission to say that the originals of the Wycherley papers are in Lord Oxford's library	*Oct.* 6, 1729	258
*82.	Lord Oxford to Pope. Grants Pope's requests. Marriage of young Mr. Cæsar	*Oct.* 9, 1729	260
*83.	Pope to Lord Oxford. He has ascribed the publication of Wycherley's papers to Lord Oxford. He is preparing more copies of MS. for Lord Oxford's library. Assignment of the Dunciad	*Oct.* 16, 1729	261
*84.	Errata to the Dunciad. Wycherley's Remains. An attack of illness	*Oct.* 29, 1729	262
*85.	Thanks for brawn. The season sickly. Swift desists from building	*Nov.* 22, 1729	264
*86.	The catarrhal epidemic. Lord Oxford's retired life. Pope accused of profligacy	*Dec.* 24, 1729	265
*87.	Proposes to visit Lord Oxford	*Jan.* 29, 1730	266
*88.	Solicits Lord Oxford to attend Lady Howard's cause	*April* 16, 1730	267
*89.	Rejoices that Mr. Whaley has gained his suit	*April* 24, 1730	267
*90.	Expects Lord Oxford to dinner. Disapproves the Grub Street Journal	*May* 17, 1730	267
*91.	Sends for a lamprey	*May* 1730	268
*92.	A note of enquiry	*June* 2, 1730	268
*93.	Lord Oxford to Pope. His country tour	*June* 8, 1730	269
*94.	Pope to Lord Oxford. Congratulates Lord Oxford on his return	*July* 2, 1730	270
*95.	Arrangements for meeting	*July* 18, 1730	270
*96.	The same	*July* 20, 1730	271

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE
*97.	The same	*Aug.* 3, 1730	271
*98.	Wimpole. Some puns	[1730]	271
*99.	His bad health. Promise of verses from Swift. The new library at Wimpole	*Oct.* 1, 1730	273
*100.	His mother falls into the fire. Cleland's son .	*Nov.* 3, 1730	274
*101.	Lord Oxford to Pope. A letter of sympathy .	*Nov.* 10, 1730	275
*102.	Pope to Lord Oxford. Asks the interest of Lord Oxford to get his nephew excused the oath of allegiance	*Nov.* 16, 1730	276
*103.	Failure of the application on behalf of his nephew. His mother's gradual decay. He is writing the Essay on Man. Cleland's son	*Dec.* 1730	277
*104.	His rheumatism. Jacob Tonson . . .	*Feb.* 11, 1731	279
*105.	An answer to civil enquiries	*Feb.* 15, 1731	280
*106.	Invites Lord Oxford to dinner	*Mar.* 2, 1731	280
*107.	Agrees to the day suggested	*Mar.* 3, 1731	281
*108.	Sends Lord Oxford a pamphlet. Proposes to stay with him	*Mar.* 5, 1731	281
*109.	Defers his visit	*Mar.* 13, 1731	282
*110.	Sends some of Atterbury's manuscripts. Has more letters ready for the Oxford library. .	*April* 3, 1731	282
*111.	Sends a poem to be transcribed. He drinks asses' milk	*April* 22, 1731	283
*112.	Invites Lord Oxford to dinner	*April* 27, 1731	283
*113.	Arrangements for meeting	*May* 2, 1731	284
*114.	The whig scheme for assassinating Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke	*May* 21, 1731	284
*115.	A note of enquiry	*Aug.* 10, 1731	286
*116.	His movements. Birth of Bordoni's child .	*Aug.* 15, 1731	287
*117.	Sends back books	*Aug.* 30, 1731	288
*118.	Postpones dining with Lord Oxford . . .	*Oct.* 31, 1731	289
*119.	Accuses Bentley of burning the Cottonian library. He makes progress with his Moral Essays	*Nov.* 7, 1731	289
*120.	Lady Margaret's illness. Blunders of his drunken waterman	*Nov.* 20, 1731	291
*121.	His alleged attack on the Duke of Chandos. Bentley's Milton	*Jan.* 22, 1732	292
*122.	Lady Margaret's illness. Atterbury's death .	*Mar.* 16, 1732	294
*123.	Wishes for Lord Oxford in town. Middleton ill-treated	*April* 28, 1732	295
124.	A letter of compliment. Sends panegyrical lines	*Sept.* 22, 1732	297
*125.	Lord Oxford to Pope. His ramble into Norfolk. Acknowledgment of the panegyric .	*Oct.* 23, 1732	298
*126.	Pope to Lord Oxford. He omits the name of the Duke of Chandos from the lines in which he had coupled him with Lord Oxford. Fenton	*Oct.* 29, 1732	299

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
*127.	A letter of civility	*Dec.* 1, 1732	300
*128.	Sends for King Henry's Prayer Book	*April* 17, 1733	301
*129.	Thanks for remembering his birth-day	*May* 25, 1733	301
*130.	Arrangements for a journey	*Aug.* 16, 1733	302
*131.	A letter of civility	*Aug.* 21, 1733	302
132.	The same	*Oct.* 20, 1733	303
133.	The same	*Dec.* 26, 1733	304
*134.	Lady Margaret's marriage	*July* 2, 1734	305
*135.	The same	*Aug.* 4, 1734	306
*136.	His visit to Lord Peterborough	*Sept.* 1, 1734	307
*137.	He longs for the society of Lord Oxford	*Nov.* 10, 1734	308
*138.	His ill-health. Denies that he is the author of Sober Advice	*Dec.* 30, 1734	309
*139.	Asks for the bound book of copied letters	*Mar.* 3, 1735	310
*140.	A device of Curll's. Designs the publication of Atterbury's letters. Asks for Wycherley's manuscripts	*June* 17, 1735	310
*141.	A letter of civility. Advertises an edition of his letters	*July,* 1735	311
*142.	Receives a summons from Lord Peterborough	*Aug.* 18, 1735	311
*143.	An account of Lord Peterborough	*Aug.* 27, 1735	312
*144.	A letter of civility	*Dec.* 25, 1739	313
*145.	Lord Oxford's engagement to dine with him		315
*146.	Invites Lord and Lady Oxford to Twickenham	*June* 15	315
*147.	Another invitation		316
*148.	Apologises for being a troublesome guest		316
*149.	Asks for saffron for his mother		318
*150.	Sends Lord Oxford a letter to Swift	*Oct.* 17	318
*151.	Invites Lord Oxford to dinner		319
*152.	A letter of small items		319
*153.	Arrangements for accompanying Lord Oxford to Stowe	*July*	320

LETTERS BETWEEN POPE AND LORD BATHURST.

From 1718 to 1741.

*1.	Pope to Lord Bathurst. Oakley wood. Pope retires to Stanton Harcourt	*July* 5, [1718]	321
*2.	Lord Bathurst to Pope. Offers Pope the loan of his house. The lovers killed by lightning. Expense of building	*Aug.* 14, 1718	324
*3.	Pope to Lord Bathurst. Accepts the offer of the house. His gratitude	[1718]	326
4.	Lord Bathurst's improvements. Caprices of taste in gardening	*Sept.* 23, [1719]	327

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
*5.	Lord Bathurst to Pope. His illness. His alterations	*Oct.* 21, 1723	329
*6.	A note of invitation	[*June* 1725]	331
*7.	The same	[1727]	331
*8.	Pope to Lord Bathurst. His ill-health. Buys an annuity of the Duchess of Buckingham. Bolingbroke turns farmer	*Nov.* 7,[1728]	332
*9.	Banters Lord Bathurst for his long silence, and his study of physic	*Sept.* 11, 1730	334
*10.	Lord Bathurst to Pope. A bantering reply	*Sept.* 19, 1730	335
*11.	Pope to Lord Bathurst. More banter. His opinion of Lady Mary W. Montagu. Martha Blount. Politics	*Oct.* 1, [1730]	337
*12.	Lord Bolingbroke to Lord Bathurst. He and Pope deep in metaphysics. Items of news	*Oct.* 8, 1730	340
*13.	Pope to Lord Bathurst. Banters Lord Bathurst for his silence	[1731]	341
*14.	Illness of Lewis. Freaks of the Duchess of Buckingham	*July* 9, [1732]	342
*15.	Lord Bathurst to Pope. Pope's feeble constitution. An invitation to Cirencester	*July* 29,[1732]	344
*16.	His alterations. Pope's habit of sleeping in company	*Sept.* 9, 1732	345
*17.	Pope to Lord Bathurst. A letter of regard	*Aug.* 6, 1735	347
*18.	His regard for Lord Bathurst. He is about to visit Lord Peterborough at Southampton. Begs Lord Bathurst to meet him there	*Aug.* 19, 1735	348
*19.	His attachment to Lord Bathurst. Visit of the Prince of Wales. Items of news	*Oct.* 18, 1735	350
*20.	Lord Bathurst to Pope. Arrangements for meeting. Submits to Pope some plans for a temple	*Aug.* 14, 1736	353
*21.	Pope to Lord Bathurst. Vanneck's negociations for the purchase of Dawley. Reflections on the bad management of the Prince's mines. Invitation to Lord Bathurst	*Nov.* 23, 1738	355
*22.	Marriage of Lady Anne Campbell. Sends for cloth	[*April* 28,1741]	358
*23.	His ill-health. His regard for Lord Bathurst	*Dec.* 18	359
*24.	Arrangements for meeting. Begs Lord Bathurst to call on Martha Blount		361
*25.	Lord Bathurst to Pope. Description of a visit to a country neighbour		361
*26.	Pope to Lord Bathurst. A visit to Cirencester in Lord Bathurst's absence. Criticism on his alterations	*Sept.* 15	363

LETTERS BETWEEN POPE, LORD ORRERY, FAULKNER, MRS. WHITEWAY, &c.

FROM 1735 TO 1744.

LETTER.	MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
*1. Pope to Lord Orrery. Desire to see Swift. Loss of his friends. The P. T. volume of letters	*July* 12, 1735	367
*2. Lord Orrery to Pope. His satisfaction at having Pope for a friend. The late Lady Orrery	*Aug.* 10, 1735	369
*3. Pope to Lord Orrery. His acute suffering for Lord Orrery. Curll's malpractices. Lord Cornbury's verses. Pope's affection for Swift	*Oct.* 8, 1735	371
*4. Lord Orrery to Pope. Lord Cornbury's verses. Character of Dr. Barry	*Oct.* 26, 1735	374
*5. Pope to Lord Orrery. His grief at the illness of Swift	*April* 2, 1736	376
*6. Anxiety for Swift's health. Proposal for printing Pope's letters by subscription	*April* 16, 1736	377
*7. His sickly frame. The piracy of his letters prevents his writing with freedom	*May* 10, 1736	379
*8. Instructions to secure his letters to Swift. His affection for him	*Nov.* 7, 1736	381
*9. His desire to get back his letters to Swift. His letters not intended for publication. Thanks Lord Orrery for his subscription. Repeats his desire to get back his letters	*Jan.* 14, 1737	383
*10. Lord Orrery to Pope. Swift's mental decay. Zeal of Lord Orrery to sell copies of Pope's volume of letters. Death of Lord Orkney	*Feb.* 5, 1737	387
*11. Anxiety for Pope's health. Swift promises to give up Pope's letters. Swift surrounded by wretches. Lord Orrery wishes that he would put himself and his papers into Pope's custody	*Mar.* 18, 1737	390
*12. Pope to Lord Orrery. His ailments. His intention to erect a monument to friendship out of his correspondence with Swift. His love for Swift. His printed volume of letters delayed. Law suit of the Duchess of Buckingham	*Mar.* 28, 1737	393
*13. Lord Orrery to Pope. Swift's promise to return Pope's letters. He refuses to visit England	*May* 17, 1737	395
*14. Pope to Lord Orrery. Sends subscription copies of his letters and the Imitation of Horace, Bk. II., Ep. i. Again begs Lord Orrery to secure his letters to Swift	*May* 21, 1737	396

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
*15.	Lord Orrery to Pope. A chasm in Pope's letters to Swift	*June* 2, 1737	398
*16.	The missing letters. Lord Orrery's legal expenses	*June* 14, 1737	399
*17.	Pope to Lord Orrery. A note of civility	*Sept.* 6, 1738	401
*18.	Swift's announcement that Pope's letters were found. Swift's Verses on his own Death	*Sept.* 25, 1738	402
*19.	Proposes to Lord Orrery to buy Dawley	*Oct.* 19, 1738	404
*20.	A letter of civility	*Dec.* 20, 1738	406
*21.	Lord and Lady Orrery to Pope. The severe frost. Mrs. Whiteway's influence over Swift. Her poetic language. Lord Scarborough's suicide	*Feb.* 23, 1740	407
*22.	Pope to Lord and Lady Orrery. His rambles. Compliments. Mrs. Whiteway	*Mar.* 27, 1740	410
*23.	Pope to Lord Orrery. Thanks to Lady Orrery. History of his unsuccessful attempts to get back his letters to Swift. The clandestine volume. Forbids Faulkner to reprint it. Employs Lord Orrery to negociate	*Sept.* 3, 1740	412
*24.	Letter sent to Swift with the clandestine volume		418
*25.	Lord Orrery to Faulkner. Requests to see the clandestine volume. Promises his interest with Pope	*Sept.* 27, 1740	419
*26.	Faulkner to Lord Orrery. Pope's dilatory answer. Faulkner has stopped the press. He will call on Lord Orrery with the clandestine volume	[*Sept.* or *Oct.* 1740]	420
*27.	Lord Orrery to Pope. The publication of the clandestine volume stopped	*Oct.* 4, 1740	421
*28.	Pope to Faulkner. Thanks Faulkner for his conduct. Wishes to see the clandestine volume. Affectionate message to Swift	*Oct.* 4, 1740	422
*29.	Lord Orrery to Pope. The letters safe from being printed. The volume brought to Ireland by Mr. Gerrard. Swift believed it came from Pope. Loss of Swift's manuscripts	*Oct.* 6, 1740	422
*30.	Lord Orrery to Swift. His gout. The clandestine volume	*Oct.* 8, 1740	424
*31.	Mrs. Whiteway to Lord Orrery. She opposed the publication of the clandestine volume. Decay of Swift's understanding	*Oct.* 7, 1740	425
*32.	Lord Orrery to Pope. Sends Mrs. Whiteway's letter. She believes the clandestine volume was printed by Pope. Lord Orrery intimates his belief that it was printed by Mrs. Whiteway	*Oct.* 10, 1740	426

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
*33.	Faulkner to Lord Orrery. Encloses a note from Pope, and asks for the clandestine volume	*Oct.* 14, 1740	428
*34.	Lord Orrery to Faulkner. Announces that he has sent the clandestine volume . .	*Oct.* 18, 1740	428
*35.	Pope to Lord Orrery. He did not know Mr. Gerrard at Bath. Common in Ireland to steal papers. Mrs. Whiteway's confession that she had a large collection of his letters. He intimates that she printed the clandestine volume. He is convinced that the book will be published. Wishes it to be revised forthwith, etc.	*Oct.* 17, 1740	428
*36.	His disbelief of Mrs. Whiteway's protestations. Reasons why the clandestine volume could not be printed from his papers. Begs Lord Orrery to revise the letters. Soes no harm in Faulkner's publishing them. His anxiety to know of what the letters consist. Asks Lord Orrery's opinion of them . . .	*Oct.* 25, 1740	435
*37.	Lord Orrery to Pope. Enquires whether Pope has received the clandestine volume . .	*Oct.* 27, 1740	439
*38.	Pope to Faulkner. Directions to him how to send the letters. Affectionate message to Swift	*Nov.* 4,[1740]	440
*39.	Faulkner to Lord Orrery. Asks directions how to transmit the letters	*Nov.* 6, 1740	441
*40.	Lord Orrery to Pope. Offers to father Pope's revision of the letters	*Nov.* 8, 1740	441
*41.	Lord Orrery to Faulkner. Desires that the clandestine volume may be sent to him .	*Nov.* 8, 1740	442
*42.	Lord Orrery to Pope. Illness of his son. All the letters in the clandestine volume unworthy to be published	*Nov.* 12, 1740	442
*43.	Sends the clandestine volume . . .	*Nov.* 14, 1740	445
*44.	Lord Orrery to Faulkner. Acknowledges the receipt of the clandestine volume . . .	*Nov.* 15, 1740	445
*45.	Faulkner to Lord Orrery. Requests him to send the clandestine volume to Pope . .	*Nov.* 15, 1740	446
*46.	Pope to Lord Orrery. Complains of the shuffling of Faulkner. His pity for Swift. Pope has letters which will clear up the origin of the clandestine volume	*Nov.* 15, 1740	446
*47.	Lord Orrery to Faulkner. Messages to Pope. Faulkner has acted throughout with honour	*Nov.* 19, 1740	449
*48.	Pope to Lord Orrery. He decides against the revision of the letters. Price paid for Swift's manuscripts. Intimates his opinion that		

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
	the clandestine volume was printed by Mrs. Whiteway and her son-in-law. Intends to draw up a narrative of the transaction .	*Dec.* 3, 1740	450
*49.	He has received the clandestine volume, and is confirmed in his resolution not to revise the letters. Asks for the letters Mrs. Whiteway has promised. Illness of Dr. King . .	*Dec.* 10, 1740	454
*50.	Lord Orrery to Pope. Mrs. Whiteway the writer of the letter sent with the clandestine volume. He offers to assume the responsibility of sanctioning the publication of the correspondence. Mrs. Whiteway asserts openly that it was printed by Pope . .	*Dec.* 13, 1740	457
*51.	Various proceedings connected with the clandestine volume	*Dec.* 20, 1740	459
*52.	Mrs. Whiteway to Lord Orrery. She has promised to send Pope the letter which came with the clandestine volume . . .	*Dec.* 20, 1740	461
*53.	Lord Orrery to Pope. Sends Mrs. Whiteway's letter, and repeats his opinion that she printed the clandestine volume . . .	*Dec.* 24, 1740	461
*54.	Lord Orrery to Mrs. Whiteway. Impossible to stop the publication of the clandestine volume. Denounces the theft of letters .	*Dec.* 24, 1740	462
*55.	Pope to Lord Orrery. Sends a preface for Faulkner's edition of the clandestine volume, and asks Lord Orrery to father it. Reasons why the letters must have been collected in Ireland	*Dec.* 27, 1740	464
*56.	His answer to Faulkner respecting the publication of the clandestine volume . .	*Dec.* 27, 1740	467
*57.	Announces that he has finished his narrative. Intends to publish the clandestine volume in England	*Dec.* 29, 1740	471
*58.	His narrative of the particulars which showed the origin of the clandestine volume . .	*Dec.* 30, 1740	473
*59.	Mrs. Whiteway to Lord Orrery. Reasons why the clandestine volume must have been compiled from Pope's papers	*Dec.* 30, 1740	489
*60.	Lord Orrery to Mrs. Whiteway. Triviality of the letters in the clandestine volume. Reason why the letters could not have been stolen by Pope's servants. Swift's letters safe under the guardianship of Mrs. Whiteway . .	*Jan.* 2, 1741	492
*61.	Lord Orrery to Pope. Encloses Mrs. Whiteway's letter. He has received from her the letters she promised Pope. Lord Orrery's intention of settling in England . . .	*Jan.* 8, 1741	494

LETTER.		MONTH AND YEAR.	PAGE.
*62.	Lord Orrery to Mrs. Whiteway. He acknowledges the receipt of the letters . . .	*Jan.* 10, 1741	495
*63.	Lord Orrery to Pope. Faulkner to be allowed to go on with his edition. Pope's narrative. The clandestine volume not intended for Faulkner	*Jan.* 12, 1741	496
*64.	Pope to Lord Orrery. Thanks to Mrs. Whiteway for the letters. He promises to justify her. The Wycherley correspondence . .	*Jan.* 23, 1741	497
*65.	Requests an early copy of Faulkner's edition. Mrs. Whiteway's letter. Messages to Swift.	*Jan.* 29, 1741	500
*66.	Politics. Lord Hervey. Duchess of Buckingham. Cibber's letter	*July* 23, 1742	503
*67.	Lord Orrery to Pope. Duchess of Buckingham. Cibber's letter. Pope's Epigrams. Wishes to copy Pope's urns	*July* 27, 1742	505
*68.	Pope to Lord Orrery. The urns. Political news	*Aug.* 27, 1742	506
*69.	Warburton refused a degree at Oxford. Want of honesty among public men. Pope's way of life	*Jan.* 13, 1743	507
*70.	Warburton's degree. The Duchess of Buckingham. Downfall of England . . .	*Feb.* 9, 1743	510
*71.	Lord Orrery to Pope. Warburton's degree. Duchess of Buckingham	*Feb.* 16, 1743	511
*72.	Pope to Lord Orrery. Enquires after Lord Orrery's health. Death of Lord Hervey .	*Aug.* 12, 1743	512
*73.	His movements	*Aug.* 18, 1743	513
*74.	The same. His ill health	*Sept.* 30, 1743	514
*75.	The arrears of his annuity	*Nov.* 17, 1743	515
*76.	His health improved	*Mar.* 30, 1744	517
*77.	Death of Bounce. Pope's increasing feebleness	*April* 10, 1744	518
*78.	Lord Orrery to Mallet. Enquires after Pope's health	*April* 21, [1744]	519
*79.	Pope to Lord Orrery. His health. His new physician	[*May* 1744]	519
*80.	Lord Orrery to Mallet. Enquires again after Pope's health	*May* 19, 1744	520
*81.	Mallet to Lord Orrery. Pope's desperate condition. Dr. Thompson's prescriptions. Pope delirious	*May* 19, 1744	520
*82.	Death of Pope. His last message to Lord Orrery. Mallet's last interview with him .	*June* 1, 1744	522
*83.	Lord Orrery to Mallet. Pope's will. Allen's dissatisfaction	*July* 14, 1744	523

LETTERS

OF

MR. POPE

AND

SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND JERVAS.

FROM 1714 TO 1718.

1.[1] JERVAS TO POPE.

[1714.][2]

DEAR MR. POPE,—I intended to have breakfasted with James Eckershall[3] at Drayton, but heard by the way of his being in London, so I jogged to Hammersmith in five hours and half without drawing bit. Yesterday I gave a printed proposal to Lord Halifax, and spoke to the Duke of Devonshire to join my Lord Wharton's interest, and move your affair, that we may set them[4] a going about the counties.

I have not yet seen the dear archdeacon, who is at his old lodging in St. James's place, nor the dean;[5] but have just

[1] From the Homer MSS. First printed in the Additions to Pope's Works. Roscoe, by some oversight, imported into the Jervas correspondence a letter from Pope, dated July 25, 1714, which, in the P. T. volume, was headed "to the same," and followed a letter to Caryll, entitled "Mr. Pope to the Hon. ——" In the present edition this letter has been restored to its proper place in the Caryll group.

[2] This letter, written in 1714, while Parnell and Swift were still in London, must have been earlier than June, when Swift left for Letcombe, and probably before May 4, when Parnell was staying with Pope at Binfield.

[3] James Eckershall held a succession of places at court. In Anne's reign he was clerk of the kitchen. On Sept. 20, 1717, he was made gentleman waiter to the Princess of Wales, and became her secretary when she was queen. Swift had befriended him in Anne's time, and calls him "honest Jemmy Eckershall." Jervas left him 1000*l.*

[4] The proposals for printing the translation of the Iliad by subscription.

[5] Swift and Parnell.

read a thing entitled A Prefatory Epistle, concerning some Remarks to be published on Homer's Iliad, occasioned by the Proposals of Mr. Pope towards a new English Version of that Poem—To the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's—by Richard Fiddes,[1] B.D. Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford.—Ἁμάρτημ' εὐγενές—Long.—"To Mr. Pope from the author," in manuscript.[2]—All the foregoing elegances at proper distances, and italianized according to form. It came too late for the coach, and is too big for my privileges of frank; 8vo. 120 pages, marbled paper.[3] I find so many party strokes in it, that I am afraid it may do your proposals more harm than good.

My Lord Halifax talked of a design to send for you to Bushy Park,[4] I believe with a coach-and-six, or light chaise, but did not name the precise time. I publish your having done the first book and begun. I received the cloak-bag safe; I hope you did not pay carriage. I cannot yet guess when I shall be ready for Sir William.[5] Service, &c. I am, &c.

[1] Fiddes, born in Yorkshire 1671, died 1725, had been rector of Halsham in his native county, where, according to Noble, "the music of his voice, and the gracefulness of his manners, assembled large congregations of the neighbouring inhabitants." An illness affected his speech, and he could never afterwards articulate plainly except when he had taken too much wine. Having lost the musical voice, which was a principal charm of his preaching, he came up to London, and was recommended to Swift, who introduced him to Lord Oxford. He had fallen into poverty, and Bishop Kennet, describing, in 1713, Swift's solicitations for Fiddes in the antechamber at St. James's palace, says he was "a clergyman who had lately been in gaol, and published sermons to pay fees." Through Swift's interest he was appointed chaplain to the garrison at Hull, but, being a jacobite, he lost the office at the death of Queen Anne, and was forced to live by his pen. He was the author of several theological works and a Life of Wolsey, in which, says Noble, "he supplied the want of information by flowing periods; we read whole pages, but gain no satisfaction." This criticism serves equally for the 120 pages on Homer, which appeared in 1714, and dropped dead from the press.

[2] Jervas is describing the presentation copy sent by Fiddes to Pope.

[3] The marbled paper was the cover of the pamphlet.

[4] Halifax was ranger of Bushy Park, and lived in the ranger's lodge.

[5] Pope's neighbour Sir William Trumbull. Jervas was engaged to paint a family picture at Easthampstead, and could not tell when his town sitters would leave him leisure to make a stay in the country. On June 15, 1714, Pope was in London, and wrote to Sir William, "Jervas intends some time the next week to wait upon you, to do his best at the opus magnum, your family piece."

2.[1] POPE TO JERVAS.

July 28, 1714.

I AM just entered upon the old way of life again, sleep and musing. It is my employment to revive the old of past ages to the present, as it is yours to transmit the young of the present, to the future. I am copying the great master in one art, with the same love and diligence with which the painters hereafter will copy you in another.

Thus I should begin my epistle to you, if it were a dedicatory one. But as it is a friendly letter, you are to find nothing mentioned in your own praise but what only one in the world is witness to, your particular good-natured offices to me. Whatever mankind in general would allow you that I am not to give you to your face, and if I were to do it in your absence, the world would tell me I am too partial to be permitted to pass any judgment of you. So you see me cut out from anything but common acknowledgments, or common discourse: the first you would take ill, though I told but half what I ought: so, in short, the last only remains. And as for the last, what can you expect from a man who has not talked these five days? Who is withdrawing his thoughts, as far as he can, from all the present world, its customs, and its manners, to be fully possessed and absorbed in the past? When people talk of going to church, I think of sacrifices and libations; when I see the parson, I address him as Chryses, priest of Apollo; and instead of the Lord's Prayer, I begin,

God of the silver bow, &c.

While you in the world are concerned about the protestant succession, I consider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan war be put to a speedy conclusion. I never inquire if the queen be well or not,[2] but heartily wish to be at Hector's funeral.[3] The only things I regard in this life, are whether my friends are well? whether my translation go well

[1] First published in the P. T. volume of 1735.

[2] She died four days after the date of Pope's letter.

[3] Viz. at the end of the Iliad, and of his task.—CROKER.

on? whether Dennis be writing criticisms? whether anybody will answer him, since I do not? and whether Lintot be not yet broke? I am, &c.

3.[1] POPE TO JERVAS.

August 16, 1714.

I THANK you for your good offices, which are numberless. Homer advances so fast, that he begins to look about for the ornaments he is to appear in like a modish modern author:

> Picture in the front,
> With bays and wicked rhyme upon't.

I have the greatest proof in nature at present of the amusing power of poetry, for it takes me up so entirely, that I scarce see what passes under my nose, and hear nothing that is said about me. To follow poetry as one ought, one must forget father and mother, and cleave to it alone. My reverie has been so deep, that I have scarce had an interval to think myself uneasy in the want of your company. I now and then just miss you as I step into bed; this minute indeed I want extremely to see you; the next, I shall dream of nothing but the taking of Troy, or the recovery of Briseïs.

I fancy no friendship is so likely to prove lasting as ours, because, I am pretty sure, there never was a friendship of so easy a nature. We neither of us demand any mighty things from each other; what vanity we have expects its gratification from other people. It is not I, that am to tell you what an artist you are, nor is it you that are to tell me what a poet I am; but it is from the world abroad we hope, piously hope, to hear these things. At home we follow our business, when we have any; and think and talk most of each other when we have none. It is not unlike the happy friendship of a staid man and his wife, who are seldom so fond as to hinder the business of the house from going on all day, or so indolent as not to find consolation in each other every evening. Thus well-meaning couples hold in amity to the last, by not expecting too

[1] First published in the P. T. volume of 1735.

much from human nature, while romantic friendships, like violent loves, begin with disquiets, proceed to jealousies, and conclude in animosities. I have lived to see the fierce advancement, the sudden turn, and the abrupt period, of three or four of these enormous friendships, and am perfectly convinced of the truth of a maxim we once agreed in, that nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together, but merely vanity,—a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity of merit, and an inward expectation of such an over measure of deference and regard, as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell, exactly, to what pitch it amounts. I am, &c.

4.[1] JERVAS TO POPE.

August 20, 1714.

I HAVE a particular to tell you at this time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary alacrity in every turn. You know I could keep you in suspense for twenty lines, but I will tell you directly, that Mr. Addison and I have had a conversation that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the wainscot, or behind some half-length picture, to have heard. He assured me, that he would make use not only of his interest, but of his art, to do you some service; he did not mean his art of poetry, but his art at court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better air for himself than moving in your favour, especially since insinuations were spread, that he did not care you should prosper too much as a poet. He protests that it shall not be his fault, if there is not the best intelligence in the world, and the most hearty friendship, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carried you too far among the enemy, during the heat of the animosity; but now all is safe, and you are escaped, even in his opinion. I promised in your name, like a good godfather, not that you should renounce the devil and all his works, but that you would be delighted to find him your

[1] First printed in the P. T. volume of 1735.

friend, merely for his own sake; therefore prepare yourself for some civilities.

I have done Homer's head,[1] shadowed and heightened carefully; and I enclose the outline of the same size, that you may determine whether you would have it so large, or reduced to make room for feuillage or laurel round the oval, or about the square of the busto? Perhaps there is something more solemn in the image itself, if I can get it well performed.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addison together, with all sincerity I value myself upon it as an acceptable piece of service to such a one as I know you to be.[2] Your, &c.

5.[3] POPE TO JERVAS.

August 27, 1714.

I AM just arrived from Oxford, very well diverted and entertained there; all very honest fellows; much concerned for the queen's death; no panegyrics ready yet for the king.

I admire your whig principles of resistance exceedingly, in the spirit of the Barcelonians:[4] I join in your wish for them. Mr. Addison's verses on Liberty, in his Letter from Italy, would be a good form of prayer in my opinion, *O Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright!* &c.

What you mentioned of the friendly office you endeavoured to do betwixt Mr. Addison and me, deserves acknowledgments on my part. You thoroughly know my regard to his character, and my propensity to testify it by all ways in my power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous meanness of that proceeding which was used by Philips,[5] to make a man I so highly value,

[1] The head prefixed to the first edition of Pope's translation of the Iliad.—ROSCOE.

[2] Sufficient justice does not seem to be done to Jervas, all whose letters evince the man of sense, kindness, benevolence, and sincerity.—BOWLES.

[3] First published in the P. T. volume of 1735.

[4] In the Spanish war of succession Barcelona was on the side of Charles, and when he agreed at Utrecht, in March, 1713, to withdraw from the contest, the Barcelonians refused to submit to Philip. They kept up a long and valiant defence, and it was not till Sept. 11, 1714, that an army under Berwick succeeded in taking the town by assault.

[5] Pope, in his letter to Caryll, June 8, 1714, says that Philips ac-

suspect my dispositions towards him. But as, after all, Mr. Addison must be the judge in what regards himself, and has seemed to be no very just one to me, so I must own to you, I expect nothing but civility from him, how much soever I wish for his friendship. As for any offices of real kindness or service which it is in his power to do me, I should be ashamed to receive them from any man who had no better opinion of my morals, than to think me a party man, nor of my temper, than to believe me capable of maligning, or envying another's reputation as a poet. So I leave it to time to convince him as to both, to show him the shallow depths of those half-witted creatures who misinformed him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a word, Mr. Addison is sure of my respect at all times, and of my real friendship, whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that passed betwixt Dr. Swift and me, you know the whole, without reserve, of our correspondence. The engagements I had to him, were such as the actual services he had done me in relation to the subscription for Homer, obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who serves me, let him be never so obnoxious to any party: nor did the tory party ever put me to the hardship of asking this leave, which is the greatest obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the whig party than the same liberty. A curse on the word party, which I have been forced to use so often in this period! I wish the present reign may put an end to the distinction, that there may be no other for the future than that of honest and knave, fool and man of sense;[1] these

cused him of having entered into a cabal with Swift and others to write against the whig interest, and to undermine the reputation of Addison, Steele, and Philips himself.

[1] Pope could never have reflected for an instant upon the nature of political science, or he would not have supposed it possible that all men of sense and honesty could, by an act of the will, arrive at an agreement which would "put an end to party distinctions." The multiplicity of questions involved in the government, progress, and prosperity of nations are in a high degree intricate and difficult, differences of opinion are inevitable, and parties are the indispensable accompaniment of divergent views. The preachment against

two sorts must always be enemies; but for the rest, may all people do as you and I, believe what they please, and be friends.[1] I am, &c.[2]

6.[3] JERVAS TO POPE. [1715.]

DEAR MR. POPE,—You remember how frankly I told you of staying three days longer in the country than the archdeacon's limitation. House and we are ready to receive you and yours.

I was yesterday at Sir John Stanley's[4] lodgings—but not at home. I saw the young fellow that is going to try what he can make of Homer's head. I cannot yet answer for him, but by the end of the next week I shall speak categorically if he advances as he promises. You will be time enough to have it done by another [if] he loses *Operam et oleum*. I intend this day to call at Vertue's, to see Swift's brought a little more like,[5] and see what is doing to one Pope.

I will give Addison half a dozen names before you come, if you [stay] till Monday next.[6]

parties, which Pope mistook for elevation of sentiment, was a proof that his mind was politically a blank, unless he adopted the language from motives of prudence.

[1] If all politicians are to "believe what they please, and be friends," the friendship can only be personal, and the political differences will remain. Each will continue to struggle manfully for his belief, and the party distinctions will survive in full force.

[2] This letter is followed in the quarto of 1737 by the letter to Addison, dated Oct. 10, 1714, and which is said in the table of contents to be "in pursuance of the former." The letter to Addison is probably one of Pope's many fabrications, and the "pursuance" was not the true sequel.

[3] From the Homer MSS., and first printed in the Supplement to Pope's Works.

[4] He was a commissioner of customs. Mrs. Delany, his niece, says he was of a grave, studious disposition, and retired as often as he could, from the drudgery of his office to indulge his literary, meditative tastes at a little villa he possessed at Northend. Swift was intimate with him in Queen Anne's time, and, after a long suspension of intercourse, says to him in a letter, Oct. 30, 1736, "May you live long, happy and beloved, as you have ever been by the best and wisest part of mankind."

[5] The editor of the Supplement says that this refers to an engraved portrait of Swift from a painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

[6] A subscription was opened at this time for "an edition of Lucan in Latin, in folio, with interpretation and notes, to be published by Mr. Tickell," and in his accounts, May

Bring your two exchequer bills with you for they must lie [no] longer at 3 per cent.

Though the cows disappoint us of our milk diet, yet the oxen afford us beef as good as ever.

Service to everybody. I expect you on Monday evening at farthest.

Young Kelsey has got a place in the exchequer '00 per ann. Yours at the old rate.

7.[2] JERVAS TO POPE.

June 12, 1715.

DEAR MR. POPE,—I had your last in due time. Shall I send you the £100 in bills or cash? and when?

Gay had a copy of the Farewell,[3] with your injunctions. No other extant.

Lord Hervey had the Homer and letter, and bids me thank the author.[4]

I hear nothing of the sermon. The generality will take it for the dean's, and that will hurt neither you nor him.[5]

1715, Caryll has the entry, "To Mr. Pope for Tickell's Lucan, 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*" Addison was probably canvassing for subscribers, and Pope and Jervas were assisting. The work was not executed, and Mr. S. Buckley, "for whose benefit the subscription was designed," returned the money in August, 1719.

[1] The figure is torn away.

[2] From the Homer MSS. First published in the Additions to Pope's Works.

[3] A Farewell to London in the year 1715. The concluding stanza was a panegyric upon Gay himself.

> Adieu to all but Gay alone,
> Whose soul, sincere and free,
> Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
> And so may starve with me.

There were several allusions in the piece to the free life of Pope and his friends, and the "injunctions" were no doubt a strict charge to keep the lines private.

[4] Carr, Lord Hervey, the elder brother of Pope's future aversion, John, Lord Hervey. In his letter to the latter Pope says of the former, "How sincerely glad could I be to pay to that young nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much wit and honour as he left in any branch of it."

[5] The sermon was not published by Pope in his works, and has never been identified. In May, 1716, an angry pamphlet entitled, A true Character of Mr. Pope and his Writings, was printed by Dennis, and the subject of his wrath was a "libel," called an Imitation of Horace, which had just appeared, and of which he say Pope is the "secret author." Pope quoted passages from the pamphlet

Gay will be with you on Saturday next. He also works hard.[1]

Your old sword went with the carrier, and was tied to the other things with a cord, and my folks say, very fast. You must make the carrier responsible; mine will swear to the delivery, &c.

No books for you from Lintot.

Mrs. Raines, a young lady in the city, and one of my shepherdesses,[2] takes one of the volumes, has paid her two guineas, and is to be a subscriber in your next list. I also got two guineas from the Marquess of Dorchester.[3]

Philips sent me a note for receipts,[4] to be conveyed to the eleven members of the late Hanover club. Pray let me have their names by the first.[5]

I send to Mr. Merrill's[6] to day, &c.

Lintot sent me Tickell's Homer for your government.[7] I

in the Prolegomena to the Dunciad, but did not deny that he was the author of the Imitation, and yet the poem still remains undiscovered. Pieces, which Pope thought too insignificant to be preserved, were probably worthless.

[1] He was composing his Trivia.

[2] One of his sitters, whom he had painted in the character of a shepherdess, which was a pictorial fashion of the day.

[3] The father of Lady Mary W. Montagu. He was created Duke of Kingston, Aug. 10, 1715.

[4] A note applying for the receipts. In his letter to Caryll, June 8, 1714, Pope complained that Philips, in his capacity of secretary to the club, had retained the subscriptions till he was asked for them, and Pope, it seems, had copied his fault, and waited to be asked before he acknowledged the receipt of the money.

[5] The receipt was a printed form with a blank for the name of the subscriber. Pope signed a parcel of receipts, and left them with Jervas, who filled in the names as they were required.

[6] John Merrill, a laborious politician, and for a short period a member of parliament, died in Dec. 1734, and Pulteney said to Swift, Nov. 22, 1735, "I have lost the truest friend, I may almost say servant, that ever man had, in Mr. Merrill. He understood the course of the revenues, and the public accounts of the kingdom, as well, perhaps better, than any man in it, and it is utterly impossible for me to go through the drudgery by myself, which I used to do easily with his assistance; and herein it is that opposition galls the most."

[7] Tickell's translation of the first book of Homer appeared two days after the first volume of Pope's translation, and the only sense in which the work could be sent for Pope's "government" would be to enable him to determine whether he would take any notice of it. Lintot, in his own note to Pope, says, "You have Mr. Tickell's book to divert one hour," and perhaps "government" in Jervas's letter is a slip of the pen for "divertisement," or "amusement."

could not forbear comparing, and do not know what the devil is got into my head, but I fancy I could make a more poetical translation in a fortnight, excepting a very few lines. It seems it is published merely to show as a specimen of his ability for the Odyssey.[1] Fortescue would have Gay publish a version of the first book of the Odyssey, and tell the world it is only to bespeak their approbation and favour for a translation of Statius, or any other poet. In short, we are merry whether we are witty or no.

My respects to dear Sir William,[2] and his good lady and son, and am concerned for any deficiency in his countenance,[3] but am in no pain for the paltry basso relievo. Yours and yours, &c.

I will remember you to your friends of my acquaintance punctually.

8.[4] JERVAS TO POPE.

LONDON, *June* 28, 1715.

DEAR MR. POPE,—Mrs. Cecil sent to me for some receipts which she is so kind to get distributed. She has given me two or three names, Lady Ranelagh, Lady Cavendish, &c., whom she has not seen lately to solicit for you. Lady Scudamore[5] asks how and what you do, being much concerned we had not a few breakfasts in her closet before you left us.

I have a letter from Mr. Edward Blount, claiming hints of

[1] "I must inform the reader," said Tickell, "that when I began this first book I had some thoughts of translating the whole Iliad, but had the pleasure of being diverted from that design by finding that the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not, therefore, be thought to have any other view in publishing this small specimen of Homer's Iliad than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the public to a translation of Homer's Odyssey, wherein I have already made some progress."

[2] Trumbull.

[3] No doubt in the portrait which Jervas had painted of him. "Jervas," says Horace Walpole, "was defective in drawing, colouring, composition, and even in that most necessary, and perhaps most easy talent of a portrait painter, likeness."

[4] First published in the Additions to Pope's Works.

[5] Frances Digby, wife of Sir James Scudamore, and aunt to Pope's friend, Robert Digby.

promises to see Blagdon in Devon ** [1] all over civil and courteous with an air. I dined yesterday with Mr. Rollinson, who takes it ill that Gay forgot to call him to go to Binfield in his way to Lady Bolingbr[oke's].[2]

I saw a glimpse of young Mr. Blount,[3] and he called here, but I was not at home. I would have ventured to send the report of the Committee,[4] that you may have time enough to prepare a preface or dedication to the memory of your patrons **.[5] The whigs say Bolingbroke is the hero of your preface. Pray make room for Walpole[6] in your next, to keep the balance of power even.

Mr. Samuel Hill, nephew to our neighbour,[7] a subscriber to Mr. Harcourt, but his name forgot in the list. I gave him a receipt.

Most of what you see has been writ a week, in hopes of some occurrence worthy your notice. Mr. Fortescue tells me Gay will be in London the first proxim. Service to everybody, neighbours, &c. I am yours, &c.

That my correspondence may be as little troublesome as possible, you see I take care to procure poetical franks.[8]

[1] The manuscript was torn, and there is here some slight omission.

[2] The first Lady Bolingbroke, daughter of Sir Henry Winchomb, Bart., inherited her father's seat at Bucklebury in Berkshire, where Gay was to visit her, and take Binfield in his way. Swift mentions in his Journal to Stella, Feb. 19, 1713, that when Parnell saw her he was so struck with her appearance that he "stared at her as if she was a goddess." All the ill-usage she had endured from her profligate husband did not abate her chivalrous attachment to him in his disgrace, and she wrote to Swift, May 5, 1716, "As to my temper, if it is possible, I am more insipid and dull than ever, except in some places, and there I am a little fury, especially if they dare mention my dear lord without respect." She died Oct. 24, 1718.

[3] Probably Michael Blount, the brother of Teresa and Martha.

[4] The report of the Committee of Secrecy to inquire into the conduct of the late ministry was read to the House of Commons on June 9, 1715, and published a few days afterwards.

[5] The sentence is left incomplete from the defect in the manuscript.

[6] Walpole was chairman of the Committee of Secrecy, and drew up the report which was the foundation for the impeachment of Bolingbroke and Lord Oxford.

[7] "Our neigbour" was Richard Hill, whose London residence was in St. James's, near the house of Jervas. He was an old friend of Sir W. Trumbull, had been a lord of the treasury under William III., a lord of the admiralty under Anne, and had filled diplomatic posts in the reign both of Anne and William. He died in 1727.

[8] The frank of Addison, or some

9.[1] POPE TO JERVAS. [1715.]

I BEG you to let me know if you have any thoughts of your Devonshire journey this summer. If you have, I will stay for you, and let Mr. Fortescue and Gay travel together. This resolution must be made with some haste, because they go next week, and I shall want time to prepare. I thought Mrs. Cecil had receipts before. The names of Lady Ranelagh and Lady Cavendish were inserted long since in the list.

You may tell Mr. Rollinson, that Gay was not sure he should go to Lady Bolingbroke's when he came hither; or help him to some excuse; for his neglect was scandalous, and has given him much vexation of spirit.

I should have been glad to have had the report of the Committee, and have since writ to Lintot for it. If the whigs say now that B[olingbroke] is the hero of my preface, the tories said, you may remember, three years ago, that Cato was the hero of my poetry.[2] It looks generous enough to be always on the side of the distressed, and my patrons of the other party may expect great panegyrics from me [when] they come to be impeached by the future party rage of their opponents. To compliment those who are dead in law, is as much above the imputation of flattery, as Tickell says it is, to compliment those who are really dead,[3] and perhaps too there is as much vanity in my praising Bolingbroke, as in his praising Halifax.[4] No people in this world are so apt to give themselves airs as we authors.

other member of parliament who was a poet.

[1] From the Homer MSS. First printed in the Additions to Pope's Works.

[2] On account of his Prologue to Addison's play. He says in his letter to Caryll, April 30, 1713, that "the prologue writer was clapped into a stanch whig, sore against his will, at almost every two lines." Pope, speaking loosely, said "three years ago," when it was little more than two years.

[3] Tickell dedicated his translation of the first book of the Iliad to Lord Halifax, who died a month before the work was published.

[4] Pope, in his preface to Homer, praised both Bolingbroke and Halifax. He carefully apportioned his commendations and thanks between tories and whigs, and, to avert all suspicion of political bias, he said that the patronage he had received "was the more to be acknowledged, as it is shown to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular parties."

I have just received the Report, but have not yet had time to read any of it. I have gone through the 5th, 6th, and 7th books, except a small part of the latter end of the 6th. Pray tell me if you hear anything said about Mr. Tickell's, or my translation, if the town be not too much taken up with great affairs, to take any notice of either.[1]

I hold the resolution I told you in my last, of seeing you if you cannot take a trip hither before I go; but I would fain flatter myself so far as to fancy we might travel together. Pray give me a line by Saturday's post. I am at all times, and in all reigns, whatever be the fate of the world, or of myself, sincerely and affectionately, dear Mr. Jervas, yours, &c.

All here most truly your servants.

10.[2] JERVAS TO POPE. [1715.]

DEAR MR. POPE,—I intend to see the doctor and the duke[3] this evening, having sent several expresses to fix a meeting, that I may put you out of your pain. Perhaps I ought not to let you know that I suspect the doctor's punctuality as a practising physician, besides the common uncertainty from the present situation of this world,[4] in which we have a small share. The very weather is discouraging, and seems in contradiction to a journey of pleasure. The duke will have the advantage of us prodigiously, by his loving a bottle, which is alike grateful in all seasons: but what shall we do when we

[1] The public attention was absorbed by the Report and the impeachments. Lintot wrote to Pope, June 10, 1715, "The noise the Report makes does me some damage," and on June 22, he said, "Those whom I expected to be very noisy on account of your translation are buried in politics."

[2] From the Homer MSS. First published in the Additions to Pope's Works.

[3] Arbuthnot and Duke Disney.

[4] The political situation. On Dec. 6, 1714, a proclamation was issued for putting the laws in execution against papists, nonjurors, and disaffected persons, and on July 28, 1715, the royal assent was given to the act which authorised the imprisonment of any one who was suspected of conspiring against the king or his government. The extent to which the power might be used was doubtful, and many papists and noted tories felt their position precarious.

can neither ride nor walk? About eleven at night I may be able to be more positive,[1] and defer sealing till then. I am just going to Vertue, to give the last hand to that enterprize, which is our concern. He has done the king from Kneller, but so wretchedly that I can scarcely imagine how bad the picture[2] must be from which that artist has performed so poorly: but it is like and rueful. Two fans you shall have,[3] and you shall pay for them in money, if you think that way best. If we set out, I will take care of sending your baggage beforehand.

I am this minute come from the doctor, who seems ready to mount; but the weather is so extravagant, that there must be a day or two of fair for preparation, to make the way tolerable over head and under foot.

The doctor must lie at Windsor for the first night, and take you up next morning.[4] The duke is gone with Sir William Wyndham. I shall take Waters[5] for our mutual aid. Service to all, &c. Yours very truly.

11.[6] JERVAS TO POPE.

Tuesday [*Aug.*] 2, [1715].

DEAR MR. POPE,—Though I have not a syllable to say of more certainty than the last post, yet I write. I hold myself in readiness, in spite of a demand for pictures.[7] The Coun-

[1] When he had seen the doctor, and the duke, and ascertained their intention.

[2] After Kneller had established his reputation he wasted his great powers in the rapid manufacture of worthless portraits. In his earlier days, before the love of money had got the better of his taste for art, he produced some masterly works,—witness his noble head of Newton in which the benignant nature, and weighty thought of that marvellous man are expressed with admirable force.

[3] They were for presents to Martha, and Teresa Blount, and were probably painted by Jervas himself. "I desired Mr. Jervas," Pope wrote to Martha, "to choose two of the best he had, but if these do not chance to hit your fancy, you will oblige me by taking your choice out of twenty when you go to London."

[4] At Binfield.

[5] The man-servant. Jervas left him 500*l.* In a letter to Caryll, Aug. 6, 1717, Pope speaks of him as an Irishman, and says, "None of the wisest neither which that nation has produced."

[6] From the Homer MSS. First published in the Additions to Pope's Works.

[7] In a letter to Martha Blount, Pope mentioned among the causes which had interfered with the expe-

sellor Bick[ford] has purchased a nag for his equipage, and waits our motions. He was here yesterday, and to-morrow, Wednesday evening, we are to taste Devonshire cyder with Mr. Copplestone[1] at his lodgings.

The court opiniâtre it that the p[retender] is coming.[2] They have no account of Ormond's arrival in France, though they have certain intelligence that he went off at Shoreham, in Sussex, ten days ago.[3] I design to know Arbuthnot's determination to-morrow. Service to everybody. I am yours most affectionately.

12.[4] JERVAS TO POPE.

LONDON, *Aug.* 12, 1715.

DEAR MR. POPE,—I would not have failed by Tuesday's post, but that the doctor could not be near positive as to the time, but yesterday we met on horseback, and took two or three turns near the camp,[5] partly to see my new horse's goings, and partly to name something like the day of setting forth, and the manner thereof, viz.: That on Thursday next,[6] God willing, Doctor A[rbuthnot], D[uke] Disney, and C. Jervas, rendezvous at Hyde Park corner about noon, and proceed to Mr. Hill's, at Egham, to lodge there. Friday to meet Mr. Pope upon the road, to proceed together to Lord Stawell's,[7] there also to lodge. The next day, Saturday, to Sir

dition, that "Jervas had ladies to paint."

[1] The Copplestones were a Devonshire family.

[2] The court was rightly informed that a rebellion was hatching, and that the pretender was to head it in person. He ultimately landed in Scotland, Dec. 22, 1715, and re-embarked on Feb. 4, 1716.

[3] He was impeached June 21, took flight shortly afterwards, and arrived in Paris on Aug. 8.

[4] From the Homer MSS. First published in the Additions to Pope's Works.

[5] The government were adopting precautions against the threatened rebellion, and on July 31 "the horse and foot guards encamped in Hyde Park, and a train of artillery was sent thither from the Tower."

[6] August 18. Pope wrote to Caryll on Aug. 16, "I am just setting out for the Bath, in company with Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Jervas."

[7] Pope was to join the cavalcade at Binfield, which was seventeen miles from Aldermaston, the seat of William, third Lord Stawell.

William Wyndham's, and to rest there the Lord's day. On Monday forward again toward Bath or Wilton, or as we shall then agree. The doctor proposes that himself or his man ride my spare horse, and that I leave all equipage[1] to be sent to Bath by the carrier with your portmanteau. The doctor says he will allow none of us so much as a night-gown or slippers for the road,—so a shirt and cravat in your pocket is all you must think of in his new scheme. His servant may be bribed to find room for that. You shall have a shorter and less bridle sent down on Saturday, and the other shall be returned in due time. The tailor shall be chastised if it is really negligence in his art, but if it is only vapours you must beg pardon. The linen and stockings out of your portmanteau, may go with the bridle. I forgot to tell you, that the third day is to be Oxford University,[2] and the Monday following to Sir W. Wyndham's.[3]

The French king has been indisposed, and men think he is in an ill way,[4] &c. Service to everybody. Votre serviteur très humble.

13.[5] JERVAS TO POPE.

Wednesday, 11 *o'clock at noon* [1715 *or* 16].

LADY Mary W[ortle]y[6] ordered me by an express this Wednesday morning, *sedente Gayo et ridente Fortescuvio*, to

[1] The spare horse was to have carried the "equipage," or baggage for the journey. Arbuthnot appropriated the horse, and decreed that the party should dispense with change of raiment till they got to Bath.

[2] The plan was altered after Jervas commenced his letter, and it was settled that the party should go on Saturday, Aug. 20, from Aldermaston to Oxford, a distance of thirty-one miles, and postpone the visit to Sir W. Wyndham till Monday.

[3] On his return from the expedition Pope wrote to Caryll, Oct. 11, 1715, "I am newly arrived in the Forest after my journey from Bath, which was diversified with many agreeable diversions by the way." No more delightful pleasure jaunts could be imagined than these easy rides in beautiful weather, with the halts at the houses of friends. They present to the imagination a picture of health, high spirits, enlivening incidents, hearty welcomes, and genial talk.

[4] Louis XIV. died on Aug. 21, or, new style, Sept. 1, nine days after this letter was written.

[5] From the Homer MSS. First published in the Additions to Pope's Works.

[6] She had faith in Jervas's artistic

send you a letter, or some other proper notice, to come to her on Thursday, about five o'clock, which I suppose she meant in the evening. Gay designed to have been with you to day, and I would have had him deliver this welcome message, but he durst not venture to answer for your coming upon his asseverations, you having interchangeably so accustomed yourselves to lying, that you cannot believe one another, though upon never so serious an occasion. He will be ready to go back with you. Fortescue's service and mine to all. We are your humble servants.

14.[1] POPE TO JERVAS IN IRELAND.

July 9, 1716.

THOUGH, as you rightly remark, I pay my tax but once in half a year, yet you shall see by this letter upon the neck of my last, that I pay a double tax, as we non-jurors ought to do. Your acquaintance on this side of the sea are under terrible apprehensions from your long stay in Ireland, that you may grow too polite for them; for we think (since the great success of so damned a play as the Non-Juror) that politeness is gone over the water; but others are of opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much about the same time with frogs, and with equal success. Poor poetry! The little that is left of it here longs to cross the seas, and leave Eusden in full and peaceable possession of the British laurel: and we begin to wish you had the singing of our poets, as well as the croaking of our frogs, to yourselves, *in sæcula sæculorum*. It would be well in exchange, if Parnell, and two or three more of your swans, would come hither, especially that swan, who, like a true modern one, does not sing at all,[2] Dr. Swift. I am,

powers, and when, in 1717, she admired the beautiful forms of the Eastern women at Constantinople, Jervas was the painter whom she wished could be there to see them.

[1] This letter, which first appeared in the P. T. volume of 1735, was omitted in the quarto of 1737, and restored by Pope in his octavos. The incongruities show that it is one of his manufactured compositions. It is dated July, 1716, and he speaks in it of the success of Cibber's Non-Juror, which was not performed till Dec. 1717, and alludes to Eusden being laureate, though he was not appointed till Dec. 1718.

[2] Waterton, anxious to discover

like the rest of the world, a sufferer by his idleness. Indeed I hate that any man should be idle, while I must translate and comment; and I may the more sincerely wish for good poetry from others, because I am become a person out of the question; for a translator is no more a poet, than a tailor is a man.

You are, doubtless, persuaded of the validity of that famous verse,

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear:

but why would you make your friends fonder of you than they are? There is no manner of need of it. We begin to expect you no more than antichrist; a man that has absented himself so long from his friends, ought to be put into the gazette.

Everybody here has great need of you. Many faces have died for want of your pencil, and blooming ladies have withered in expecting your return. Even Frank and Betty (that constant pair[1]) cannot console themselves for your absence. I fancy they will be forced to make their own picture in a pretty babe, before you come home: it will be a noble subject for a family-piece. Come then, and having peopled Ireland with a world of beautiful shadows, come to us, and see with that eye (which, like the eye of the world, creates beauties by looking on them), see, I say, how England has altered the airs of all its heads in your absence, and with what sneaking city attitudes our most celebrated personages appear, in the mere mortal works of our painters.

Mr Fortescue is much yours: Gay commemorates you; and lastly (to climb by just steps and degrees) my Lord Burlington desires you may be put in mind of him. His gardens flourish, his structures rise, his pictures arrive, and (what is far more valuable than all) his own good qualities daily extend themselves to all about him, whereof I, the meanest (next to some Italian chymists, fiddlers, bricklayers, and opera makers) am a living instance. Adieu.

the origin of the classical fancy, once watched over a swan in its last illness, in the hope that he might catch some plaintive note which would afford a faint foundation for the ancient story. Neither song nor sound was to be heard; the bird remained mute to the end, and did not even utter its wonted cry.

[1] These were domestic servants of Jervas.—BOWLES.

Frank was Francis Waters.

POPE TO JERVAS.

November 14, 1716.

If I had not done my utmost to lead my life so pleasantly as to forget all misfortunes, I should tell you I reckoned your absence no small one; but I hope you have also had many good and pleasant reasons to forget your friends on this side the world. If a wish could transport me to you and your present companions, I could do the same. Dr. Swift, I believe, is a very good landlord, and a cheerful host at his own table. I suppose he has perfectly learnt himself, what he has taught so many others, *rupta non insanire lagena*, else he would not make a proper host for your humble servant, who, you know, though he drinks a glass as seldom as any man, contrives to break one as often. But it is a consolation to me, that I can do this, and many other enormities, under my own roof.

But that you and I are upon equal terms, in all friendly laziness, and have taken an inviolable oath to each other, always to do what we will, I should reproach you for so long a silence. The best amends you can make for saying nothing to me, is by saying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartly love and esteem the dean and Dr. Parnell.

Gay is yours and theirs. His spirit is awakened very much in the cause of the dean, which has broke forth in a courageous couplet or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore. He has printed it with his name to it, and bravely assigns no other reason, than that the said Sir Richard has abused Dr. Swift.[2] I have also suffered in the like cause, and shall suffer more.[3] Unless

[1] First published in the P. T. volume of 1735.

[2] Blackmore, in the first volume of his Essays, which appeared in 1716, called the writer of the Tale of a Tub "an impious buffoon," and complained that preferment should have been bestowed upon a man who was an "insolent derider of the worship of his country." Gay's piece is entitled Verses to be placed under the Picture of England's Arch Poet, and contains a contemptuous enumeration of Blackmore's poems. No courage was required to ridicule works which were the constant butt of contemporary wits, however courageous it might be in Gay to affix his name to such vulgar trash as his Verses.

[3] For his parody on the first Psalm, which he mentions to Swift, June 20, 1716. It was stigmatised by Blackmore in the second volume of his Essays, published in 1717.

Parnell sends me his Zoilus and Book-worm (which the Bishop of Clogher,[1] I hear, greatly extols) it will be shortly *concurrere bellum atque virum.* I love you all, as much as I despise most wits in this dull country. Ireland has turned the tables upon England; and if I have no poetical friend in my own nation, I will be as proud as Scipio, and say (since I am reduced to skin and bone) *Ingrata patria, ne* ossa *quidem habeas.*

16.[2] POPE TO JERVAS.

November 29, 1716.

THAT you have not heard from me of late, ascribe not to the usual laziness of your correspondent, but to a ramble to Oxford, where your name is mentioned with honour, even in a land flowing with tories. I had the good fortune there to be often in the conversation of Dr. Clarke.[3] He entertained me with several drawings, and particularly with the original designs of Inigo Jones's Whitehall. I there saw and reverenced some of your first pieces,[4] which future painters are to look upon as we poets do on the Culex of Virgil, and Batrachom. of Homer.

Having named this latter piece, give me leave to ask what is become of Dr. Parnell and his Frogs? *Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis,* might be Horace's wish, but will never be mine while I have such *meorums* as Dr. Parnell and Dr. Swift. I hope the spring will restore you to us, and with you all the beauties and colours of nature. Not but I congratulate you on the pleasure you must take in being admired in your own country, which so seldom happens to prophets and poets;

[1] Dr. Ashe.

[2] First published in the P. T. volume of 1735.

[3] Of All Souls College in Oxford, a virtuoso and a man of taste. The drawings here mentioned he bequeathed to the library of Worcester college in Oxford.—WARTON.

Dr. George Clarke, had been secretary at war under William III., a lord of the admiralty under Anne, and judge advocate under George I. He represented his university in parliament from Nov. 1717 till his death in Oct. 1736.

[4] Jervas copied, says Horace Walpole, Raphael's "cartoons in little, and sold them to Dr. Clarke, who became his protector, and furnished him with money to visit Paris and Italy."

but in this you have the advantage of poets; you are master of an art that must prosper and grow rich, as long as people love, or are proud of themselves, or their own persons. However, you have stayed long enough, methinks, to have painted all the numberless histories of old Ogygia. If you have begun to be historical, I recommend to your hand the story which every pious Irishman ought to begin with, that of St. Patrick, to the end you may be obliged (as Dr. Parnell was when he translated the Batrachomuomachia) to come into England, to copy the frogs, and such other vermin as were never seen in that land since the time of that confessor.

I long to see you a history painter. You have already done enough for the private; do something for the public; and be not confined, like the rest, to draw only such silly stories as our own faces tell of us.[1] The ancients, too, expect you should do them right. Those statues from which you learned your beautiful and noble ideas, demand it as a piece of gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their characters.[2] I hope you think more warmly than ever of that design.

As to your inquiry about your house, when I come within the walls, they put me in mind of those of Carthage, where your friend, like the wandering Trojan,

animum pictura pascit inani.

For the spacious mansion, like a Turkish caravanserah, entertains the vagabond with only bare lodging. I rule the family very ill, keep bad hours, and lend out your pictures about the

[1] The face is the index to the thoughts of the mind, and the feelings of the heart, and when these are adequately rendered nothing appeals more forcibly to the sympathies of mankind. A portrait is human nature under one or more of its aspects, and the mightiest masters have shown their sense of the dignity and interest of this noble department of painting by lavishing upon it all the resources of their art. The portraits by Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, Vandyke, Reynolds, and others, are among the choicest pictures in the world. Pope, who had seen many superb portraits in his rambles, could have known little of art, or he could neither have been insensible to their surpassing merits, nor imagined that Jervas was capable of any great work, whether of history or portraiture.

[2] The projected treatise of Jervas upon ancient statues was never written.

town. See what it is to have a poet in your house! Frank indeed does all he can in such a circumstance; for, considering he has a wild beast in it, he constantly keeps the door chained. Every time it is opened, the links rattle, the rusty hinges roar. The house seems so sensible that you are its support, that it is ready to drop in your absence; but I still trust myself under its roof, as depending that Providence will preserve so many Raphaels, Titians, and Guidos, as are lodged in your cabinet. Surely the sins of one poet can hardly be so heavy, as to bring an old house over the heads of so many painters. In a word, your house is falling; but what of that? I am only a lodger.[1]

17.[2] POPE TO JERVAS.

[*June*, 1717.]

DEAR SIR,—I am much rejoiced at your safe arrival at Dublin, the news of which I had from Frank[3] last post. I am obliged to you for the care which I doubt not you will take of the books I troubled you with. Dr. Ellwood[4] has writ for several third volumes for the subscribers he collected.[5] They amount to twelve with Ellwood's own, for which he has sent the money to me. I therefore desire you to give to Ellwood twelve third volumes of common paper out of your parcel to the following gentlemen, and one of the best paper for himself.

Mr. Rob. Howard.	Mr. Morton.
Geo. Rochford, Esq.	Mr. Singleton.
Mr. Ludlow.	Mr. Tucker.
Mr. Synge.	Dr. Walmsley.
Dr. Gilbert.	Mrs. Ford, best paper.
Mr. Hill.	Lord Massa[reen].

[1] Alluding to the story of the Irishman.—WARBURTON.

[2] From the Homer MSS. First published in the Supplement to Pope's Works.

[3] Francis Waters, Jervas's manservant.

[4] Dr. Ellwood, a friend of Swift, and fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. The third volume of Pope's translation of the Iliad was published June 3, 1717.

[5] After "collected" is this erased passage: "which I have taken care of now to send by Lintot, only the books for himself and Lord Donegal are in the box, which I therefore desire you to give out of your parcel,

18.[1] POPE TO JERVAS.

December 12, 1718.

THE old project of a window in the bosom, to render the soul of man visible, is what every honest friend has manifold reason to wish for; yet even that would not do in our case, while you are so far separated from me, and so long. I begin to fear you will die in Ireland, and that denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris.* I should be apt to think you in Sancho's case; some duke has made you governor of an island, or wet place, and you are administering laws to the wild Irish. But I must own, when you talk of building and planting, you touch my string; and I am as apt to pardon you, as the fellow that thought himself Jupiter would have pardoned the other madman who called himself his brother Neptune. Alas, sir, do you know whom you talk to? one that has been a poet, was degraded to a translator, and, at last, through mere dulness, is turned an architect. You know Martial's censure, *Præconem facito vel architectum.* However, I have one way left to plan, to elevate, and to surprise, as Bayes says. The next news you may expect to hear, is that I am in debt.

The history of my transplantation and settlement, which you desire, would require a volume were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, vicissitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my life: much more, should

and no others (of Dr. Ellwood's list), all of which are common paper, except Dr. Ellwood's, Lord Donegal." Jervas had carried over to Ireland several copies of the third volume of the Iliad. In the erased sentence Pope tells him that the common paper copies for Dr. Ellwood's subscribers will be sent through Lintot, and that Jervas is only to furnish the two best paper copies. Pope afterwards changed his mind, and instructed Jervas to supply the whole of the copies from his stock.

[1] First published in the P. T. volume of 1735, where it is headed, as in all Pope's reprints, "Mr. Pope to ——." The contents show that it was addressed to Jervas, but there is little doubt, from the discrepancies, that it is a made-up composition. In all editions the date is Dec. 12, 1718, and at the close of the letter Pope mentions the death of Garth, which did not take place till Jan. 18, 1719.

I describe the many draughts,[1] elevations, profiles, perspective, &c., of every palace and garden proposed, intended, and happily raised, by the strength of that faculty wherein all great geniuses excel, imagination. At last, the gods and fate have fixed me on the borders of the Thames, in the districts of Richmond and Twickenham. It is here I have passed an entire year of my life,[2] without any fixed abode in London, or more than casting a transitory glance (for a day or two at most in a month) on the pomps of the town. It is here I hope to receive you, sir, returned from eternizing the Ireland of this age. For you my structures rise; for you my colonnades extend their wings; for you my groves aspire, and roses bloom. And, to say truth, I hope posterity (which, no doubt, will be made acquainted with all these things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my architecture, that it was a mansion prepared to receive you, against your own should fall to dust, which is destined to be the tomb of poor Frank and Betty, and the immortal monument of the fidelity of two such servants, who have excelled in constancy the very rats of your family.

What more can I tell you of myself? So much, and yet all put together so little, that I scarce care or know how to do it. But the very reasons that are against putting it upon paper, are as strong for telling it you in person; and I am uneasy to be so long denied the satisfaction of it.

At present I consider you bound in by the Irish sea, like the ghosts in Virgil,

> Tristi palus inamabilis undâ
> Alligat, et novies Styx circumfusa coërcet!

and I cannot express how I long to renew our old intercourse and conversation, our morning conferences in bed in the same room, our evening walks in the park, our amusing voyages on the water, our philosophical suppers, our lectures, our dissertations, our gravities, our reveries, our fooleries, or what not?

[1] These, in his own drawing, at the back of various notes and letters, are in the British Museum.—BOWLES.

[2] From the continuation of the letter we find that he was engaged in building, and his house at Twickenham must be intended, where he could not have spent three months of his life on Dec. 12, 1718, for he was still residing at Chiswick in September.

This awakens the memory of some of those who have made a part in all these. Poor Parnell, Garth, Rowe! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the death of the last: Parnell was too much in my mind, to whose memory I am erecting the best monument I can. What he gave me to publish, was but a small part of what he left behind him; but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it.[1] I would fain know if he be buried at Chester or Dublin;[2] and what care has been, or is to be taken for his monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe; I am writing this very day his epitaph for Westminster-Abbey. After these, the best-natured of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a saint or a philosopher famous. But ill tongues, and worse hearts, have branded even his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good christian without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth.[3] I am, &c.

[1] Pope exercised a sound discretion. The suppressed poems were published in 1758, and were found to be rubbish. Gray, writing of the volume to Mason, said, "Parnell is the dunghill of Irish Grub-street."

[2] Parnell was buried at Chester, Oct. 18, 1718.

[3] Pope had said of him before in the Farewell to London,

> the best good christian he
> Although he knows it not.

"He is accused of voluptuousness and irreligion," says Johnson, who adds that Pope "seems not able to deny what he is angry to hear, and loth to confess." Any definition of a christian which was applicable to the life of Garth, would make manifest the inconsistency of the assertion that a better christian never existed. Such was his hostility to every form of religious faith that, in 1704, he wrote an epitaph on St. Evremond, intended for Westminster Abbey, in which he "commended him for his indifference to all religion." When Garth's failing constitution abated his irreverence, Pope had nothing loftier to tell Spence of him than that in his last three years he "talked in a less libertine manner" than was his wont, that he was "rather doubtful and fearful than religious," that he used to say "if there was any such thing as religion it was among the roman catholics," and that he ultimately "died a papist." His conversion must have been quite at the close of his days, for when Addison visited him in his final illness and exhorted him to prepare for his approaching end, Garth replied, as Addison informed the celebrated Dr. Berkeley, "Surely I have good reason not to believe those trifles, since my friend Dr. Halley, who has dealt so much in demonstration, has assured me that the doctrines of christianity are incomprehensible, and the religion

itself an imposture." This was the Halley whose shallow infidelity Newton rebuked with the remark, "*I* have studied these things; *you* have not." The morals of Garth were not much in advance of his religious faith. He was lax and epicurean, and he himself informed Mr. Townley, that he had two veins opened with the intention of committing suicide after he had ascertained that he could not recover from his disease, but might survive for some years. The loss of blood relieved his pains, and he then said that "if it would continue so he could be content to live on." The same temperament was apparent in the motive he assigned for welcoming death, if the observation was anything more than a playful speech by the way. "You may remember," wrote Barber to Swift, April 22, 1735, "he said he was glad he was dying, for he was weary of having his shoes pulled off and on." He was a kind-hearted man, and his associates thought him a delightful companion.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE, BROOME, AND FENTON,

FROM 1714 TO 1736.

With the exception of a single letter, published in the quarto of 1737, all the letters of Pope and Fenton are printed from the originals. The letters of Broome are from the drafts or copies in his own hand-writing. Nearly the whole of the manuscripts are in the possession of Mr. Murray, and the authority for the few remaining letters is mentioned in the notes.

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1. POPE TO BROOME.[1]

May 30, [1714].

Dear Sir,—It is near three months past that I writ to you, with two other letters inclosed in the same packet to Sturston.[2] I have been much afraid for the health of that

[1] Broome was one year younger than Pope. He was the son of a farmer at Haslington in Cheshire, and was baptised May 3, 1689. His friends had interest enough to get him on the foundation at Eton, and from Eton he went in 1708 to Cambridge, where he was admitted a subsizar, which was an endowed office that imposed upon him menial functions, and was an evidence that he was poor. He took his B.A. degree in 1712, entered into orders, and ultimately became the holder of three rectories and a vicarage. He had the character of being a good Greek scholar, had conjointly with Ozell and Oldisworth translated the Iliad into prose, and from his passion for writing verses was familiarly called Poet by his college companions. All these circumstances were calculated to draw him and Pope together at the period of their becoming acquainted. Their first meeting was at the house of Sir John Cotton, who lived in the village of Madingley, adjoining Cambridge, and who married a sister of Pope's friend, Craggs.

[2] Sturston or Stuston was a rectory in Suffolk, close to Diss, in Norfolk.

family, as well as for your own, since I received no account of any of them. I hope I uttered no such absurdities in the letters to the ladies as were utterly unpardonable; for all I remember of them is, that I was not quite sober when I writ them.[1] For what remains to trouble you with in this, I beg you will let me know if it fell in your way to make any further advances in the subscription to Homer, at Cambridge or elsewhere? And be so kind to acquaint me what you have received, and from whom? If any were promised, as you sent me word of two, pray receive them as soon as you can conveniently, or any way return them to Lintot with a line to me; for it will be time to make up all my accounts shortly. However it be, pray favour me sometimes with a letter directed to Mr. Jervas's, at Bridgewater House, in Cleveland Court, by St. James's, whither all my letters are directed, wherever I am. I have forty journeys to make this summer, and wish, with all my soul, the first of them were to Sturston. I really love and honour them[2] more than I can express, and wish their happiness more earnestly than my own. For truly, Mr. Broome, I may venture to tell you, now you are a divine, that I despise this world more than I would have it think I do, and have very few ambitions or interests at heart for my own particular. Two fits of the headache make me a philosopher at any time, and I had one yesterday and another this morning.

I wonder I have not heard from you. I hope you have not behaved yourself so violently in your parish, I mean violently in respect to the young damsels, as to be deprived of your benefice already. I shall be apt to spread this scandal, unless I hear soon from you. I am, very faithfully and affectionately, dear sir, your very humble servant.

[1] The ladies were the Marriots, who had an estate in the parish of Sturston. Pope, perhaps, had met them when he visited Sir John Cotton, and on February 10, 1714, he addressed to Miss Marriot a long and very indecent letter, which he also sent to the Miss Blounts. He imagined from the silence of the family at Sturston, that they had taken offence, and his plea that he was not sober was a pretence to excuse himself. The letter was an elaborate composition, written with a steady hand, and could not even have been transcribed when Pope was too inebriated to be conscious of its impropriety.

[2] The Miss Marriots.

2. POPE TO BROOME.

[*Nov.* 1714.]

SIR,—The perpetual hurry my late pretence to business has brought me into, must be my excuse for having omitted to write to you before. I am in a particular manner obliged to your earnestness in doing me a service, and have inserted Sir Robert's[1] name in the list of subscribers. You will add to your favour if you can procure me any of the colleges to subscribe for their libraries, and let me know as soon as any are promised you.

If you have leisure, and can engage, without failing me, to read over in order the commentaries of Eustathius, on the four first Iliads, and to place a mark upon all the notes which are purely critical, omitting the grammatical and geographical and allegorical ones, you will oblige me particularly by informing me. I should be glad you had time to translate them afterwards, and I should think myself under an obligation to pay a lawful tribute for the time you spent in it. Let me know by what means I might convey the books to you securely, if this agree with your conveniency. Believe me, most affectionately, dear sir, your most obliged and faithful servant.

Be pleased to direct to Mr. Jervas's, at Bridgewater House, near St. James's, whether I am here or in the country.

3. POPE TO BROOME.

LONDON, *Nov.* 29, 1714.

DEAR SIR,—I take you at your word, and desire you to read through the commentary of Eustathius on the second book, except the catalogue, which you may save yourself the trouble

[1] Sir Robert Cotton of Combermere.

of. I have read it lately myself,[1] and have a mind to see if we shall not pitch upon the same remarks. It will be a pleasure to me to find our tastes agreeing in what we think the notes most to the purpose.

Be so kind to take this method: translate such notes only as concern the beauties or art of the author—none geographical, historical, grammatical—unless some occur very important to the sense, and none of the poetical history. What are allegorical, if obvious and ingenious, abstract; if far-fetched, omit; but leave out none of the art or contrivance of the poet, or beauties, it being on account of those alone that I put you to this trouble. Be pleased to refer to the pages in your papers. You will find but few of the sort I mention to insist upon, so that the task of writing will not be so great as the trouble of reading, though I suppose you read the Greek with ease. When you have gone through the second book, be pleased to send the pages to Lintot, sealed up and directed to me, by some sure way.

The book will be sent to you by the Bury carrier, so as to be with you on Saturday next. I beg you will be ready to receive it, or send for fear of any accident. It is of considerable value, being the best Roman edition, and of more as belonging to my Lord Halifax. The sooner you could look over this second book the better. I shall not omit any opportunity of returning this kindness you offer me, in such a way as may be most agreeable to you, and best express my gratitude.

You mentioned a gentleman who was ready to subscribe to you; be pleased to receive the subscription, and let me know his name, which was torn out by the seal of your letter, that I may transmit him a receipt. Do the same also in regard to my Lord Cornwallis's,[2] or any others you may find.

[1] In a letter to Fenton, June 15, 1728, Broome says that Pope could not translate ten lines of Eustathius. Probably, Parnell, who was with Pope in the summer and autumn of 1714, assisting him to unravel the Greek commentators, had helped him to the sense of the principal remarks of Eustathius on the second book of the Iliad.

[2] Charles, fourth Lord Cornwallis. His son, the first Earl, had formed an intimacy with Broome, who in his will styles him "my patron and constant friend;" and in the event of his own issue failing, the poet left

The hurry I am in, with different businesses, hinders my answering what you tell me from Mrs. Marriots', or from paying my respects to them by writing. Anything from them is always the most welcome and entertaining to one who is so truly their servant, and so earnestly wishes to see or hear of them. Shall not Mrs. Betty shine this winter among the glories of the court and town? Shall foreigners and Germans engross the adorations of all men?[1] Let her come and vindicate English beauty. I am, dear sir, your faithful friend and servant.

4. POPE TO BROOME.

LONDON, *Jan.* 29, [1715].

DEAR SIR,—I gave the first volume of Eustathius to Mr. Marriot a month ago, to be sent down to you by the carrier, and entreated the favour of you to acquaint me of the receipt of it. Since when I have not had a line from you, and have been under some uneasiness in the fears of its having miscarried. I therefore write this word or two in the utmost haste, only for the satisfaction of hearing from you that it came to your hands. Be pleased to direct to me at Mr. Jervas's, in Cleveland Court, by St. James's. The sooner you do it you will the more oblige, dear sir, your most faithful affectionate servant.

I could be glad, if you have done any part, that I had the papers by the first opportunity sent to Lintot, the first volume being now in the press. I must never omit my most unfeigned respects to Mrs. Marriot and Mrs. Elizabeth Marriot, &c.

him an estate of 44*l.* a year, "as a testimony of my gratitude to my great benefactor." The bequest took effect in 1747, two years after the death of Broome, when his only remaining son died unmarried, while an undergraduate at Cambridge.

[1] For George I. had succeeded to the crown in the previous August, and reached England in September, bringing with him a troop of foreigners. "When he ascended the throne," says Lady Mary W. Montagu, "he was surrounded by all his German ministers and playfellows, male and female;" but "adoration" was not the sentiment which his ugly dames excited in his English subjects.

5.[1] POPE TO BROOME.

LONDON, *Feb.* 10, 1714[–15].

DEAR SIR,—You overjoy me in the news that Mrs. Betty Marriot will be in town. I hope she will give me leave to wait on her toilet sometimes. I beg you to assure Mrs. Marriot of all the hearty wishes of an old friend and the sincere esteem of a true one.

The method you have taken with Eustathius is what I intended. I beg you to continue it through the second book, the catalogue excepted, till you come to town, and to bring it up with you. If you shall not be here soon, go upon the fifth book with what care you can in the same method, for I believe I have done already the same thing to the second that you can do.[2]

Your compliment and the simile about lawyers' fees is not so just as one might expect from a man of your wit. But a similitude is not always a reason, and you must give me leave to please myself in what concerns you in this affair.[3]

[1] This letter is franked by Addison.

[2] Pope asked Broome to extract for him all the pertinent passages in the commentary of Eustathius on the "four first Iliads." It would appear from Pope's letter of Nov. 29, 1714, that Broome proposed to commence with the second book, and here, on Feb. 10, 1715, Pope is still begging him to proceed with the second book, or, if he will not soon be in town, to go on to the fifth, since, says Pope, "I believe I have done already the same thing to the second that you can do." This implies that the extracts from the first, third, and fourth books were finished, though no mention is made of them, and it would seem that they were supplied by Broome, in accordance with Pope's original request, for Pope says, June 16, 1715, "I am told by Mr. Lintot that you have run through the first volume of Eustathius in the manner I desired." It may be surmised that Broome, who had intended to begin with the second book, turned aside from it to complete the remainder of the "four first Iliads," after hearing that Pope had read the second book himself, and it was probably in reply to Broome's announcement that the first, third, and fourth book were ready, that Pope requested him "to continue" his labours "through the second book," or if he could not bring it with him speedily, to go at once to the fifth.

[3] In paying him for his digest of Eustathius. Pope yielded the point, and Broome says to Fenton, June 15, 1728, "I solemnly assure you I never took one farthing for all that long and laborious task I undertook and discharged for his sake, in my annotations upon his Iliad."

I do not hear of anything in Philips's Miscellany that deserves to be ranked with your verses, and I believe you may find a more creditable occasion of putting them in better company hereafter.[1] As to the Spectator, that which is now published is not by the former hands, but a paper of no sort of reputation with the town. I tell you this as a friend, but desire you not to quote my name, since I have often experienced the danger of speaking my mind upon our fellow-writers. One makes a thousand enemies, who are too vain ever to forgive the truth.

I desire to hear from you as you proceed, and send what you have written at proper conveniency. I value you and your writings, and am, dear sir, your faithful and affectionate friend and servant.

If any remarks of your own occur to you as you read, be pleased to set them upon a separate paper. I know they will be too good to be lost.

6. POPE TO BROOME.

WINDSOR FOREST, *June* 16 [1715].

DEAR SIR,—I am told by Mr. Lintot that you have run through the first volume of Eustathius in the manner I desired. The acknowledgments I am to pay you on that account shall be deferred to a more convenient opportunity. I beg you to send the papers of extracts, &c., sealed up, to me, directed to Lintot, as soon as they are ready, together with the book itself, which belongs to the library of the late Lord Halifax. You will take a particular care in putting it up, and send a letter to Mr. Lintot two posts before, that he may know on what day the book will be in London, and at what inn to meet it, for fear of accidents. I will send the next volume, as soon as I can procure it, afterwards.

[1] Philips's Miscellany was announced, but not published. He had advertised for contributions in the London Gazette of January 8, 1715, and begged "such gentlemen as were willing to appear" in his collection to send their poems directed to Tonson.

There were one or two subscribers to Homer whose names you gave in,—Sir Robert Cotton and my Lord Cornwallis,—neither of which have paid, unless it were to you. I should be glad it were in your hands, and you need not give yourself the trouble to return it. I hope it will not be long before we may contrive to meet. I have ordered Lintot, as soon as he receives the first volume of Eustathius, to send you back by the next return of the same carrier the first volume of my translation, which I desire you to accept.

Mrs. Marriot may believe, with a great deal of truth, that nothing but the utmost hurry in town, and constant attendance to study in the country, could so long have prevented me the pleasure of writing to her. I am really so fatigued with scribbling, that I could almost wish, in the Scripture phrase, that *my hand had forgot its cunning*. Homer will at last do me justice; he was the first author that made me catch the itch of poetry, when I read him in my childhood; and he will now cure me of it entirely. If I outlive this task, which perhaps, sickly as I am, I may, and the memory of it too, I shall be capable of being everything that I now am hindered from being,—I mean I shall be a better man, a better friend, a better correspondent, &c. I am now like a wretched man of business, who regards only himself and his own affairs. But I assure Mrs. Marriot sincerely, I am always hers, and, sir, your most faithful, affectionate, humble servant.

Mrs. Betty Marriot promised I should wait on her in this country, but has disappointed me. Pray tell her, when she returns, that she is in my debt.

7. POPE TO BROOME.

Dec. 6 [1715].

DEAR SIR,—You will excuse a man who is under so many obligations as myself, to be deficient in his acknowledgments to some, and it is not unnatural to use those persons with most freedom whose candour and friendship we chiefly depend upon. However, if I defer my thanks, I do not forget them;

and you must believe me not a little grateful to you for the last packet you sent me. Your own verses, and those of your friend, I shall commit to Mr. Lintot, and take what liberties you allow me with yours. But his Miscellany,[1] he tells me, will scarce be put in hand these two months.

Since my last, I find it necessary to review Eustathius upon the seventh and eighth books. If therefore you had full time to make an abstract of them, it would be particularly obliging: but as it will be wanted for the press in three weeks' time, I fear you may scarce have leisure; however, be pleased to let me know in a post or two.

I shall leave London in a week, designing to pass the Christmas at home in the Forest. From thence I shall be able to write to you more at large than my present hurry will allow me. I heartily wish I could as easily have seen Sturston this winter weather, where the absence of the sun might be imperceptible in the presence of the fair ladies. How many longing wishes shall I send thither, when I am shut up with my old father and mother, or at best only see a country neighbour? Pray represent my affliction to Mrs. Marriot in all the moving terms you can, and let them ever believe me sincerely theirs, as I am your most faithful humble servant.

8. POPE TO BROOME.

[1716 *or* 1717.]

DEAR SIR,—I desire, for fear of mistakes, that you will cause the space for the initial letter to the Dedication to the Rape of the Lock to be made of the size of those in Trapp's Prælectiones.[2] Only a small ornament at the top of that leaf, not so large as four lines breadth. The rest as I told you before.

[1] Lintot's Miscellany originally appeared in 1712, and Broome was a contributor. A second edition was published in 1714, and either a new collection or a new edition seems to have been contemplated in December, 1715. The third edition, however, did not come out till 1720.

[2] The directions in this letter refer to the quarto edition of Pope's Works, which was published in June, 1717.

I hope they will not neglect to add at the bottom of the page in the Essay on Criticism, where are the lines "Such was the Muse whose rules," &c., a note thus: "Essay on Poetry, by the present Duke of Buckingham," and to print the line "Nature's chief masterpiece" in italic. Be pleased also to let the second verse of the Rape of the Lock be thus,

What mighty contests rise from trivial things.

Excuse all this trouble from an impertinent brother author who has not a moment's time from the company he is engaged in, but just to tell you I am yours.

Pray put the enclosed immediately into the penny post.

9.[1] FENTON TO POPE.

[1718.]

I HAVE received a specimen of the extracts from Eustathius but this week. The first gentleman who undertook the affair grew weary, and now Mr. Thirlby, of Jesus, has recommended another to me with a very great character.[2] I think, indeed, at first sight, that his performance is commendable enough, and have sent word for him to finish the 17th book, and to send it with his demands for his trouble. He engages to complete a book every month till Christmas, and the remaining books in a month more, if you require them. The last time I

[1] From the Homer MSS.

[2] Jortin, who subsequently became celebrated, and who gives this account of the transaction: "The person employed by Mr. Pope was not at leisure to go on with the work, and Mr. Pope, by his bookseller I suppose, sent to Jeffries, a bookseller at Cambridge, to find out a student who would undertake the task. Jeffries applied to Dr. Thirlby, who was my tutor, and who pitched upon me. I cannot recollect what Mr. Pope allowed for each book of Homer. I have a notion that it was three or four guineas. When I had gone through some books, I forget how many, Mr. Jeffries let us know that Mr. Pope had a friend to do the rest. When that part of Homer came out in which I had been concerned, I was much pleased to find that he had not only used almost all my notes, but had hardly made any alteration in the expressions. I was in some hopes in those days, for I was young, that Mr. Pope would make inquiry about his coadjutor, and take some civil notice of him, but he did not, and I had no notion of obtruding myself upon him. I never saw his face."

saw Mr. Lintot, he told me that Mr. Broome had offered his service again to you.[1] If you accept it, it would be proper for him to let you know what books he will undertake, that the Cambridge gentleman may proceed to the rest. I am ever, dear sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant.

I have here enclosed the specimen. If the rest come before the return, I will keep them till I receive your orders. I have desired the gentleman to write the rest in folio, with half the page left blank.

10.[2] FENTON TO POPE.

Sept. 29, 1718.

SIR,—I have just now received the inclosed papers from Cambridge. Be pleased to favour me with your orders about the remaining books, and they shall be with great pleasure executed by, sir, your most humble servant.

11. POPE TO BROOME.

TWITENHAM, *Dec.* 31 [1718].

DEAR SIR,—I deferred writing to you till I could inform you of the safe arrival of Eustathius. I cannot tell how many thanks I am to pay you, and therefore desire you will come up to tell me. The sooner I see you, the better for me, in January. The weather favours, and my particular leisure is this month,—which, to say truth, I cannot promise myself the next. I shall then be in the hurry of publishing the Homer, together with some hundred other accidentals, of which I will give you an account when I see you.

[1] On July 22, 1716, Broome married a rich widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke, and it was this which probably interfered for a time with the laborious task of compiling notes from Eustathius, while the press was waiting for them. Pope was apparently experiencing the inconvenience of Broome's temporary secession when he wrote to Parnell July 6, 1717, "If you could throw some hours away in suggesting remarks upon Homer's 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th books, it would be charitable beyond expression."

[2] From the Homer MSS.

The place I am in is as delightful as you can imagine any to be, in this season; the situation so very airy, and yet so warm, that you will think yourself in a sort of heaven, where the prospect is boundless, and the sun your near neighbour.

Semperque innubilus æther,
Integit, et large diffuso lumine ridet.

As a last unfailing motive to draw you here, I will tell Mrs. Betty Marriot such wonders of the enchanted bowers, silver streams, opening avenues, rising mounts, and painted grottos, that her very curiosity shall bring her to us, and then—see whether your lawful wife can keep you. Consider also the ease, the quiet, the contentment of soul, and repose of body, which you will feel, when stretched in an elbow chair, mum for your breakfast, chine and potatoes for dinner, and a dose of burnt wine to give you up to slumbers in the evening, without one sermon to preach and no family duty to pay.

O quid solutis est beatius curis?
Cum mens onus reponit, et conjugali
Labore fessus, venires larem ad nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiesceres lecto!

Think and come. I say no more.

Yours most affectionately.

12. POPE TO BROOME.

LONDON, *Feb.* 16, 1718 [—19].

DEAR SIR,—I think you ought to esteem it a piece of great friendship and trust, that I have not once thanked you yet for your continued favours. It is what no man would have omitted, who had the least doubt of your good-nature or kindness to him, and I assure you I did this on purpose to convince you, how far I was from being capable of taking ill of you your forgetfulness of me before. You see, dear sir, I have put myself upon equal terms with you. I am what the world, according to its shallow way of reasoning, calls an offender, and a careless fellow. But, to my consolation, we are both so; and so indeed, at one time or other, are all the honest undesigning men I know.

I cannot express to you how very much you oblige me in what you have done for my sake. You will, in the most literal sense, be such a friend to me as perseveres to the end. When that day of my deliverance from poetry and slavery shall arrive, as I guess it may this summer, I hope to conclude my long labour with more ease than triumph, better pleased with a conscientious discharge of all my debts and duties, than with any vain praise the world may give me. I shall retire a *miles emeritus*, and pity the poets militant who are to succeed me. I really wish them so well, that if my gains by Homer were sufficient, I would gladly found an hospital, like that of Chelsea, for such of my tribe as are disabled in the muses' service, or whose years require a dismissal from the unnatural task of rhyming themselves, and others, to death. Poor Gildon should have his itch and —— cured together, and old Dennis not want good looking after, and better accommodation than poets usually meet with in Moorfields.[1]

Pray fail not to make my hearty services acceptable at Mrs. Marriot's. My friend Tom Smith[2] much rejoiced me with an account of their design to part with Sturston, and live in London. They will find me a mere old fellow at their return hither, pursuing very innocent pleasures, building, planting, and gardening. Study and amours are two vanities I have utterly left off. I have at this present writing no less than five houses, in different counties, through which I make a tour every summer. You will be welcome to all of them, and I heartily wish, about April or May, you could pass one or two months in this manner, with, dear Mr. Broome, your faithful and affectionate friend and servant.

13.[3] FENTON TO LINTOT.

September 14, 1719.

MR. LINTOT,—Pray give my most humble service to Mr. Pope, and tell him, I beg the favour of him to let me know

[1] The then site of Bedlam.

[2] Probably some country neighbour of the Marriots, and one of the little batch of acquaintances Pope had made when he stayed with Sir John Cotton at Madingley.

[3] First printed in the Additions to Pope's Works, 1776.

when he comes to town, what morning I shall wait on him at his lodging; for I walk out in a morning so often, that I may otherwise lose an opportunity of seeing him.

Lib. xxii. ver. 132. The first part of Dacier's note is taken from Eustathius; but instead of Aurelius Victor and Dion, he quotes Herodotus, without mentioning the book he takes it from.

Ver. 467. I cannot find that Eustathius assigns the same reasons that Madame does, why Apollo and Neptune do not fight with one another. Your humble servant.

I will endeavour to find out the passage above mentioned in Herodotus.

14. POPE TO BROOME.

TWITNAM, *Thursday*, [1719 or 1720].

DEAR SIR,—On Saturday last I received an open note from Mr. Lintot, that you were then in town, but were to be gone again on the Monday. I was engaged all Sunday here, and came to town on Monday night in order to go, as I was obliged, with the Duke of Buckingham to Tunbridge on Tuesday early, from whence I did not return till to-day, and came directly hither, not imagining till I was here, that you were yet in town, which Mr. Gay now tells me. Had I received any previous notice of your coming to London, I should not have failed seeing you there, if you would not have favoured me with a visit here. I hope, if this finds you in town, you will yet do so, for be assured you can see no man who is more yours than, dear sir.

15. POPE TO BROOME.

TWICKENHAM, *March* 24, 1720.

DEAR SIR,—Instead of the concern you express that we did not finish our index,[1] you should have told me how glad you

[1] To the Iliad. There were three indexes—an Index of Persons and Things, a Poetical Index, and an Index of Arts and Sciences.

were, and what thanks you gave to God for your signal deliverance from my hands and evil doings. I hope you are safely arrived at the haven of all men's hopes, the arms of your lady. I really envy her your company; to say more would look sinful. I am seriously sensible of the kind expressions you use to me, and be assured I shall never forget the long and laborious things you undertook and discharged for my sake. It is really as reasonable that you should be congratulated on the finishing of my Homer, as I myself. I have had the flowery walks of imagination to expatiate in. It is a spirited and lively task, to be striving to raise oneself to the pitch of the most delightful of authors, while you have drudged in only removing the loads, and clearing the rubbish, heaped together by the negligence no less than by the industry of past pedants, whose very taste was generally so wrong, that they toiled most on what was least worth; and to undo what they raised, was the first thing to be done, in order to do anything to the purpose. As you had no share in the pleasant, and so large an one in the disagreeable part of the work, I think this to be acknowledged in the strongest terms, as it highly exalts the merit of your friendship to me, that your task was a task of so much more pains than even credit. It was Hercules in the stable of Augeas, when the same Hercules was capable of so many better and more glorious labours. I can say nothing that equals my sense of it, in short, and therefore shall say very little; but if you would tell me in what manner you have a mind I should mention it, I will gladly do it.[1]

[1] The mention was made in the postscript to the Iliad. "I must end these notes by discharging my duty to two of my friends. The merit of their kindness to me will appear infinitely the greater, as the task they undertook was in its own nature of much more labour than either pleasure or reputation. The larger part of the extracts from Eustathius, together with several excellent observations, were sent me by Mr. Broome, and the whole Essay upon Homer was written, upon such memoirs as I had collected, by the late Dr. Parnell." In the list of "all" his "genuine works" which Pope appended to the Dunciad, 1729, he professes to specify the precise extent of Broome's contributions from Eustathius when he enumerates among his own productions, "The whole Iliad of Homer, with the preface, and the notes, except the extracts from Eustathius in the four last volumes, made by Mr. Broome, and the Essay on the Life and Writings of Homer, which though collected by our author, was put together

I beg you will not interpret my silence at any time as any forgetfulness or neglect of you. Indeed, my whole life is a scene of continued hurry, and spent in dependencies and civilities, of which, in this glut of company, there is no end. I hope, as indeed I have long hoped, to have some leisure soon, to collect myself again, and recompose the scatterings of a mind almost distracted by a thousand things, which it is impossible you should have a notion of. Then I may hope to seem, what I really am, a more diligent friend, and more thoughtful of those I value and am obliged to, among which number, pray be always so just to reckon yourself.

I have never once been able since to see Mrs. Marriot, or any of her family. I will go in quest of them the next time I can get to town. I have been very ill, and am now constantly engaged at home in attending a lady I have a true friendship for, who is here in hopes of a recovery by our air from a dangerous illness,—Mrs. Lepell.[1] I can add no more, having broke from company to write this, than that I shall be ever your most faithful, affectionate servant.

My mother and old nurse always remember you.

16. POPE TO FENTON.

May 5, [1720[2]].

I HAD not omitted answering yours of the 18th of last month, but out of a desire to give you some certain and satis-

by Dr. Parnell." He here claims all the extracts from Eustathius in the first eight books of the translation, and assigns to Broome all the extracts in the remaining sixteen books. Neither statement was correct. The last sixteen books included those for which the digest from Eustathius was made entirely by Jortin, and the abstract for the first eight books must have been chiefly by Broome, who we know was employed upon the early books, as we also know that Pope was not Grecian enough to have performed the task for himself.

[1] Mary Lepell, who was married before the 20th of the following May to Pope's future enemy, Lord Hervey. When the poet quarrelled with the husband, he retained his admiration for the wife. "Her merit, beauty, and vivacity," he said in his bitter letter to Lord Hervey, "will, if transmitted to your posterity, be a better present than even the noble blood they derive only from you."

[2] This letter was published by Pope in the quarto of 1737 with the

factory account, which way, and at what time, you might take your journey. I am now commissioned to tell you, that Mr. Craggs will expect you on the rising of the parliament, which will be as soon as he can receive you in the manner he would receive a man *de belles lettres*, that is, in tranquillity and full leisure. I dare say your way of life, which, in my taste, will be the best in the world, and with one of the best men in the world, must prove highly to your contentment.[1] And I must add, it will be still the more a joy to me, as I shall reap a peculiar advantage from the good I shall have done in bringing you together, by seeing it in my own neighbourhood. Mr. Craggs has taken a house close by mine,[2] whither he proposes to come in three weeks. In the meantime I heartily invite you to live with me, where a frugal and philosophical diet for a time may give you a higher relish of that elegant way of life you will enter into after. I desire to know by the first post how soon I may hope for you.

I am a little scandalised at your complaint that your time lies heavy on your hands, when the muses have put so many good materials into your head to employ them. As to your question, what I am doing, I answer, just what I have been doing some years—my duty; secondly, relieving myself with necessary amusements, or exercises, which shall serve me instead of physic as long as they can; thirdly, reading till I am tired; and lastly, writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friend to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the easier, if not the better, for my cares; and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the consciousness of doing my best. My next felicity is in

date of May 5, 1717, which must be an error. The contents of the letter show that it was written after Fenton ceased to be tutor to Lord Orrery's son in 1720, and before he went to live with Craggs, who died in February, 1721.

[1] Mr. Craggs had no learned education. He wanted to improve himself in letters, and desired Mr. Pope to choose him out a polite scholar, by whose conversation and instruction he might profit. Mr. Pope recommended Mr. Fenton; but Mr. Craggs's untimely death prevented the two latter from receiving the mutual benefits of this connexion.—WARBURTON.

[2] At Twickenham, where Pope did not reside in 1717, the date he assigned to the letter in the quarto.

retaining the good opinion of honest men, who think me not quite undeserving of it; and in finding no injuries from others hurt me, as long as I know myself. I will add the sincerity with which I act towards ingenious and undesigning men, and which makes me always, even by a natural bond, their friend; therefore believe me very affectionately your, &c.

17. POPE TO BROOME.

SUNDAY NIGHT, *December*, [1720].

DEAR SIR,—I am really afflicted at the ill news of your illness, which Mr. Lintot, who called here to-day and missed me, being engaged at Mr. Secretary's,[1] informed my mother was not yet over. If you can stay longer, I am persuaded a removal to our good air of Twickenham would do you service in your health, and no man living will be more welcome to me. I very much desire to see you, and am really not able, for engagements of no small consequence to me, to wait on you to-morrow. Believe me, without ceremony, but with all truth, yours most affectionately.

18. POPE TO BROOME.

TWITNAM, *July* 16, 1721.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter made me melancholy, to find that silence of yours, which I hoped the effect of diversion, or better amusements, to have proceeded from indisposition and sickness. Indeed, I sincerely take part in all that affects you, and shall ever preserve all the sensations of that friendship for you, which not only your kind inclinations, but your actual services have merited from me. I heartily rejoice at the thoughts you express of coming into this part of the world, in which I am very sure there is no man more yours than myself. I beg it in particular that you will make this place your home, which is now more worthy of being so than ever, as being quite finished, and greatly improved and enlarged since you saw it.

[1] Cragga.

I showed your very letter to my Lady Mary Wortley, who is not a little pleased at the zeal of Mr. Tr.,[1] and proud of the thoughts, you seem not averse to entertain, of honouring her. It would be, I think, one of the finest occasions, as well as the justest, of writing so well as you are able; and immortality, if such a thing be in the gift of English poets, would be but a due reward for an action which all posterity may feel the advantage of. Your motto from Virgil, in relation to the world's being freed from the future terrors of the small-pox,

Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras,

is as good an one as ever I read. I must not conclude without doing myself a small piece of justice in telling you I wrote to you about a month ago a very long letter, and am forced to make this shorter rather than defer it, for I have stolen from a great deal of company to write it. I am ever, with all affection, and the sincerest wishes for your health, dear sir, your faithful friend and servant.

19. POPE TO BROOME.

Feb. 10, [1722].

DEAR SIR,—I kindly thank you for your letter, and faithfully assure you, you would have many of mine, were I, in any tolerable degree, master of myself or my time. If I were to write to you as often as I think of you, you would be almost daily receiving them.

The play you mention will be of no use, nor any other whose date is not earlier than 1616. The oldest edition[2] in folio is

[1] It does not appear who Mr. Tr. was, but the zeal he had displayed was in his efforts to remove the prejudice against inoculation for the small-pox. Lady Mary Wortley, who had witnessed the excellent effects of the practice in Turkey, introduced it into England after her return in 1718, and her advocacy at first met with violent opposition both from the faculty and the public. The poetical tribute which Broome intended to pay her was, if written, never published.

[2] Of Shakespeare.—BROOME.

Pope had recently undertaken to edit Shakespeare, "induced," as Johnson says, "by a reward of 217*l.* 12*s.*" The work was published in 1725, in 6 vols. 4to.

1621, which I have, and it is from that almost all the errors of succeeding editions take rise.

I received your twelfth book from Fenton, who needs inspiriting, I fear. Pray animate him all you can. I could wish you prevailed on him to do as you desired, to be with you some time in Suffolk; for your example would urge on his slowness. I would have you proceed without delay, as I will take the first occasion, and all occasions, of doing myself.[1] As you have hitherto been diverting yourself with parts of the book that were agreeable to you,[2] so you must begin to think of bearing part of the burden and heat of the day with us. Therefore, take your choice, either of the second or third book. Fenton or I will undertake the first and fourth, and the fifth I have made some progress in, which I will take upon myself. I think you had a mind to the sixth—so I leave it you: but, as they say in sermons, first to the first. Therefore pray plunge into the second or third. I must once more put you in mind, that the whole success of this affair will depend upon your secrecy. There is nothing, you may be assured, I will not do to make the whole as finished and spirited as I am able, by giving the last touches. You do not need any man to make you a good poet. You need no more than what every good poet needs, time and diligence, and doing something every day. *Nulla dies sine lineâ.* I very much like what I have yet seen

[1] This is the earliest mention of the agreement to translate the Odyssey in conjunction with Fenton and Broome, and unless some of the letters to Broome are missing, the scheme must have been first propounded at a personal interview. Mr. Blount, a son of Sir Thomas Pope Blount, and a pupil of Fenton's, told Spence that Fenton and Broome had settled to make the translation, when, Pope hearing of it, immediately said that he would join with them. "At last he came to be principal in the work." There are two objections to Mr. Blount's statement. First, the tone which Pope adopts throughout the correspondence, and in his public proposals, assumes that he was the author of the project, and the principal from the outset. Secondly, if Mr. Blount's story was correct, Broome, in the differences which subsequently arose, would certainly have mentioned among the claims of himself and Fenton to generous treatment, that they had originated the design, and had afterwards admitted Pope into partnership with them at his own request.

[2] That is, I had many years before translated the eleventh and twelfth books for my diversion, and had lent them to Lord Chief Baron Reynolds, then only Serjeant Reynolds.—BROOME.

of your version, without flattery; and have viewed and reviewed it. It is like your friendship, and like that of all worthy men, the more pleasing the longer one is acquainted with it. Dear sir, adieu. May every happiness attend you; as I wish you well, and am ever yours most sincerely.

Pray do not be discouraged by my inconstant correspondence, but write whenever you have leisure, and know nothing hinders my answering, but unavoidable businesses, which I hope one day to live free from;

Vacare libris, mihi, et amicis.

20. FENTON TO BROOME.

LONDON, *March*, 1722.

DEAR SIR,—I was some time since favoured with a letter from you, in which you give me a kind invitation to spend some part of the summer with you. This, sir, is too agreeable a motion to be rejected by me, but at present I cannot precisely fix the time of my coming, for I have an affair or two depending which I would willingly see the issue of before I leave these parts. Mr. Pope is now in very high spirits about Homer. I have begun the first book, but it is so long since I handled a quill that I proceed a little awkwardly, but I doubt not of having new metal infused when I have your example and conversation. I believe I shall hardly bring on Mariamne before next winter. The history of my disappointments in that business,[1] and whatever else of news the region of *belles lettres*

[1] The author of the Biographia Dramatica says that the managers of Drury Lane Theatre delayed bringing on the play for two or three years, notwithstanding their repeated promises. Johnson says that their mouth-peace, Cibber, peremptorily "rejected the tragedy with the additional insolence of advising Fenton to engage himself in some employment of honest labour, by which he might obtain that support which he could never hope from his poetry." Whichever version may be correct, the play was transferred to the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where it was acted for the first time Feb. 22, 1723, "and the brutal petulance of Cibber," says Johnson, "was confuted, though perhaps not shamed, by general applause."

affords, I will reserve to entertain you at Sturston. I will send you word when I have fixed the time of my setting out, and I desire your directions how I may order my journey, and let the letter come under cover directed to Mr. Robinson, at the Blue Periwig, at Charing Cross. I am sir, your most faithful humble servant.

Mr. Pope desires that the business of Homer may be carried on with all imaginable secrecy.

21. POPE AND FENTON TO BROOME.

POPE. *April*,[1] [1722].

DEAR SIR,—Our friend Fenton tells me you speak of the old Greek, as one is apt to do of a companion one has had too much of.[2] The best company tires a man sometimes, if one is to travel long with it. But you that have gone already to Hell with him, and to Circe's island, and Scylla, and Charybdis,[3] methinks may pass a peaceable dull day or two in his house, eating and drinking by his fireside with his wife and children. And yet, it seems, the second book is a weariness of spirit to you. Well, be of good cheer, I will do the third, and save you the trouble of hearing old Nestor's long stories. Let us, like good christians, bear one another's burthens, that we may persevere to the end. Fenton intends to see you with a book in his hands, as a sample that he deserves his meat and drink at yours, and is not a mere vagabond, such as you find strolled about in Homer's days, and told everybody Jupiter was their particular friend. You will, I doubt not, receive him as cordially as good Eumæus himself could have done, and teach your very dogs good manners on his arrival at the vicarage.[4]

[1] The month is from the post-mark. The year, in those days, was not stamped upon letters.

[2] In this letter Mr. Pope laughs at me for complaining of weariness in translating the second book.—BROOME.

[3] In the eleventh and twelfth books which are on those subjects.—BROOME.

[4] Pope alludes to the opening scene in the fourteenth book of the Odyssey, where Ulysses, returning from his wanderings, approaches the house of

Mrs. Broome will meet him, if you have any respect for Homerical rites, with a bason and ewer, to wash his head and feet; and if you slew a tithe pig by the force of your own arm, and broiled it with your own hands, you will do no more than becomes you, either as an hospitable friend or a sober priest. I do not absolutely require, that if you give him a calves' head, you should tip the horns with gold, in the manner of Laerceus,[1] but you must be void of all humanity if you do not provide one of your maids for his bedfellow.

There has been already a small omission, in my opinion, on your part towards him, which is, that having referred him for a safe passage to a certain modern vehicle called a stage coach; you never once have told him where that coach is to be found?

FENTON.

Mr. Pope was hurried away for London before he ended his letter, and, having given it me to send away, I take leave to conclude it with acquainting you that he intends to print proposals for subscriptions about Michaelmas, in order to have the first volume, consisting of six books, published about March next. Pray, in your next, when you give directions about the coach, let me know what carrier I may send my trunk by; and where I may inquire for him. I hope to be at Sturston about the middle of May; in the meantime, and ever, I am, dear sir, your faithful humble servant.

22. FENTON TO BROOME.

TWICKENHAM, *May* 23, 1722.

DEAR SIR,—I have been favoured with two letters from you which I have delayed to answer till I saw the issue of an affair which I doubt will disappoint me of the pleasure of seeing you at Sturston, unless it suits with your convenience to receive me on the following condition, which, in short, is

his swineherd, Eumæus, and narrowly escapes being torn to pieces by four mastiffs, who rush out barking furiously at him.

[1] Laerceus was only the mechanic who put on the gold provided by Nestor when the latter sacrificed an ox to Athena.

this. A gentleman of Sir Clement Cottrell's acquaintance, has a son who is lately come from Oxford, whom he would recommend to my care for five or six months. They would, indeed, have prevailed with me to travel with him into Italy the next spring, but I think you know that I am pre-engaged.[1] Sir Clement having heard of my design of seeing you this summer, desires extremely to have his young friend to be a sojourner with me at your house. His father will agree to your own terms of boarding us and one footman, and I am assured the young gentleman is addicted to no irregularities to make either your family or myself uneasy. His greatest crimes, *entre nous*, are sins of omission, which I think we at Cambridge call lounging, and his friends judge rightly that they may too soon grow into habits, where plays,[2] assemblies, and tea-tables are continually tempting him. I should be extremely glad to hear by the very first post (for this matter will admit of no delay) that this proposal is not disagreeable to Mrs. Broome and yourself; and at the same time let me know the terms on which we are to be received. Mr. Pope is well, but I have not seen him since I received your last. I finished the first book about a fortnight since, and shall now begin upon the fourth. Pray fail not to write speedily, and believe me to be ever, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant.

Direct for me at Mr. Hutchins', in Twickenham, Middlesex.

23. BROOME TO FENTON.

May 29, 1722.

I CHOOSE this happy day to answer your letter.[3] The parish bells are all ringing, and I will imagine it to be for the

[1] He was to be tutor in the family of Lady Judith Trumbull, the widow of Pope's early friend, Sir William, and the daughter of Alexander, fourth Earl of Stirling. The youth of whom Fenton took charge in the interval was Henry Pope Blount, the eldest son of Sir Thomas Pope Blount, who had a house at Twickenham.

[2] He had a passion for the theatre, and in a letter which he wrote to Broome from Geneva in 1725, he says that "the place is most agreeable, if any place can be called agreeable, without the diversion of operas and plays."

[3] The anniversary of the restoration of Charles II.

joyful news of your restoration to Sturston, where you will be happier than a king. I will imagine you and the young Oxonian to be celestial visitants. Your gravity shall be Jupiter, and your companion the gay Mercury. Upon your arrival at my cottage, I will, like the hospitable Philemon, take down the bacon from my chimney, and my good housewife, Baucis, shall fry it for your entertainment. But to be serious, you shall find a most sincere welcome at Sturston. Never talk of terms of boarding. If the gentleman's parents will pay, let the payment be as low as possible.

Te meis
Immunem meditor tingere poculis.

I am glad you have translated the first of the Odyssey. You stand in the front of the battle, and the array of critics will naturally fall first upon you. I have translated the second, and shall therefore, like Teucer, be sheltered behind the shield of an Ajax. I am pretty much unconcerned about the issue of the war. We are but auxiliars, yet I hope we shall behave so valiantly as to secure Mr. Pope on his throne on Parnassus. The weapons of most critics are weak; they may scratch, but seldom wound.

Pray consider what a weight lies upon my shoulders who, besides eight books of translation, am to write twenty-four of annotations. You only travel hand in hand with old Homer through flowery walks; I labour through dirt and rubbish with dull commentators. It is almost impossible for you to conceive how tiresome the task is of consulting fifty annotators every day, and finding them generally saying everything but just the thing they ought to say. It was happy for me that I had translated the eleventh and twelfth books some years ago for my diversion, otherwise I must have been too hasty either in the notes or the verse; but now I hope to execute both with some degree of reputation. I have finished three books—2, 11, 12—and if either you or Mr. Pope presume to touch 16, 18, and 23, I will punish you, and desire you to write your own notes upon them. Take notice, I give you fair warning, and as soon as I have fixed upon two more to complete my dividend, I expect to be humoured with full resignation. Remem-

ber the horror of the notes hangs over your heads, like the sword of Damocles, by a single hair. If you rebel I shall break it with a touch, and let it drop upon you. Be wise therefore, and obedient.

Pray bring your first book with you. There are some lines repeated in the second, and if your translation be better than mine, as I am certain it is, I shall transplant them as flowers to adorn my own garden. I hope to see you in a few days, and be assured I will make your habitation easy if not happy, being most faithfully yours.

24. FENTON TO BROOME.

TWICKENHAM, *June* 7, 1722.

DEAR SIR,—Sir Clement gives his service to you, and thanks you for the kind reception you promise his friend; but both he and I wish you had expressed yourself more particularly on the terms on which we are to sojourn, which you and I must settle as soon as I arrive at Sturston, which I hope will be at the latter end of next week. I intend to come in the coach to Bury, and there take horses. In that affair I hope to be assisted by mine host of the Bushel. The young gentleman who comes along with me, is Sir Thomas Pope Blount's eldest son. I think I told you in my last that he would bring a footman; but they being a sort of cattle who are generally more troublesome in a family than their masters, I believe we shall come un-manned, and trust our throats to the barbers of Norfolk.[1] I have quite forgot the directions you gave me to send my trunk, and therefore beg the favour of a line from you immediately, directed to Mr. Robinson, at the Blue Periwig at Charing Cross, for, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant.

I saw Mr. Pope yesterday. He was very well, and I am sure would have sent his service to you, had he known of my writing. Do not you owe him a letter?

[1] Shaving was long supposed to be an art which required an apprenticeship, and mankind had not yet discovered that they could shave themselves.

25. POPE TO BROOME.

TWITENHAM, *July* 9, [1722].

DEAR SIR,—I had sooner thanked you for yours of the 25th of last month, but have been almost always ill, and am so yet. Let this too excuse me, for indeed it is not laziness or Fentonism, from transcribing the verses you mention. If you leave a blank of competent size for them when you write out your book, I will put them in there, though I cannot but remark that there seems some touch of the said Fentonism to be communicated to you by infection; for those verses are not absolutely the same with those in the second book, and will necessarily require to be turned in some measure differently.[1] I hope I shall not hear that when Fenton has had his nap, you succeed to his elbow chair, and that the same may not befall you in conjunction with him, which is usual in two horses, where the higher-mettled is apter to be brought to the pace of the slower, than the slower to keep up with the other. But to say truth, *Fungar vice cotis*, &c., is at present applicable to me, for I am good for nothing just now but to whet others.

The grotto you have heard so poetical an account of, is what I very much want you to see. I hope when the season of study and retirement is over, about the time when both harvests are gathered—that of your head as well as of your field—you and Mr. Fenton will come hither, laden with the complete and ripe fruits of this year, which will be an earnest of what we are to expect in years to come. I have so good an opinion of the soils, that I am sure they can produce the very best, if proper sun, and air, and due pruning be not wanting—I mean the encouragement and care necessary.

I am very sick while I am writing this, and can scarce see the lines I write: therefore I desire you both to allow me at present to be short, not only in words but in sense. I faith-

[1] He tells me I am lazy for not filling up those chasms I did not translate in my second book, being the same with those in the first book translated by Mr. Fenton, and I then filled them up.—BROOME.

fully assure you both, not ill health itself, which renders men indifferent to most things of the world, makes me at all the less warmly, or the less entirely, dear sir, your most affectionate friend and humble servant.

26. POPE TO BROOME.

August 12, [1722].

DEAR SIR,—I was just sitting down to write when I received yours. You shall have a short answer as to your prologue: I will do all I can to it.[1]

I am pleased to hear of your progress in the grand work. But you say nothing of Mr. Fenton, and he will say nothing for himself. However, tell him that I have sent to Mr. Barber about the note he speaks of. He answered, that he was in such a hurry when he left London, and had besides so many unforeseen odd accounts to pay and settle, that he could not answer it as he ought; but assured me that he had destroyed Mr. Fenton's note.[2]

Be pleased also to inform Mr. Fenton, that he may refer all the historical plays of Shakespeare to volume three, into which division we have contrived to bring them.[3] I hope he sometimes writes to Lady Blount, and does not forget Sir Clement Cottrell, who wondered some time since he never heard from him. I hope, nay, I depend upon, your finishing the book you are upon, before your guests leave you. I must desire you too to animate our friend to dispatch his. The next winter will be the crisis of that affair, and we should be prepared. It is the more needful you two should, because the unavoidable avocations that hinder me from what is my part, will not cease till that time, when I will overtake you, I promise, ride as hard as you will. Would to heaven

[1] The Prologue to Fenton's tragedy of Mariamne.

[2] Barber, the printer, went abroad this year, and Sir Luke Schaub wrote from Paris, May 22, 1722, that he was alleged to have carried with him 50,000*l.* for the Pretender. Fenton was a non-juror, and may have said something in a note to Barber which he feared would be compromising at a crisis when the government were searching actively into the plots of the jacobites.

[3] Fenton assisted Pope in the edition of Shakespeare.

I enjoyed that tranquillity you both can and do; that I were as much my own lord and master; as much retired to my beloved studies, the only things I am made for and born to. But, alas! every man almost is in this condition—envying other men's lives and losing his own. Even at this moment I scarce have time to read what I have writ; and when I have read it, none to mend the many imperfections I see so plainly. It is all I can do, to tell you in this strange rambling manner, how little I am myself, and how much yours.

Do not talk of franking letters; write to me without scruple; the oftener the better. Adieu. I heartily wish myself with you.

27. POPE TO BROOME.

Sept. 18, 1722.

DEAR SIR,—I think I ought not to delay this letter, for fear of leading my friend into a false expectation and disappointing him. He knows, from what I formerly told him, my reasons and inability from some circumstances, of writing anything like a prologue, and you must have mistaken me strangely to fancy I meant any such thing. I only promised to look over yours, and do the very best I could to it. As to my writing one, were it to be engaged for as the greatest of secrets, I have learnt by experience nothing of that kind is ever kept a secret; and therefore I must not delude Fenton, though at the same time I faithfully assure him, I would most gladly make the prologue, to-morrow, could it be done without any man's knowing it. I have actually refused doing it for the Duke of Buckingham's play.[1]

[1] The Duke of Buckingham left behind him two tragedies, Julius Cæsar, altered from Shakespeare, and the Death of Marcus Brutus. The Brutus had a couple of choruses by Pope. The plays were published in 1722, but not performed. A generation which accepted rhetorical commonplaces as a substitute for character, passion, plot, and incident, put a limit to its endurance of mouthing dulness, and could never have sat out the bald rant which the duke expected would supersede Shakespeare. The rhyming lines which conclude Julius Cæsar, and sum up its moral, are equally an epitome of the tone and language, of the

Your report of my quitting, or being in the least inclined to quit, the easy, single state I now enjoy, is altogether groundless;[1] as idle, as the news which people invent, merely because they are idle.

I am very much pleased with the progress made in the old bard, and the more so, as I have been able to do little. Several matters of extreme concern to me, both as a friend,[2] and as a creature dissipated with many businesses, having wholly taken me off from any thought of study.

Pray tell Mr. Fenton Sir Clement Cottrell has received his letter. I cannot but envy the manner in which your time is spent, and wish myself with you. Believe me always to both of you a most faithful affectionate servant.

28. POPE TO BROOME.

TWITNAM, *Nov.* 22, [1722].

DEAR SIR,—You very sensibly please me when you form prospects of seeing Twitenham. Let them be ever so remote, they please, but the sooner all projects are executed the better, or they are apt to cool. I would, for my own interest, wish that you kept our friend Fenton till after Christmas, since you say you would on that condition come up here with him. But whether it is better or not for his interest as to the play, I cannot determine. No man knows less of anything relating to the seasons propitious, or aspects favourable to the stage. The winter is like to prove an unquiet one, and the world much heated by politics and plots. Yet on the other side, the harvest for a poet is the season when most people are gathered

poetical and dramatic calibre of the duke's improvements:

Ambition when unbounded, brings a curse,
But an assassinate deserves a worse.

[1] The letter of Pope to Caryll, Dec. 25, 1725, shows that "two or three years before," which coincides with the date of the present letter to Broome, Caryll had asked for an explanation of Pope's intimacy with Martha Blount, and was satisfied with Pope's answer. The close confederacy which had called forth the interposition of Caryll, doubtless gave rise to the report that Pope was about to marry.

[2] He probably refers to the committal of Atterbury to the Tower, which took place in August.

together, and probably the town will grow thin early, by a more quick rising of the Parliament than usual. Most are of opinion the sessions will break up in February or March. I have a good while expected Fenton's demand for his play to * * *[1] thinking that if he declines it, Jacob Tonson might not improperly be employed in that transaction, and I dare say would do his best. But if, upon the whole, Mr. Fenton is indifferent whether it be played this year or not, of which he only is judge—not that I think he can mend it any more, for sure it is correct enough—if so, indeed I wish he would stay with you, where I am sure he is so happy and in so good a way both as to health, quiet, and content, that I sincerely envy him.

I have nothing particularly to recommend to you both, but the prosecution of the translation. It cannot be in too much forwardness, and I will watch the critical season to publish the project, which is not yet ripe, and depends on many contingencies.[2] Pray send me, when you have done with it, the second book. I would rather see it with all your blots and interlineations, than fair written: for perhaps I may sometimes choose betwixt both, or at least have hints from what you may have blotted out, for corrections of my own or improvements. It is a thing that has often happened to me. Nothing can be more right than your particular care to avoid any mention of the * * *.[3]

I have nothing to add, but the repetition of the many good wishes I feel, and the many hopes I entertain of seeing you, with all that contentment and satisfaction which I dare say will accrue to us all from such a meeting. Believe me ever, to you both, an affectionate friend and faithful servant.

[1] A line of the MS. is worn away. The lost name was probably that of Lintot, who had previously published for Fenton. Pope's suggestion was adopted, and the play came forth from the shop of Tonson.

[2] The excitement caused by the jacobite plots, the recent trial of Layer, and the pending proceedings against Atterbury, rendered it a very unfavourable season to invite subscriptions to a translation of Homer.

[3] A part of a line is here worn away. Broome had no doubt spoken of the secrecy he preserved respecting his share in the translation, and Pope commended his silence.

My mother has her health very well, and is much yours and Mr. Fenton's servant.

29. FENTON TO BROOME.

December 13, 1722.

DEAR MR. BROOME,—I omitted writing to you by the last post[1] because I was in hopes of seeing Mr. Pope before this, but he will not be in town before Saturday. However, I can inform you from Sir Clement [Cottrell], with whom I dined to-day, and who desires your acquaintance, that the little man has declared he will push on the translation of Homer with the utmost vigour and expedition. But more of this in my next. In the meantime pray do not fail to send me the prologue next week, that I may carry it with me to Twickenham. Mr. Blount went thither on Monday in high good humour after visiting Mrs. Bovy, who came to town about a fortnight since. Lady Blount is so well pleased with the last campaign, that I believe she will use her utmost endeavours that he may make another with us the next year. Excuse this hasty scrawl. I will make amends in my next. My humble service to Mrs. Broome, pretty Miss and Mr. Burlington,[2] and to all I know. I am ever, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant.

Pray remember my prologue, and direct it to Mr. Robinson's, at the General Post-office, Charing Cross.

30. BROOME TO FENTON.

Dec. 23, 1722.

DEAR FENTON,—I find you insist upon me to be gentleman-usher to your tragedy. I can deny you nothing, but I fear this prologue will prove a greater instance of my friendship

[1] When Fenton returned to London, after his visit to his friend, he sent him a silver-plated knife with the following note, which Broome says "was wrong-spelt to conceal his benefaction": "The giver of thes peese of platte to Stuston Church dos desier it may be keeped to gether the sacrement monny, and the knyfe to devyde the bred."

[2] Mr. Burlington was a gentleman who resided at Diss, near Sturston.

than poetry. I have frequently had it in my thoughts, but have produced nothing that pleases me. What is the meaning that it is hardest to begin a poem,[1] and why is the beginning often the worst part of it? I have really begun at the end, as in reading Hebrew, and next week I hope I shall end at the beginning, as in climbing we begin at the root of the tree in order to reach the top of it. Pray carry the prologue with you, as you promise, to Mr. Pope. He turns everything he touches into gold.

Sir Clement Cottrell does me great honour by the offer of his friendship, but is he sensible of what he is doing? I shall trouble him with long letters, and wicked rhyme, and perhaps with visits. Put him in mind of the Spaniard who travelled from the remotest corner of Spain barely to see Livy, and let him know that the same curiosity will bring me to Twickenham. If under all these disadvantages he will grant his friendship, I embrace it with earnestness.

Lady Blount cannot be better pleased with the last campaign than I am, and you and Mr. Blount shall always have a room in the house and heart of him who is affectionately yours.

31. FENTON TO BROOME.

Jan. 1, 1723.

DEAR MR. BROOME,—I hope this will find you perfectly recovered of your indisposition, and full of spirits to conclude the prologue you have so happily begun. Pray do not fail to send it complete by Saturday sev'night at furthest, or I shall be miserably disappointed. I think I am at present one of the busiest bees in this great hive—the city. I have very much to entertain you with, but have not time to pen it. When the hurry is over I will write nothing but folios to you. In the meantime I wish you, yours, and all our friends a happy new year, and am ever, dear sir, your most affectionate humble servant.

Remember Thursday sev'night.

[1] "The last thing," says Pascal, "we can settle in the composition of a work is how to begin it."

32. FENTON TO BROOME.

New Year's Day, [1723].

DEAR MR. BROOME,—I enclosed the prologue in a letter to you by this post, and left it for Mr. Robinson to frank, but by mistake it was sent away to the General Post-office without any direction, but I will endeavour to retrieve it, that you may have it by Saturday. You will then find that Mr. Pope likes it much, but would have the eight last lines left out, and advises you to turn all the rest on Mariamne, and beauty and virtue in distress. And pray do not fail to let me have it by Saturday sev'night at the very furthest, or I shall be miserably disappointed. The post stays for this. I am ever, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant.

My service to your family and all friends.

33. BROOME TO FENTON.

March 6,[1] 1722-3.

DEAR FENTON,—I am certain I feel a greater satisfaction than you in the happy success of your tragedy.[2] You hold the balance so even that you are scarce ever depressed or exalted. Your sedate countenance resembles a calm, deep stream, that flows along with a sullen silence, and never obliges us with more than a few dimples. I love a little more sensibility. It is true this sometimes lays the heart too open,—but where is the misfortune, though the very bottom be discoverable, if it be uncorrupted and clear. To be always upon the reserve is to wear always an intellectual vizor, and as absurd as for a fine lady to go always masked on purpose to hide her beauties

[1] The month is "Jan." in Broome's draft, which must be a slip of the pen. The play was not performed till Feb. 22.

[2] Dr. Johnson says that Fenton's profits were near a thousand pounds; and Dr. Young, in a letter to Lady Mary Wortley, states that they were fifteen hundred pounds. The popularity of the tragedy brought into fashion the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which had previously been nearly deserted, and the managers acknowledged the obligation by granting Fenton a fourth or extra benefit night. Three nights were the customary allowance to the author.

iration. This conduct is inexcusable in a person who eformities to conceal.

e seen a little slandering paper against your play. I y you despise it. The poor author writes out of hunger, not malice; he eats by abusing you. A man you know feeds a louse that bites and disgraces him, but still he feeds him. Let the censorious rail! A person of real merit will build himself a monument with the very stones that are thrown at him by the hands of the malicious or envious.

I am glad the prologue[1] came in time, and since you would compel me to write it, that it did not discredit you. I was contented to hang out my miserable sign-post daubings before your play, as vintners do theirs before their houses, only to let people know there was good entertainment within. I was a kind of dwarf in romance, and served as a precursor to inform the audience that the giant approached. If you go on with the tragedy of Dion, pray build the porch before the house, that is, write the prologue before the play. I beg you would raise up no more ghosts of old stern heroes from their graves to torment me. Mariamne indeed was a fine lady, and a great beauty, and therefore not so apt to affright one.

Dear Fenton, continue to love me, continue to write. I need not labour for words to assure you that I love you. It is easy to be sincere, and no one is more so when he gives you that assurance than yours affectionately.

34. POPE TO BROOME.

April 6, [1723].

DEAR SIR,—I had sooner congratulated you upon the success of our friend Fenton, but that I have been too busy, partly in that affair, and partly in the prosecution of our common business, in which I hope to put a finishing stroke to all his moderate desires. The pleasure it would be to me to be capacitated, in serving myself, to serve my friend also, would

[1] In the published play the prologue is stated to be "written by a friend." Broome, as a clergyman, did not perhaps wish his name to appear in connection with theatricals.

be greater than I could express to you, and I dare say your own good-natured way of thinking can tell you all I could say on that head. Therefore, be assured, I should see nothing in this world with more concern and uneasy sensation, than the sacrifice you talk of,—that of burning and suppressing your part, to give up the whole to me. Abraham, sacrificing his own offspring, could not have felt more trouble. No, let us sacrifice only that animal, who coming, unfortunately for himself, too near our altars, stuck in the brambles, and still sticks there.[1] I have, within these three days only, given a loose to a few of my commissioned friends, which I judge better than to make any proposal yet to the public,—first to try my own personal interest, which I hope will answer my own personal views, and then to see at once what the town will do for us all.[2] I am very certain it is judging right to think that the public will enter much more heartily and readily into any project after the most considerable men in the nation have exalted it into a fashion and reputation to be of the list. Alas! almost every creature has vanity; but few, very few, have either judgment, taste, or generosity.

I very much please myself in the prospect of seeing you here at Twitnam, — you must live nowhere else, — with Fenton, and one, who is no less yours, though less in his own power, and therefore, only, seemingly less yours. We shall

[1] Tickell, who came too near to Pope's altar by publishing a translation of the First Book of the Iliad, "to bespeak the favour of the public to a translation of the Odyssey," and who stuck fast, and was unable to proceed with his design, in consequence of his inferiority in the comparison he had courted.

[2] Pope did not publish his proposals till he had collected all the subscriptions he could get together from and through his friends. This portion of the money he intended to keep exclusively for his personal use, and only to admit Broome and Fenton to a share of such voluntary subscriptions as were tendered after the private canvass was at an end. The arrangement would have been most unfavourable to his coadjutors, and was not adopted. The bookseller sold at half the price, copies very little inferior to the subscription copies, and the subscription money was in a large degree a benefaction to the author, which was mainly procured through the solicitation of himself and his agents. The private subscription was the harvest, and Broome and Fenton would have been left with but a third share each in the after-gleanings from the independent part of the public who mostly preferred to purchase the work for half price at the shop of the bookseller.

pass many philosophical days and nights, many a studious morning, cheerful noon, and contemplative evening together, as I hope, if we continue long on this side the grave. No ambition but that of writing well,—an ambition which gratifies, not [injures][1] mankind,—shall enter into our hearts, [and disturb] the quiet course of our days.

I must recommend to you the closest application, which I assure you I now practise myself. *Nulla dies sine lineâ*, makes short and easy the longest and hardest tasks. I wish you forwarded the sixth and second books, if not already quite finished, and transmit them to me by the first safe opportunity. This is necessary in the first place. I could say a thousand things to you, but time will not be granted me, and I am outrageously called upon. Pray keep the utmost secrecy in this matter; nothing else can be done as I would have it, who am ever sincerely yours.

35. POPE TO BROOME.

July 14, [1723].

DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 25th I have not had time to answer more speedily. Your commission of altering a verse in the poem you sent me shall be obeyed, and some others altered in that and the rest, whether you will or no; for I use you as I would myself, that is, severely and friendlily. I am glad yourself and Mr. Fenton proceed like two fat men, leisurely and safely. You will be at your journey's end by that means sooner than some Hotspurs. Would you imagine that I have finished two books of Homer, when I have not had, at any time, two entire hours to myself! Yet so it is, and I am beginning the ninth. You forgot a promise you made me, of going upon the eighth first, and of standing excused on that score from one of the remaining. It will be wanted else, and I beg you to undertake it. The tale of Mars and Venus will suit your gay genius, and be such a comfort to you, that I would not have it any other man's property for the world. I hope

[1] The edge of the original is here worn away.

our friend Fenton has done the fourth, which will be very sc necessary. I desire it by the first opportunity.[1]

I wish I could tell you any agreeable news, either of the polite or learned world; I will not add, of the gallant or amorous. Every valuable, every pleasant thing is sunk in an ocean of avarice and corruption. The son of a first minister is a proper match for a daughter of a late South Sea director,[2] —so money upon money increases, copulates, and multiplies, and guineas beget guineas in *sæcula sæculorum*.

> O cives, cives! quaerenda pecunia primum est
> Virtus post nummos.

My body is sick, my soul is troubled, my pockets are empty, my time is lost, my trees are withered, my grass is burned! So ends my history. I hope you can give a better account of yourself and yours. I am always, with great truth, your well wisher, and honest Fenton's faithful servant.

My mother sometimes toasts you. So does Sir Clement Cottrell. Have you any particular interest with Dr. Snape?[3] Adieu.

36. POPE TO BROOME.

October 3,[4] [1723].

DEAR SIR,—I have not been at home a good while, and received yours long after the date of it. I had a mind how-

[1] Fenton again visited Sturston this summer, and remained there some months.

[2] Townshend and Walpole shared the ministerial power between them, and some considered one to be the chief, and some the other. Pope by "first minister" meant Lord Townshend, whose eldest son, Lord Lynn, married on May 29, 1723, the daughter of Edward Harrison of Balls in Hertfordshire. Harrison had been a director of the East India Company, and the Royal African Company. His name is not among the South Sea directors when the company was in its glory, and if he ever held the office it must have been previous to the bubble. The marriage did not end happily, and the lady and her husband ultimately separated. She was a wit, a beauty, and a libertine.

[3] Pope was desirous of getting the colleges to subscribe to his Homer; and Dr. Snape was not only Provost of King's College, Cambridge, but in 1723, was vice-chancellor of the University. He was well known to the public as one of the ablest antagonists of Bishop Hoadley in the Bangorian controversy.

[4] The day and month are from the post-mark.

ever to accost you once more before Mr. Fenton's return hither, who I hope will bring with him all that I expect, not only his books, but his health and good humour. I foresee long peace and indolence coming upon him, as soon as he settles in Windsor Forest.[1] I have formerly experienced how amusing, and solitary, and studious a scene that is. I have done my part, and I now begin to want his. But I assure you I want both your persons more. It will be necessary we should all meet before winter; absolutely necessary that you and I should be a month at least together (let that be what month you best can spare), for a thousand reasons not to be given, or but very imperfectly, by writing, for all our mutual advantage and satisfaction; and, I hope, for our honour and credit.

The reasons I gave you long since as to our conduct in the whole matter, and the injunctions I then laid, I daily find more and more necessary. All men have enemies, though they so little deserve them sometimes that they know them not. I can tell you, you are not without them, and sometimes under the appearance of friends. Most men, if not dishonest, or even if not ill-natured, are yet careless enough of the fame or quiet of others, though those others never envied their fame or disturbed their quiet. I cannot but smile, to think how envy and prejudice will be disappointed, if they find things which they have been willing, or forced, to applaud as belonging to one man, to be the just praise of another whom they have a malignity to. I would, I protest to God, at any time gladly part with anything that was my own due, to see this confusion in those fellows.[2]

[1] With Lady Judith Trumbull at Easthamstead.

[2] Pope was anxious to keep secret for a time the assistance of Broome and Fenton, which he thought would prejudice the subscription. He mistrusted with reason the taciturnity of Broome, and to enforce silence, told him of enemies under the appearance of friends, and intimated that if he would but hold his tongue, these people would be betrayed into praising what was Broome's in the belief that it was Pope's, which would redound in the end to their shame and Broome's glory. When Pope adds with solemn asseveration, that he would "gladly part with anything that was his own due to see this confusion in those fellows," he seems to insinuate that he would willingly permit any portion of the credit from his own share in the translation to be made over to Broome. In the result Broome did not hold his tongue, and Pope rigorously claimed "his own due" and something more.

I have had very ill health, but guess I am on the mending hand at last. What I have done in my present task of Homer, I think is not quite so spirited as I could wish. It is close and fluent enough, and I hope in the narrative style much resembling my author; but far from any thought of improving either his thoughts, or expression, I try to be as exactly like him as I can.

My mother always remembers you both. Sir Clement Cottrell and I frequently make mention of you. I always wish you well, and desire to serve you in all I can. Adieu, dear sir, yours faithfully.

I must desire you to look over the second book. There is a chasm at verse 140, &c., and at verse 188 to 200, and again at 215.

37. POPE TO BROOME.

Oct. 24, [1723].

DEAR SIR,—Whatever real concern a friend can feel, or whatever heavy wound one bears either for oneself or for another, it is certain no reason, no religion can go so far towards quieting the mind and reducing it to its own state, as time alone. It is to that hand of time we must owe the healing what the hand of God has inflicted. I do not therefore make you any apology for not immediately writing to you upon the news of your loss.[1] It was the juncture at which any arguments could do you least good. I trusted you awhile to that only physician, time, to make you capable of hearing

[1] Broome had lately lost his daughter Anne, who was born on October 1, 1718. She was the "pretty Miss" to whom Fenton sent his humble service. Her father was overwhelmed with grief, and his sorrow was as prolonged as it was acute. In March, 1725, another little girl, born in December, 1722, died while he was absent from home; and writing on his return to Lord Cornwallis he says, "To speak the truth, the pain I feel proceeds from the opening of an old wound, and from making it bleed anew." His Melancholy, was written to commemorate his first loss, and is described as "an Ode, occasioned by the death of a beloved daughter, 1723;" but he had not the power to embody his feelings in adequate language, and his verses have neither poetry nor pathos.

any, or forming any to yourself. And as I very well know that none can be suggested from abroad to you, which you have not already at home, so indeed no man can give another a disposition of resignation unless he has it from himself. That is a gift, not of man, but of God. I hope, and believe, you have it. As a friend, I feel for you heartily. That is all I am able.

I am sensible it is very unreasonable for me to press to see you at this time. I rather wish I could visit you. I am sure I gladly would. I fear Fenton will be sent for hither; the lady[1] is coming, or come already, to town. Sir Clement, the last time I saw him, spoke of writing for him if he did not come forthwith. I have delayed showing him[2] yours in a view that it might prolong time, in your regard; for when he does write, then a letter of request from you to detain him awhile on this occasion, may spin out a few days more.

You seem too much touched with the little hint I gave you of some trifling ill-natured turns with relation to you. They were really of no consequence, therefore let nothing of the kind add to the trouble you are under. I shall myself have the pleasure to be instrumental in setting your character far above such small enemies, if we live a year to an end. Believe me, dear Broome, always faithfully and affectionately yours.

My heartiest services to Mr. Fenton are always of course included. Why will he never write to me? My mother sincerely condoles with you, and is truly yours.

38. POPE TO BROOME.

Dec. 24,[3] 1723.

DEAR SIR,—I must write you a few words, though in haste, to acknowledge the receipt of the sixth book. Fenton and I designed to have joined in a letter to you, to say many things

[1] Lady Judith Trumbull.

[2] Sir Clement. Fenton was staying at Sturston, and Broome, who found comfort in his society, was anxious to retain him there as long as possible. In the meanwhile the time had arrived for him to enter upon his functions in Lady Judith's family, and Sir Clement Cottrell, their common friend, was about to summon him.

[3] From the post-mark.

we both think ought to be said by your friends, and believed and considered by you, in relation to the present state of your mind. That we wish you with us, is certain; but whether you can yet leave Mrs. Broome I cannot judge. But Fenton tells me she bears it much more like a man of the two, and that you may learn resignation from her. If amusements would be agreeable or serviceable to you, I would endeavour here to contrive them: but I am in some doubt whether those, or the avocation you now pursue of reading and writing, would be the better. That too, nevertheless, you might have here with me, and be as private at Twitnam as at Sturston. In short, you can only judge for yourself; but for God's sake, if I can any way help to comfort you, make me be of use to you, or of pleasure.

We now much want the extracts on the first books. I have not yet fixed the bookseller's affair, nor made a public proposal. However, one way or other, I will put the beginning to the press in a few weeks, having fully corrected and put the last hand to it. But there is still more and more need of that conduct, which at first I saw necessary.

I am sorry to tell you our friend Fenton has been a long time confined to his chamber, but I hope he is now recovered, and will forthwith be settled in the lady's family, or else I fear he will miss of the properest place in the world for him, and what I dare say will be the most suitable to his temper. Believe me, dear Broome, ever faithfully yours.

39. POPE TO BROOME.

Dec. 28, [1723].

DEAR BROOME,—Your letter gives me as much concern and trouble, as you can express at the occasion of it. I told you sincerely I had not given the least credence to such reports; nay, I know them to be impossible to be true. Therefore be quite out of pain and take an honest man and a friend's word they had not the least effect or slightest impression upon me. Idle people always multiply and exaggerate every trifle. I have since I writ to you told Sir Thomas Hanmer everything,

and fully vindicated you.[1] I will do the same to Ford,[2] and to all the world, and declare myself your friend, *Deo, Angelis, et Hominibus*. So never talk of dedicating your poem to me,[3] in this most needless view. I would rather you did not send the packets to Lintot, who is such a fool. I will send to look for it.[4] The haste I am in must excuse my short letter, but I would not omit writing the very same day I received yours to give you full assurance how truly and unalterably I am, dear sir, your most affectionate faithful friend and servant.

A hundred happinesses attend you every new year! That is better than a hundred new years.

[1] There is nothing in the Broome papers to explain what these reports were, or in what way they were connected with Sir Thomas Hanmer. Up to this time he and Broome had never met, though they lived in the same county. In June, 1725, Broome sent him the poetical panegyric upon Pope, which is appended to the Odyssey, and Hanmer said in reply, "As you have been so kind as to lay the foundation of an acquaintance, I desire that it may be improved, and that you will give me all the opportunity you can of seeing you at my own home."

[2] Cornelius Ford was a clergyman, and cousin to Dr. Johnson, who says of him in his Life of Fenton, that his "abilities instead of furnishing convivial merriment to the voluptuous and dissolute, might have enabled him to excel among the virtuous and wise." The younger Richardson calls him "an infamous fellow of much off-hand conversation and wit," and tells the story of his requesting Lord Chesterfield, who was going ambassador to Holland, to take him as his chaplain. "I would certainly," replied Lord Chesterfield, "if you had one vice more." "I thought," said Ford, "I should never be reproached for my deficiency that way." "But if," rejoined Lord Chesterfield, "you had one more, almost worse than all the rest put together, it would hinder these from giving scandal." Broome and Ford were contemporaries at Cambridge, "and lived," says Johnson, "for some time in the same chamber." They continued to keep up an acquaintance, and Johnson speaks of Ford, Broome, and Fenton as going in company to the theatre to see the Merry Wives of Windsor. Pope could only have associated occasionally with Ford through the medium of Broome and Fenton, or from meeting him at the house of Lord Chesterfield, and other persons. Mr. Croker says that Ford died in Aug. 1731.

[3] The unpublished poem, which Broome wrote in 1710, on the Seat of the War in Flanders, and which he afterwards dedicated to a neighbouring squire, Mr. Holt. The interval of 13 years had not opened his eyes to the real quality of these verses, which were only converted by his revisions into an open plagiarism from the works of Pope.

[4] The packet with the notes on the first book of the translation. Pope had asked for them in his letter of Dec. 24, and Broome directed them to Lintot, the bookseller. The

40. FENTON TO BROOME.

January 9, 1723-4.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the favour of your two letters, which I should have done much sooner had they not found me very ill of a fever, which I have scarce yet conquered. However, I have been for some days fixed in my new station in Leicester Fields,[1] very much to my satisfaction. Mr. Pope visited me here last Sunday, and told me that you intended to come into these parts this month, which we both, as well as Sir Clement Cottrell, are of opinion will be very unseasonable, and will in all probability renew the suspicions that are already in town about the triple alliance; and the affairs of Greece are already so perplexed and uncertain, that they will not need any additional circumstances to sink their proceeding. Tonson does not care to contract for the copy, and application has been made to Lintot, upon which he exerts the true spirit of a scoundrel, believing that he has Pope entirely at his mercy.[2] I believe Mr. Pope will hardly be as free in delivering

parcel was afterwards sent to Fenton in Leicester Fields, and Fenton sent it to Pope.

[1] The London residence of Lady Judith Trumbull.

[2] "Pope," wrote Sir Clement Cottrell to Broome, on the 25th of February, "has, I hear, begun to print. With much ado I brought him and Bernard together, and reckon I shall still be consulted frequently as occasions may arise, which I doubt not will be many from such a suspicious, wrongheaded fellow as my friend Lintot." Pope and Lintot agreed no better than Sir Clement anticipated, and they were soon involved in mutual recriminations. Lintot appears not to have deserved the accusation brought against him by Fenton, of "exerting the true spirit of a scoundrel" in his bargain. The Iliad was in six volumes; the Odyssey, which had less subsidiary matter, was in five; and the price of both works to subscribers was a guinea a volume. The Iliad, again, was wholly translated by Pope, and half the Odyssey at least was by his assistants. For the Iliad Lintot paid twelve hundred pounds, and furnished for nothing all the subscribers' copies, which amounted to six hundred and fifty. For the Odyssey he gave six hundred pounds, and the subscribers' copies, which swelled to seven hundred and fifty. The Odyssey was, therefore, in every way an inferior commodity to the Iliad. It was only partially by Pope, Lintot had but five volumes to sell instead of six, and he had one hundred more subscribers' copies to deliver gratis. Johnson, who was thoroughly acquainted with the mercantile value of the literature of the time, considered that Lintot was extremely

his sentiments on your coming to town as I am, for fear you should doubt of being welcome at Twickenham. Poor Lady Blount is strangely alarmed at the news, not knowing how at present to dispose of Mr. Blount.[1] The small-pox has driven her from her own house, and has prevented her from preparing for his travels. Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Broome, Mr. Blount, Mr. Burlington, &c., to whom with yourself I wish many happy new years, and am ever, dear sir, your affectionate humble servant.

To-morrow Gay has a tragedy to come on at Drury Lane, called The Captives. The story is of his own invention.

41. POPE AND FENTON TO BROOME.

Jan. 30, [1724].

POPE.

DEAR BROOME,—I think it necessary to advertise you that I have received the notes on the first book, in which I see your pains, and pity them. At the same time how much am I obliged then to thank and love you for them.

You say infinitely too much of the little justice I did you on a late occasion. I would have done the same to any man; I only felt more joy in doing it to you. You may set your heart fully at ease as to that piece of ill nature, which I can confidently assure you has not hurt, but served you, and enhanced your character with many, who otherwise had not known or heard so many good things of it. I wish, dear sir, nothing may ever touch or affect your heart more than this has touched or affected your character. You would be the easiest man in the world.[2]

iberal in his terms for the Iliad, and the deduction of six hundred pounds in the price he paid for the Odyssey, was certainly not more than an equivalent for the diminished commercial worth of the goods. The result proved that he had not been too careful of his own interests. "The sale," says Johnson, "did not answer his expectations," which led him to threaten the law-suit. Either he lost by his bargain, or his profits were extremely small.

[1] He was then an inmate of Broome's house.

[2] Sir Clement Cottrell, in a letter of Feb. 23, alludes vaguely to the story against Broome. The passage throws no light upon the particulars of the calumny, but shows that the

I delivered your letter to Sir Clement Cottrell, who always speaks kindly of you, and wishes always to see you: but I cannot say at present he wishes it so much as I, for I found he was a little afraid of your parting with Mr. Blount too soon, on my desiring your coming.[1] Yet I hope as the spring advances you will come with it, and add to the pleasures it always brings me. My health has been this winter, and generally is all winters, scarce good enough to relish any pleasure, even that of a friend, in perfection. But, however, if you *will* come sooner, I *will* be well, or die for it.

I have never seen the Latin version you mention, but you say it is done by a German.

FENTON.

You will see by the beginning of this letter that I received and forwarded the notes to Mr. Pope, who gives me the use of his paper to acquaint you that you shall have Bossu by the next carrier. Yours entirely.

Gay's play had no success. I am told he gave thirty guineas to have it acted the fifth night.[2]

false reports were not of a serious kind: "The affair you hint at was crudely told me, and though neither Pope nor I could give it credit, we judged it not amiss to be prepared at all adventures. It is much better there was no ground for any such precautions; but had the affair really happened as told to us, I am very sure all the candid would entirely have excused you."

[1] Pope says that when he expressed a desire for Broome to go to Twickenham at once, Sir Clement Cottrell wished the visit deferred. From the preceding letter of Fenton we know that all three friends were anxious for the present to keep Broome away, and the pretence of Pope that he and Sir Clement Cottrell had differed on the subject was untrue.

[2] "The fate of the Captives," says Johnson, "I know not;" the Biographia Dramatica says it was "acted nine nights with great applause," and Young wrote to Lady Mary W. Montagu that it had "brought its author above one thousand pounds." There is no question which account is to be believed, since Fenton wrote at the house of Pope, who lived in the closest intercourse with Gay, and must have heard whether the play had prospered or foundered. Failure was its legitimate destiny. Gay's conception of character, and his poetic powers, were not of the order which tragedy requires, and the Captives, from its general feebleness, could never have commanded the genuine sympathies of an audience. His utmost success in tragedy must have been confined to the passing, artificial support of his patrons; and the thousand pounds, if he really received it, was a subscription got together by the exertions of friends.

42. POPE TO BROOME.

March 6, [1724].

DEAR BROOME,—I wrote to you since I received any line from you, and both Fenton and I are in some fear you may not be well. We sent to Lady Blount's for some news of you, but heard no satisfactory account. This makes me give you the trouble of a word or two, just to inquire of your health, as well as to tell you we still hope the spring will restore us two things which we want not a little,—our spirits and you. For my own part, I have been much out of order, and yet continue so. Fenton has been on the mending hand ever since he came to Lady Trumbull's, but we seldom meet or stay long together. His affairs keep him in town, mine detain me in the country. If you come among us, I guess you will prove a cement to unite us better, *in aliquo tertio*. I writ long since to tell you I had received the abstracts of Eustathius on the first book. I must now press you to send those for the second, which will be wanted as soon as they can arrive, in order to our adding others to them, and the press, I fear, will stay. But let me have previous notice a post or two before. I write this in haste, but not in so much as to omit wishing you all felicity, or, in lieu of all felicity, all resignation, being truly and faithfully at all times, with all affection, dear sir, your most sincere servant.

43. POPE TO BROOME.

April 3, 1724.

DEAR SIR,—I assure you I want no encouragement to write to you, which I am always ready and inclined to do. But what now hindered me was a severe illness and a fever of some danger, of which I am just recovered. I thought Fenton had advertised you of it, for I sent to desire him to write to you, when I could not, of the receipt of the notes to lib. 2. Those to the third will not come too soon on the 11th of this month; for the second are printed. If you think the fourth too tedious,

skip it, and proceed to the notes on the fifth book, which I have finished, and will probably be in the press before the fourth. The verse of the whole thirteen first books is now done, except the eighth book in your hands, and part of the fourth.

I am infinitely obliged to you for the dispatch you make, and long for the time to tell you at large what I think myself in your debt. The end of this month I shall expect you impatiently. Some additional criticisms on your verse relating to the character of the Phæacians have occurred to me, which confirm Bossu's opinion out of Homer himself.[1] I will be very careful in that passage, and as to all the other parts which need any correction. I must, in your turn, ask your assistance to correct what I have been employed upon.[2] When we meet all this may be done at once, and with pleasure. Many parts of the second book I have altered since you saw it, &c.

I am extremely and unfeignedly rejoiced, dear sir, at what you tell me at last, of the recovery of your mind, as well as body, to its state of tranquillity and resignation. May God increase all your reasonable satisfactions, and by degrees lead you to the greatest which human nature is capable of. No man wishes you solid contentment, mixed with innocent and useful amusement, more truly than your faithful friend and servant.

44. POPE TO BROOME.

TWITNAM, *April* 24, 1724.

DEAR SIR,—The indolence of our friend obliges me to write at his request, though I have no time, and he a great deal.

[1] The opinion that Homer specifies the rude condition of the Phæacians to explain "their credulity in believing the fabulous recitals of Ulysses." Fielding rejects the hypothesis, and accounts for the introduction of the marvels by the conclusive remark, that "Homer wrote for heathens to whom poetical fables were articles of faith."

[2] There is no indication in Broome's letters that he accepted the invitation to revise the translation of Pope, and this negative evidence agrees with Pope's statement in his letter to Broome, Sept. 14, 1725, and with the passage in his Postscript to the Odyssey, where he says, "My errors had been fewer had each of those gentlemen who joined with me shown as much of the severity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a strict animadversion and correction."

It is just to tell you, first from myself, that I have received the eighth book, though I think it a great providence that I did so, for it came half-opened by the penny post. I beg you for the future to give better directions, or send by surer hands. The consequences would be very bad, if any accident should happen. Our friend has not yet done the fourth, and the work will stop for want of it, which vexes me. Your punctuality is commendable beyond all the power of my expression. The notes on the fifth are next wanted, for the verse goes to the press in a week or little more. I want you here to help to correct me. The sooner you could come the better, but I agree with you, that it is necessary the fourth and fifth should be extracted first from Eustathius. Why should you not bring him up with you, and proceed here along with me? I will every day translate from the first of May. We may pass the morning together in study, the rest of the day in amusements, roving the fields, sailing on the waters, and, as you Cantabrigians call it, lounging in the shades. Twitnam is now in the highest beauty. How beautiful are those lines of Persius, and there are not many so, though there are many very sensible and philosophical.

> Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
> Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes;
> Unum opus, et requiem, pariter disponimus ambo,
> Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.

You have good luck if you can read this letter; I never was in more hurry, yet never more, dear sir, yours.

FENTON TO BROOME.

April 30, 1724.

DEAR SIR,—I am extremely sorry that your coming to town happens to be just when I shall leave it, for on Tuesday morning we set out for Windsor Forest. Mr. Robinson's lodgings are full, but I have writ to Lady Blount to let her servant be ready to wait your arrival at Lintot's on Wednesday. Order matters so that our friend[1] may go to Twickenham that

[1] Young Blount.

day, for a masquerade is on the night following. Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Broome and all friends, and believe me to be ever most affectionately yours.

46. FENTON TO BROOME.

EASTHAMPSTEAD, *May* 31, 1724.

DEAR MR. BROOME,—Your London journey was very unfortunately timed. If it had suited with your affairs to have come but one week sooner, I had proposed to have spent two or three days in my hermitage[1] at Twickenham to have enjoyed your company. It was unkind in you not to recompense the disappointment with a visit into Windsor Forest, where you would have found me in a delicious retirement, man and horse in full health, and ready to have waited on you to Mr. Pope's old grove, which is about two miles distant, to catch the Muse soft whispering through the trees, as Homer says. That old gentleman's name brings another subject into consideration.

I was encouraged by your letter to expect Sir Clement here last week, but I believe the birthday prevented his coming;[2] so I sent a footman this morning to Mr. Pope with the fourth book complete, being sensible that I had trespassed too long on his patience. I sent him word that I had fixed on the nineteenth and twentieth books, which I hope I shall not be long in conquering. I have finished almost a third part of the former. The latter I take in pure compliance with your aversion to it. How I shall get over the bitch and her puppies, the roasting of the black puddings, as Brault translated it, and the cow-heel that was thrown at Ulysses' head, I know not.[3] But, though I have Sussex ways to walk

[1] He means a lodging which he sometimes took at the house of one Mr. Hutchins.

[2] The king's birth-day was May 28, and Sir Clement Cottrell had to attend at court in his official capacity as master of the ceremonies.

[3] These circumstances are only out of keeping when the modern version is in a strain which falsifies the primitive manners of the original. The three passages combined do not spread over twenty lines, and Fenton, to exaggerate the difficulty of translating them poetically, selected language which would suggest the meanest associations.

in,[1] I thank my stars they are not measured by the Yorkshire scale,[2] which I think is a very proper allusion when (I know you love a pun) I am talking of journey work.

I am sorry to hear you give up yourself so much to retirement. Believe me, dear Broome, it will impair your health and good-humour sooner than you imagine. I often wish that providence had made us nearer neighbours, that I might now and then raise your envy and admiration with my quibbles. I really think my own constitution is not so good since I have put a violence upon it by suppressing them. That tyrant custom should make free-born man subject to such an unnatural and painful restraint!

Old Southerne was extremely pleased with your compliment,[3] and would have spent this summer with you if he had not been previously engaged to Lady Scudamore. He promised Lady Judith to pass some weeks here before he went into Herefordshire,[4] but I have heard nothing of him since I left London. The last packet I received from thence surprised me with a sad account of poor landlord Robinson's sudden death, —merry and dead in two hours. I desire you to direct your letters for the future to be left for me with Mr. Moore, at Mr. Taylor's, a chandler in Frith Street, near St. Ann's Church, Soho, and they will come with my lady's letters.

In your last, you gave me no account what was become of Mr. Blount. I bid the footman wait upon the family to-day with my compliments, but he is not yet returned. You never

[1] "Sussex full of dirt and mire," said the old line quoted by Leland in his Itinerary; and its roads, in Fenton's day, were still reputed to be the worst in the kingdom. Some idea of their condition may be gathered from the account of the journey which Queen Anne's consort made to Petworth in Dec. 1703. "He was six hours," says Lord Macaulay, "in going nine miles; and it was necessary that a body of sturdy hinds should be on each side of his coach, in order to prop it. Of the carriages which conveyed his retinue several were upset and injured. A letter from one of his gentlemen in waiting has been preserved, in which the unfortunate courtier complains that, during fourteen hours he never once alighted, except when his coach was overturned or stuck fast in the mud."

[2] The old mile, which was nearly a mile and a half, continued to be used in some out-of-the-way parts of the country.

[3] Broome had sent through Sir C. Cottrell some complimentary verses on Southerne, the dramatic writer.

[4] To Holme Lacy, where Lady Scudamore, then a widow, resided.

give me any memoirs of Norfolk and Suffolk, where I hope I have, to speak in your own language, a sort of friends,[1] to whom I desire you to neglect no opportunity of making my services acceptable, especially to your own family and Mr. Stebbing. Pray, thank him for his book,[2] which I had read with great satisfaction before I received his present by Mr. Tonson's money-catching hand. And if these topics are not sufficient to furnish out a long epistle, take me down the map of Berkshire and having traced out the very nearest way from hence to Mr. Marriott's, send me a geographical draft thereof, that when I have nothing else to do I may find him out. Well, dear Broome, good night,—not that it is bed-time, but a fine hot gloomy sky, and a swarm of bees that have just settled under my window, conspire with my own dulness to lull me asleep.

Molli languore solutum
Deposuitque caput, stratoque recondidit alto.

Your's most sincerely.

47. POPE TO BROOME.

TWITNAM, *July* 4, [1724].

I am well got home, but two days since, from my Dorsetshire journey,[3] and have only a moment's time to thank you for yours, and to tell you I have obeyed your orders in buying three lottery tickets. The price was at 11*l.* 7*s.* each. I believe it will be just the same thing if I send you only the numbers of them, and keep the receipts for you till you can

[1] "A sort of friends" is a band of friends. This use of "a sort," in the sense of "number," is found in Shakespeare, Spenser, and many other authorities.

[2] One of the numerous works in divinity, published by Henry Stebbing, who was Rector of Rickinghall, in Suffolk, and lived near Broome. He took for his department the refutation of any noted theological errors put forth by his contemporaries, and he wrote against Hoadley, Warburton, Woolston, and several more. He was reputed to be an able controversialist.

[3] He had probably been to Sherborne, on a visit to his friend Digby.

have the receipts themselves by a safe hand. Or if you would have them sent, I will. I am with all affection, sir, your faithful affectionate friend and servant.

I have seen Fenton. He is better than ever I knew him.

48. FENTON TO BROOME.

EASTHAMPSTEAD PARK, *July* 19, 1724.

DEAR MR. BROOME,—I have finished the nineteenth Odyssey, and after I have completed the index for Shakespeare,[1] I intend to proceed to the next, and if that does not break my heart, I have marked the twenty-second for another. I must beg the favour of you to send me an abstract of what Eustathius says on the 573 verse, etc. of the twentieth book. Our old friend Joshua[2] leaves me in the lurch with a κ. τ. λ., and refers to the 714th p. line 17 of the same edition that I think you have.

Another small affair comes into my thoughts, which I must take the liberty to recommend to your care, and that is to procure Lady Rich's Life for me from Mr. John Briars.[3] I employed Mr. Brown all last winter to procure it for some service it will be of to me if I undertake a new edition of Waller, which Tonson mentioned again to me before I left London, and I did not refuse his proposal.[4] I know Mr. Briars is an uncertain man, but when you happen to see him, do not forget me.

I am encouraged to turn over the leaf of the laudable account you gave of the length of my last in your letter to Mr. Pope,

[1] Fenton received 30*l.* 14*s.* for his share in Pope's meagre edition of Shakespeare. Very little labour was bestowed upon the work, and much of that little was done by Fenton, and Gay.

[2] Joshua Barnes, the editor of Homer.

[3] Mr. Briars was rector of Diss, in Norfolk, and published several pieces without his name in the miscellanies of the day.

[4] The edition of Waller was published in 1729. "The notes," says Johnson, "are often useful, often entertaining, but too much extended by long quotations from Clarendon." Even this degree of praise conveys too favourable an idea of the scanty literature, thought, and knowledge which Fenton put into his compilation.

which he showed me here in his way from Devonshire[1] to Twickenham, about three weeks since. Our friend Sir Clement has likewise paid Lady Judith a visit since I wrote last, and wonders that you have not sent him the verses you promised. Mr. Blount, he told me, continued still at his father's, he believed very much to his own satisfaction, but by the account he gave of a sword, which might measure blades with the longest Spanish espada in Madrid, I fancy he has some direful apprehensions, but I hope more asleep than awake.

I am very sensible of my old friend Mr. Newcome's[2] kindness, and of the great honour the Duke of Wharton did me in inquiring after my welfare, but why did you not make that part of your letter still more agreeable by informing me of Mr. Holt's good health, for whom you know I have both by inclination and gratitude the sincerest esteem imaginable. Not a word of Lady Jane neither.[3] I have as much devotion for her ladyship as you, Mr. Broome, but I cannot conceive that her name, like the Jews' Tetragrammaton,[4] ought not to be mentioned.

The latter end of September is, I think, fixed for our return to Leicester Fields, where I hope I shall not be disappointed of seeing you. In the meantime, let me hear often from you, and depend on my maintaining a punctual correspondence. I am grown an extravagant letter-writer. This is the fourth I have penned to day, and I think some years have passed with a less number. *Tempora mutantur*, says my almanac very truly, but nothing can be falser than the other half of the

[1] A slip of the pen for Dorsetshire.

[2] John Newcome, the son of a baker at Grantham, was born in 1683, the same year as Fenton, and their acquaintance probably commenced when they were undergraduates at Cambridge. Newcome was a fellow of St. John's College, and subsequently became Lady Margaret's professor of divinity, master of his college, and Dean of Rochester. He died in 1765.

[3] Mr. Holt was the nephew, and heir of Lord Chief Justice Holt. He resided at Redgrave, in the neighbourhood of Sturston, on an estate purchased by his celebrated uncle, and was married in the preceding year to Lady Jane Wharton, sister to the first and only Duke of Wharton, the profligate immortalised by Pope. Lady M. W. Montagu calls Lady Jane "one of the agreeablest girls upon earth," and says she was "vilely misplaced" in being matched with Mr. Holt.

[4] The Jews termed the name Jehovah the Tetragrammaton, because it consisted of four letters or consonants, and this name they forebore to pronounce out of reverence.

verse[1] when applied to the sincerity with which I am ever your affectionate humble servant.

My service as usual.

49. POPE TO BROOME.

Aug. 16 [1724].

DEAR BROOME,—You charge me, in the appearance very justly, of being a bad correspondent, but in reality, I am not so. Put your leisure hours, and mine, into the balance, and I employ as much of them to write to my friends as I can possibly—only you have more of them. Ill-health has been of late added to the account and almost put a stop at present to my writing of all sorts. Let this misfortune of mine be a spur to your diligence, and may you never have the same excuse for being inactive as I have; for I sincerely wish you, dear sir, long health and life. I have never had one word from Fenton.

Be in no pain about any debt you fancy you have, or any commission of money affairs relating to me. You have a right to the lottery tickets, which I set on account as your own; and I before told you that whatever subscriptions your own interest can procure, I look upon as your own money. Therefore enrich yourself as fast as you can that way, as I will do on my part by my particular interest with others.[2] The notes you cannot do too soon for me. Those for the eighth will be wanted,—those of the fourth and sixth being just done. I will send them printed to you very speedily. Pray did you not take the second volume of Dacier along with you from hence, for I can nowhere find it? But I will not fail to consult the passage. Maximus Tyrius I can nowhere procure.[3]

[1] Et nos mutamur in illis.

[2] Pope was about to circulate his proposals in Feb. 1723, when he found, to use his own expression, "such a cry upon him" from his conduct in connection with the Duke of Buckingham's works that he thought it prudent "to defer pushing his subscription till a more seasonable time." A year and a half had now gone by, and he had at last ventured to commence his private canvass.

[3] Pope must mean he could not borrow it. An edition of Maximus Tyrius was published by Davis in 1703, and could have been procured through any bookseller. Broome doubtless wanted to read the Dissertation on Homer.

I must send you the good wishes of a friend to your family, not forgetting your very poultry, and hogs, for Eumæus puts me horribly in mind of them. I never laboured through anything so heavily, and have undertaken I know not what.[1] If your notes do not make amends for my translation of that book, the reader may sleep as I am just now ready to do; for it is late at night, and I am as tired of the day as any labourer ever was. Believe me in all circumstances, dear sir, yours affectionately.

50. POPE TO BROOME.

Sept. 12, 1724.

DEAR SIR,—I received yours, and it pleases me that you take some diversion, amidst those righteous and I hope useful labours which friendship has made you undertake. It would be hard and unjust, indeed, if I did not desire you should take some pleasure with a friend when I know you take so much pains for one. I wish I could salute you with congratulations for the 10,000*l.* in the lottery, but, what every sanguine person takes for the next happiness to it, I can tell you it is not yet come up and may be waiting for you. Nay, more, that none of your numbers are yet drawn,—so all your hopes are yet alive. I had given orders to a broker in the city to send me information as fast as any of yours or mine came up: and out of six, two are drawn blanks; but, as I told you, none yet of yours—at least not on Thursday last, and I write this on Saturday morning. I received the notes on the ninth. You are most laudably punctual, that is honest, in all your ways. I have but one thing to complain of you, and that I will tell you when we meet, and not before.[2] I hope, if you are impatient to know it—you will the sooner make me a visit. I now begin to want the eleventh and twelfth books, for it is scarcely credible how fast the press

[1] He refers to the fourteenth book of the Odyssey which describes the reception and entertainment of Ulysses at the house of his swineherd, Eumæus.

[2] That he had not kept secret the fact that he was assisting Pope in the translation of the Odyssey.

plies me. I will not neglect to send you the ninth as soon as finished, &c. In the meantime, it is necessary you send me the initial letters, or first words, of the eleventh and twelfth for the graver to proceed upon.

I am much recovered from the ill state of health I have lately laboured under, very busy in laying out of a garden,[1] shall be busier next month in planting, but with all avocations, will proceed cheerfully through the version of the fourteenth book, which is heavy and laborious to me more than all the rest. What to do with the seventeenth I know not, and my soul sickens to think of it, next winter,—a season when I must expect worse health and worse spirits. Adieu, dear sir. My mother and I wish you and yours all felicity. Believe me, with sincerity and affection, ever yours.

I never hear one word from Fenton.

51. POPE TO BROOME.

Oct. 8, [1724].

DEAR SIR,—I deferred writing to you till I had sent a reprimand to my correspondent in the city about not notifying your 50*l.* prize. He said that ticket was drawn so early that it was before he had received any commission from me. I congratulate you on fortune's readiness and forwardness to serve you. To me, she always was a jade, and neither now, nor formerly, would show me the least of these favours. But let her give me friends, and give them money: I have the better of it. Yours was drawn on the second day of drawing. It is in the twenty-third course of payment, which is all that is needful to inform you about it.

I shall send for the notes and verse to Mr. Tonson. I hope you have taken care of their being sent from the carrier

[1] His zeal for gardening received a fresh stimulus at this period, and the new garden was the consequence. "Pope," wrote Gay to Swift, Feb. 3, 1723, "has just now embarked himself in another great undertaking as an author, for, of late, he has talked only as a gardener."

thither; for, as to the mushrooms, I have not received nor otherwise heard of them but in your letter. I am extremely obliged to you for remembering me in everything, and in every way. Pray, if I can accommodate you with any matters from this part, freely command me.

The labour of Eustathius, or rather of Mr. Broome, would lessen, if you did not take in quite so many of those notes which are, I think sometimes, too studiously vindicative of Homer upon objections which he seems to start, only to answer. I hope when that work is at an end, the modern Eustathius will repose in some good bishopric as did the ancient one.

I heard not, this whole year, one syllable of or from Fenton. I will inquire when he comes to settle in London. As to the catalogue of subscribers, send it as soon as you can, and increase it as much as you can, particularly at Cambridge, where I want a proper agent. But let me advise you not to deliver receipts but where the money is paid, for I know by experience so much will be your loss, as is your trust.

My mother has been extremely ill, but has not forgotten you. I hope she will recover and live another spring to entertain you. I have at last ended the fourteenth book, *multo cum sudore*. In all my labours, I think of yours, and am, dear sir, with sincere affection, yours faithfully.

52. POPE TO BROOME.

TWITENHAM, *Oct.* 31, [1724].

DEAR SIR,—Since my last I received your acceptable present of mushrooms. You are twice as good as your word, for I had some pickled, as well as powdered. I had both the ashes and the mummy, which to those who love mushrooms is as curious and delightful as to those who love antiquities.

I will carefully do as you desire in relation to the eleventh book.[1] As to my Miscellany,[2] I hear of nothing like it at present, but a miscellany of villanies and follies and corrup-

[1] That is, he will correct Broome's translation of it.

[2] The Miscellany published by Lintot, and commonly called Pope's

tions with which this nation abounds, and which makes the entertainment, horrid as it is, of each winter. But whenever times and seasons are so composed as to relish the old and polite arts, no opportunity shall be missed to place your verse in the best lustre I can.

I am much obliged to you for your good wishes to my mother, but she is now very ill—so ill that I can hardly write this: but would not omit the first post to acknowledge your kindness. As soon as the notes on lib. 9 are printed I will send them, remembering your former desire;[1] but tell me how far you have had them already.

Shakespeare is finished. I have just written the preface, and in less than three weeks it will be public.[2] Fenton is just come to Leicester Fields. Dear Broome, believe me ever your faithful friend and servant.

53. POPE TO BROOME.

SATURDAY, [*Nov.*, 1724].

DEAR SIR,—I was heartily sorry to hear of your illness, and really more so, on account of its being occasioned, according to your description, by a lowness of spirit, which is too apt to grow upon people past the first vigour of youth. My poor mother was at the point of death, and I think it a miracle that she is yet among the living, though weak to the last degree, and doubtless confined to her bed and chamber for many months to come. If it had been my melancholy fortune to have

Miscellany, of which the fourth edition appeared in 1722. Broome was a contributor, and in anticipation of a fifth edition he wished to get his verses amended by Pope. The new edition was delayed till 1726, and has 1727 on the title-page. The former contributions of Broome are omitted, and in their stead are two pieces addressed to Pope, of which the second is entitled, To Mr. Pope on his correcting my Verses. From these lines, written in a strain of unmanly adulation, it would seem that Pope fulfilled his promise, and went through the drudgery of retouching some of the poems. They were one and all too uniformly vapid to be much improved by revision.

[1] That he might have the opportunity of correcting the proof sheets.

[2] The "three weeks" were extended to four months, and the Shakespeare did not come out until March 12, 1725.

lost her, I had given you a particular, though perhaps unseasonable, evidence of my friendship, and of the opinion I have of yours, in going directly from hence to your house, there to have passed the first weeks of my affliction, and depended on the consolation of a friend who has too well been acquainted with sufferings of that tender kind.

I beg to hear in particular how you do, when you send the notes on lib. 11, which indeed are very much wanted, for the verse of it is half printed. The twelfth and notes will be wanted in a week more, at least the verse. I am concerned to press you at a time when perhaps you want rest; but the fate of the work depends on punctuality at this crisis. I received the names of your subscribers, and wish you could have procured more of the colleges in Cambridge, for the honour of the matter, since those of Oxford are much forwarder in this affair. I shall forthwith publish the proposal to the town;[1] and, as I before told you, if you make it your choice, you shall fairly divide what profit shall arise from the future subscribers; for I have done with those procured by my personal interest, and will push my particular friends no farther. Therefore you are to divide whatever comes above my present list; and for any that your own interest can make, or already has made, you are to look upon them as wholly your own, unless you prefer a certain though small gratuity, as I first proposed by Mr. Fenton to you two years ago. Take your choice. I think I need not recommend to you further the necessity of keeping this whole matter to yourself, as I am very sure Fenton has done, lest the least air of it prejudice it with the town. But if you judge otherwise, I do not prohibit you taking to yourself your due share of fame. Take your choice also in that.[2]

I desire you to send with speed what is wanting for the

[1] The public proposals are dated Jan. 10, 1725.

[2] Pope tells Broome he may take his choice whether he will make known or not that he is in part the translator of the Odyssey, and prefaces the permission with the strong opposing admonition, that there is no need to recommend further the necessity of keeping the whole matter secret "lest the least air" of the truth should prejudice the work with the town. The "take your choice" is followed, as it was preceded, by a persuasive to silence. The public is a silly judge who can only be trepanned into justice, and if Broome's fame is to be advanced to its just

eleventh and twelfth. I have taken care in what you desired; and I do not, upon the whole, make any doubt but I shall have some merit in advancing your fame to its just pitch. The public is both an unfair and a silly judge, unless it be led or trepanned into justice. The *case is altered* was not more a maxim of Plowden,[1] when the Court was concerned, than it is of the public, when any favourite, how undeservedly soever they have raised him, comes into consideration with them. Believe me, dear sir, I am heartily and sincerely your affectionate friend and servant.

Advertise me by a letter beforehand when you send the notes, &c.

54. POPE TO BROOME.

TWITENHAM, *Dec.* 4, 1724.

DEAR BROOME,—I received yours, with the notes on lib. 11. I shall want the twelfth by the first opportunity. The sincerity which you really have from me, so that I will not take what you say upon that head as a compliment, is what one friend ought to expect and to bear from another. I will, therefore, give you a farther proof of it, both to you who are my friend, and to the world, which I take to be my foe thus far, that it will be ready, and for the majority, glad to take any opportunity to blame a man it has too long praised or, at least, been forced not to dispraise,[2]—it being with the public, as with women,

pitch this silly public must be deluded into the belief that his share of the translation was done by their favourite poet. Manifestly Pope was anxious that the choice should be in one direction, and in the next letter he betrayed considerable soreness at the freedom with which Broome had talked of the partnership. They ultimately conspired to impose a false statement upon the world, and the result was increased dissatisfaction with each other.

[1] The author of the celebrated Commentaries, or reports of the leading law cases from the beginning of the reign of Edward VI. to the middle of the reign of Elizabeth.

[2] In the previous letter Pope assumes that his own popularity will assist Broome's reputation, and now he says the public is his foe and will be glad of any opportunity to blame him. Both views are true. A celebrated name is at once a recommendation to a work, and a provocative to envy and malice.

who are cruel till they are conquered, and the moment they can defeat themselves of him who has got the better of them, by their setting up a new character, or gaining a new and more vigorous or responsible gallant, they show how little for his own sake it was, that ever they loved him. Upon a due consideration of this, as well as from an aversion against taking to myself what is not my due, it is impossible I should do what you desire me, namely to proceed in the affair of Homer, as if there were no person concerned in it but myself. Had our design, which I will call ours, since it was intended to promote your reputation in one respect more than my own,[1] and to do what you express a great desire of, to let the public at first mistake your work for mine,—had, I say, our design been made a secret as to the particular parts we were each engaged in, as much by you, as it really was by Fenton and me, there had been no harm in it, nor any ill consequence from it, which I could have reclaimed against or scrupled, as long as I did not to my private friends make any secret of it, further than you yourselves enjoined. But, to be honest with you, you have betrayed your own secret to so many people, that it would be dishonourable and unjust for me to seem, though it were no more than by connivance or silence in the point, to take to myself what does not belong to me. If, therefore, the fortune or fame of the work receive any prejudice from the partial opinion of the town on my side, preferably to what it ought to have on yours, I am not to blame. But when I am to propose to the public the undertaking, it would be dishonest to do it as purely my own. To common acquaintance indeed there was no necessity or obligation upon me to give a particular account. But it is you yourself who have altered the case. I must therefore give the world the hint, that it is not obliged to me only for this undertaking, *coute qui coute.*[2] All I can do in honour is not to let them into the particulars, what parts of it

[1] Such language could not have been used by Pope, if there had been any foundation for the statement that he had only been allowed to join in the scheme of Fenton and Broome.

[2] Broome wished Pope "to proceed in the affair of Homer as if there was no person concerned in it but Pope himself," and Pope replied, "You have betrayed your own secret to so many people that it would be dishonourable and unjust for me to seem, though it were no more than by connivance or silence in the poi-

are, or are not mine.[1] That I leave to you, at your own time, to do; but, to deal plainly with you, I think, for your own interest, you have chosen a wrong one, in being so early in it.

To open my mind to you freely as a christian, and talk as to a divine, I protest, in the sight of Him to whom I owe any talents I have, I am as far above the folly of being vain of those I have, as I should be above the baseness of arrogating to myself those I have not. These are arts that I ever looked upon but as embellishments, not as essentials, to any estimable character. One goodnatured action or one charitable intention is of more merit than all the rhyming, jingling faculties in the world. Nay, I should think it more valuable to gratify a private friend in his desire of a character this way, than to advance my own, which I can never be proud of, when I reflect to the suffrage of what sort of creatures it is owed, and how vast a share of popular admiration proceeds from ignorance. I am, dear sir, with great sincerity and true good wishes, your faithful affectionate friend and servant.

I will, by the first opportunity of more leisure, give you my sincere opinion of the poem you sent me, &c. I am now in very great haste, and express myself ill; but take it as it is

to take to myself what does not belong to me." "It is you yourself," he says again, "who have altered the case. I must therefore give the world the hint that it is not obliged to me only for this undertaking." He lays down the singular proposition that the reason why the attempt at deception would [illegible] honourable was already known, principle that not known de- 'dishonourable tatingly "took ıtscript to the of the trans- ot belong to

[1] The vague language used by Pope in his proposals concealed the extent, and almost the nature of the help he received from his coadjutors. "The benefit," he said, "of this proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work. One of them enjoins me to conceal his name; the other is the Rev. Mr. Broome, whose assistance I have formerly acknowledged in many of the notes and extracts annexed to my translation of the Iliad." There is not a word to exclude the interpretation that the assistance was the same in kind as that which he had "formerly acknowledged in the Iliad."

meant, honestly. If you do, you will have a merit I know few capable of, but I believe you one of those few. Dear sir, adieu.

55. FENTON TO BROOME.

LEICESTER FIELDS, *Dec.* 19, 1724.

DEAR MR. BROOME,—I have been sitting down twenty times to give you thanks for the favour of your last, but one trifle or other, as this town has variety, has disturbed me, and, indeed, I have but just time enough now to promise a closer correspondence for the future. I have seen Pope but twice, in passing, since I came to town. How the great affair[1] goes on I know not, nor am inquisitive; only he told me he every day expected the notes for I think he said the twelfth book, from whence I conclude it advances fast. I have at last undertaken the new edition of Waller. Mr. Briars promised to supply me with Lady Rich's life, which will be of service to me, and I beg you to procure it for me as soon as possible. I am very sorry to hear that you have anything to damp your health and good-humour. To a divine and philosopher it becomes me only to say, *modice curate ipsum;* but I am sure my best wishes ever attend you and yours. Pray let me hear from you speedily, and do me justice in ever believing me your affectionate humble servant.

56. POPE TO BROOME.

LONDON, *Feb.* 13, [1725].

DEAR SIR,—The extreme application I am forced to at this time about the completing and publishing the book[2] is more than can be imagined by one so unacquainted with cases of this kind as yourself, besides a thousand other plagues. The only pleasure I have had was in my mother's recovery, which I thought I writ you word of. I am much obliged for the

[1] The Odyssey.—BROOME.

[2] The first three volumes of the translation of the Odyssey were published in April.

impatience you show in her regard. She is wonderfully picked up, except a great cold which still confines her. I sent lately the notes upon lib. 10, 11. Those that remain you shall have in a week or thereabouts, that the errata may be completed. You cannot imagine what a scoundrel Lintot is in all respects; pray send not to him for anything, or on any account correspond with or answer him. I will take care to convey the books to you for your subscribers. I can add no more, for the post is going; but I would not omit giving you the satisfaction of a word forthwith. Believe me, dear sir, ever yours.

57. POPE TO BROOME.

March 5, [1725].

DEAR SIR,—I am really concerned not to have been able, through multiplicity of business, as well as many domestic employments, joined to a very ill state of health, to answer yours more fully, or to express more amply my desires of being a better correspondent to you. In a few weeks this hurry will be over, or I in a condition past requiring an excuse. My mother returns you her hearty acknowledgments, and I mine for the concern you show for us both in her. She is much better. Lintot, I perceive, will give me what silly uneasiness he can, and if I were as great a fool as he, he might. I once more desire, for very good reasons, that whatever he may write to you, you will return him no sort of word in answer. I am sorry you ever writ to him, for I know he has ill designs. I hope you said nothing as to your part in the work.[1] Upon no

[1] Writing of Lintot to Broome, April 26, 1727, Pope said, "The fellow had the impudence the other day to affirm that I never told him you had any hand in the work till after his agreement was signed, than which you know nothing can be a more flagrant lie. I think you had a letter from him before expressly about your share in the work; I wish you had it by you; and I desire you to write me whatever you remember to the contrary of this falsehood that it may help to undeceive anybody to whom he tells it." Lintot, we see, was communicating with Broome in 1725, and Pope from a conviction of Lintot's "ill-designs" was entreating Broome not "to answer him upon any account." Broome had already written, and Pope discloses the nature of his apprehensions in the sentence, "I

account write a syllable to him. It will be five or six days at least before I can send you the notes on lib. 13, 14. Return your errata with speed after you receive those.

I have taken all care to dignify your aldermen exactly as you desired. The books shall be sent you by me.[1] Send me a punctual direction of the carrier and his days to that end. I hope, and shall make it my particular request, soon after the books are delivered, to see you here. You shall then hear of iniquities you can have no idea of, of that fellow. Adieu till I have more leisure. If you have nothing else to do, proceed upon Eustathius. God keep you, dear Broome, and all that is yours, in which I make a prayer for your faithful affectionate servant.

Your verses on the war in Flanders the fool will not hear of. But I have a better project about them.

58. POPE TO BROOME.

March 30, [1725].

DEAR BROOME,—I would not omit writing to you this very day I received yours, though I have a great parcel of company, who hinder me from saying more than just this—that I would not have you come to town, for a very good reason relating to the fool you write about, till the books are safely delivered to your people.[2] It will be ready, I hope, within seven days; but

hope you said nothing as to your part in the work." The ambiguous expressions of Pope in his proposals, and his positive misrepresentations in the Postscript to the Odyssey, were intended to persuade the world that the share of his subordinates in the translation was much less than belonged to them, and he had evidently not been more candid with Lintot than with the public. He probably indicated to Lintot that Broome was to assist, and implied that the help was to be comparatively slight. His want of openness in this particular was the circumstance upon which Lintot proceeded when, as Johnson says, "he pretended to discover something of fraud in Pope, and commenced or threatened a suit in chancery.

[1] The copies of the Odyssey fo Broome's subscribers.

[2] "Any subscriptions," said Pope to Broome, Nov. 1724, "that your own interest can make, you are to look upon as wholly your own." Lintot may not unlikely have demurred to supplying copies gratis for

the days of your carrier falling out cross, it must be Saturday se'ennight before they can be sent. I will before that write largely to you, and I hope to see you before Whitsuntide,—the sooner after the delivery the better. However, if you can procure a longer recess, I wish it, that I may keep you the longer here. Dear sir, adieu.

59. POPE TO BROOME.

April 8, 1725.

DEAR SIR,—On Saturday next, according to your desire, I will send by your carrier, in a wooden box, fourteen sets of Homer for your subscribers. Some of their names came from you too late to be inserted, but shall in the last volume, together with the errata, which the bookseller desired to have postponed to the end of the book. I shall rejoice to see you the moment the delivery is over here, which will be about the twentieth of this month. Before, I shall not have leisure to enjoy any pleasure, and would not lose one that will be unfeignedly so great as the seeing and living with you. Pray let me have a line of your receipt of the books. My mother is much better. I wish you as myself all domestic happiness, and increase of all sorts of happiness. Dear Broome, adieu. Fenton is well. So am I. Your own books I keep till we meet. Yours ever.

60. POPE TO BROOME.

May 25, [1725].

DEAR SIR,—I am very glad of your safe return, but wanted a good while to hear of it. The shade and solitude you so much delight in is indeed a truer and more rational situation to a good mind, than all the glitter and vanity of that part of

Broome's special subscribers, as being beyond the bond, and he may only have wanted direct evidence of the transaction to induce him to withhold the books. This would explain why Pope was particular to send the books himself, and why he was anxious "for a very good reason relating to the fool," that Broome and Lintot should not meet till the books "were safely delivered to Broome's people." Three volumes were published in April 1725, and the remaining two in June 1726.

the world which we sillily call the great world, which glitter is only fit, as Milton expresses it somewhere, to

Dazzle the crowd, and set them all agape.[1]

It is but a pleasure for the mob; and those we call the great are the meanest creatures of all, since they are most in the cognizance and most under the judgment of the populace; whereas the retired and contentedly unambitious person is above all their opinions and censures, and appeals only to the highest of all powers, God, for his actions and life.

I hope, at intervals from Eustathius, you will seriously overlook those pieces of poetry you told me of; and by all means make an entire volume of them, not dispersed and scattered into nothing in Miscellanies, where a few good things among a crowd of bad fare like a few good men in the same circumstance, and are put out of countenance, if not corrupted. I only could be glad one copy of yours, that which you design to me, as a memorial of our friendship,[2] may appear not only among your own, but attend also upon mine, in the new edition of my things which Lintot is printing, together with the testimonies of some other of my friends. Therefore, when you have finished your additions to it, send them to me, with the sixteenth and eighteenth books. After you have done the notes to those books in their order, proceed to the twenty-first, omitting the nineteenth and twentieth, if you please, at present.

My mother always remembers you, and wishes we were near enough to be neighbours to Mrs. Broome. Sir Clement Cottrell and the rest of your friends here drink your health and inquire of you. Fenton only is silent. His body is buried in Windsor

[1] Par. Lost, v. 350:

Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet
His god-like guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections; in himself was all his state,
More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
On princes, when their rich retinue long
Of horses led, and grooms besmeared with gold,
Dazzles the crowd and sets them all agape.

[2] The verses, To Mr. Pope upon the edition of his works in 1725. Pope opened the fifth edition of his Miscellany with the laudatory poems addressed to himself by various persons, and among these panegyrics is the tribute from Broome. It was made to do double duty, and reappeared in the concluding note to the translation of the Odyssey.

Forest; his εἴδωλον glides over those lawns, and his soul flies up to Homer and heaven. Dear sir, adieu.

Sit tibi cura mei, sit tibi cura tui.

Yours faithfully.

61. POPE TO BROOME.

June 29, [1725].

DEAR SIR,—I received yours, and ought to express my sense of the favour you so zealously show me many ways, particularly in the verses you design to me. I want to see them, for it is sure something a better principle than vanity that renders such testimonials valuable to me from valuable men. All incense from other hands, stinks. Honesty only can make fiction itself pleasing; and fiction itself has no grace but from honesty.

I cannot learn whether Tonson yet prints a small edition of Shakespear. Your conjecture of "cloves in my cap," instead of "gloves," in King Lear, is certainly a right one.[1]

Fenton is at the Lady Judith Trumbull's at Easthampstead Park, near Ockingham, by Bagshot Bag, Berks. I condole with you upon his deep taciturnity, not a word having, that I hear of, escaped him to anybody.

I am concerned that you seem to feel your labour increase, as your task grows lighter, and nearer your journey's end. *Dabit Deus his quoque finem*, &c. *O passi graviora!* I believe Bayle's Dictionary on the article of Penelope will relieve you. I desire a packet; the sooner now the better. I have got through two books of verse. The sixteenth ought to be

[1] Act iii. Sc. iv. "What has thou been?" Lear enquires, and Edgar replies, "A serving-man, proud in heart and mind, that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart." Broome's conjecture was unmeaning and needless. "It was anciently the custom," says Steevens, "to wear gloves in the hat on three distinct occasions, viz., as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy." Edgar accordingly enumerates among the traits of a foppish serving-man that he wore in his hat the love tokens of a mistress.

furnished without delay for the press. I have gone backward and been at the wrong end till now. Be sure let me have notice before you send, and send by a safe hand.

My cares are grown upon me, and I want relaxation. But when shall I have it? Hurry, noise, and the observances of the world, take away the power of just thinking or natural acting. A man that lives so much in the world does but translate other men; he is nothing of his own. Our customs, our tempers, our enjoyments, our distastes are not so properly effects of our natural constitution, as distempers catched by contagion. Many would live happily without any ill ones, if they lived by themselves.

Infelix!
Qui notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi.

For a few weeks I shall be obliged to go into Buckinghamshire,[1] where I hope for more leisure than at home; so I could wish to hear from you as soon as possible. I may stay here yet these seven or eight days. Believe me most sincerely and affectionately yours.

My mother is moderately well, and very truly your servant.

62. POPE TO BROOME.

Sept. 14, [1725].

DEAR SIR,—I deferred writing till I had received the parcel which you promised long ago; and if I have been too long, you must lay the blame on your misreckoning, for you told me Sir Edmund Bacon[2] was to come on Monday, the end of last month; instead whereof your packet came not till yesterday to my hands. I thank you for your dispatch, and I believe you thank yourself for it. I will put both volumes together to the press, having myself done all the rest already. I correct daily,

[1] Pope's chief visits in Buckinghamshire were to Lord Cobham's at Stowe.

[2] Sir Edmund Bacon, the premier baronet of England. He had seats both in Norfolk and Suffolk, and his mother was the daughter of Sir John Castleton, of Sturston.

and make them seem less corrected, that is, more easy, more fluent, more natural, which, give me leave to say, is the style of Homer, in this work especially. The narrative is perspicuous to the last degree. I would not discourage you; but, since you seem to be a little in triumph upon your last book,[1] I will just so far take you down, as to say, you are sometimes too figurative and constrained, not quite easy or clear enough. But as I am to act, not only to my best judgment, but to one of my best friends, not only for my own, but for your reputation, I will never spare you, but alter so freely whatever I do not quite approve, that possibly you may like it the worse, if your sentiments of Homer's style differs from my idea of it. But I believe it does not, and if ever you appear with any different air from the author, it proceeded from a well-meant endeavour to raise him.[2] Indeed, these five or six books, after the thirteenth, are more languid, less active, more conversation-like, than all the remainder, and than all that went before; and the reader will inevitably find them more tiresome, as well as the translator. Send me the other as soon as you can: perhaps it is better you should not be too laborious in correcting, and, to say truth, another man always corrects more easily than one's self,—an advantage, by the way, which I have all along wanted to my own. I approve of your resolution to divert yourself a good while after this task. I beg part of the vacation may be spent with me. It is not possible to tell you many necessary things that I would, and it is no flattery to tell you many kind ones, for I am sincerely, dear Broome, your affectionate friend.

Fenton says you never writ to him. I have had a fever. Adieu.

[1] Lib. 16.—BROOME.

[2] Wakefield, who had examined the translations of Broome, Fenton, and Pope with critical accuracy, thought that Broome was the least obnoxious of the three to the charge of "endeavouring to raise" his author. "His talent in poetry was much more calculated for simplicity than that of Fenton, and even Pope himself, and accordingly some passages of this character he has hit off to admiration. Fenton affected a learned stateliness of phrase, which bordered sometimes on obscurity and bombast. Pope throws over every part his own tissue of grace and elegance, and, what he finds brick, is not satisfied without an effort to render marble."

63. POPE TO BROOME.

Nov. 2, [1725].

DEAR SIR,—You may conclude I am in no small agitation and trouble, when I cannot be calm enough to write above three lines to you. My family is in the utmost confusion, and melancholy of circumstances; my mother in a dangerous jaundice, at her great age, dispirited and plied with hourly medicines; my old nurse on her death-bed, in all the last pains of a dropsy.[1] In a word, no hour of day or night but presents to me some image of death and suffering. I was very lately in hopes of seeing you; now they are turned to fears. I could not receive you with any comfort, therefore beg you to defer your journey till I am, one way or other, fit, if not desirous, to see you and to welcome you. If the worst misfortune happens to me, when it is over your sight will be a comfort to me.

I had almost forgot to tell you I paid your brother what you desired a fortnight ago: but probably he acquainted you of it. Dear Broome, I am faithful yours.

The eighteenth book will soon be wanted.

64. POPE TO BROOME.

Nov. 10, 1725.

DEAR SIR,—Though my family continues in the same dejecting posture, my mother still ill, and my poor old nurse gone to her long home, I must acknowledge the receipt of the two books,[2] and of a very kind letter from you. I assure you your advice and your company would at all times be comfortable to me under affliction; it was for your own sake I mentioned what I did, in the fear of that confusion which has since happened in so long sicknesses. Yet I now have hopes given me that my mother may outlive this present illness—a short reprieve! but very dear, very desirable to me, though

[1] She died three days afterwards, on the 5th of November.

[2] The 16th and 18th.—BROOME.

not much to herself at these years. I mistook something you said in a former letter, so much in my own favour, and am disappointed at your saying you never thought of it.[1] I hope you will in spring at least. I am sorry you have had your share of filial concerns, probably in another way than mine;[2] but whatever trouble you may undergo will be recompensed by the good intention that makes you undertake it, and I hope also by the success of everything you desire. I wonder your brother never writ to you. He told me he would in a post or two, by the same token that I bespoke a periwig of him, in which I expect to make such a figure as better to become that of bays, wherein his brother has dressed me so gaily in a like little fine paper of verses.[3]

I congratulate with you, beyond all words, on the closing of Eustathius. What will next be wanted are the notes on lib. 22, 23, 24, for I have deferred the 17th, 18th, and 19th till the last. I have been as sick of the translation as you can be of the notes, and indeed, as you know, have had many things to make me quite sour about it. I know myself to be an honest man, and, I will add, a friendly one; nor do I in my conscience think I have acted an unfair or disreputable part with the public, if my friends will do me justice. This indeed is my sore place; for I care not what they say of my poetry, but a man's morals are of a tenderer nature, and higher consequence.[4]

[1] The visit to Twickenham, which Pope supposed Broome to have volunteered.

[2] In a pecuniary "way," and not from anxiety caused by sickness. Broome, when speaking of the affluence he had enjoyed for the greater part of his manhood, tells Pope, Oct. 29, 1735, that he had been "enabled to make an aged father's declension easy, and to be the support of a distressed family."

[3] The commendatory poem published in Pope's Miscellany. While Broome received a classical education, the rest of the family remained at the old level, and his brother appears to have been a wig-maker.

[4] Pope was vehemently attacked at this time for attempting to deceive the public as to the share which Broome and Fenton had in the Odyssey. "I thought the natural pride of a good author," said a writer in the London Journal, July 17, 1725, "could not suffer him upon any account to father the works of one less famous than himself, and for that reason I thought we were safe from any such imposition, but if once avarice gets the better of pride in this point, we may live to see the most eminent writers keep half a dozen journeymen a piece, and vend their hireling labours, as How did his knives, by putting his own name

Believe me very sincerely yours. The people whose friendship I have wished, and endeavoured all the ways I could to deserve, have generally allowed it me, and that is all the solid pleasure I ever received from the partiality the world has shown my character. If, from thinking I did not want sense, they have come to know I do not want honour and tenderness, it is enough. It is all I desire to be esteemed for. In the rank of these I have ever held you, and I know ever shall, being sure of your integrity, friendship, and all good offices; and I am gratefully, dear Broome, yours.

65. FENTON TO BROOME.

LEICESTER FIELDS, *Nov.* 20, [1725].

DEAR SIR,—I heartily congratulate you on your concluding your laborious task, and am glad to hear you have spirits enough remaining to undertake Apollonius, who, in the main, I am afraid, will be found a heavy writer. In my notes on Waller, I shall have occasion to quote a passage concerning Talus, which is in the fourth book, and begins at the 1636th verse, which if you think proper to translate now I will insert it, and give notice to the world that you intend a translation of the whole. I think it is now high time for you to come to town, that we may settle affairs with Mr. Pope. The last time I saw him at Sir Clement's he would have had me declare what I expected to receive, which I absolutely refused without your participation, and, therefore, the sooner we concert our demands the better. We have been

upon them all." In answer to such accusations Pope expresses his confidence that he will not appear to have "acted an unfair or disreputable part with the public if his friends will do him justice," which should mean, if his friends will tell the truth. The species of justice he desired came out a little later, and is a remarkable comment upon the tender concern he expressed for his "morals."

[1] The brief passage on the death of Talus from the last book of the Argonautica of Apollonius Rhodius was translated by Broome, and, with one other fragment, was the only part of the projected work which he executed.

but coarsely used this last summer,[1] both in print and conversation, which, in truth, was no more than I always expected. But this will serve us to chat over when we meet, which I hope will be before Christmas.

We have at present a very dull, empty town. I hear of no new plays, but a comedy by our old friend Tom Southerne,[2] who desired me to send his service to you, and begs you to write him a prologue, and hopes to receive a favourable answer by the next post. Gay is busy in writing fables for Prince William. Your old acquaintance Jack Marriot is curate at Easthampstead, and behaves himself very well out of the pulpit. I have had two short visits from Mr. Pope since I came to town. He tells me that he has buried old nurse, and poor Mrs. Pope is not likely to survive her long. I am ever, dear sir, your affectionate humble servant.

66. POPE TO BROOME.

Nov. 22, [1725].

DEAR SIR,—The confused state I have been in, both of head and heart, will excuse my mistaking the seventeenth and twenty-second book of notes for the eighteenth and twenty-third, which will be wanted when you conveniently can send them to Lintot's. I have a further kindness to beg of you, being myself employed in so melancholy a way that it's impossible to turn my head to anything. I wish to God you would translate, instead of me, the small part now wanted of the seventeenth book at the press, namely from verse, of the original, 505 to the end, beginning at Ἡ μὲν ἄρ' ὣς ἀγόρευε, etc.[3] We are put to a stop for this at present in one volume. I just saw Fenton and a letter from you to him. I am going to print your verses in a

[1] Those who accused Pope of passing off journeymen's verses for his own spoke slightingly of his associates to aggravate the charge against him of tricking the public.

[2] He was more particularly the friend of Fenton, who in 1711, addressed him a poetical epistle, and composed his Mariamne while residing with him. Southerne is said by Dr. Johnson "to have contributed such hints as his theatrical experience supplied," and Fenton states, in the dedication, that it was the importunity of Southerne which alone prevailed upon him to bring the play upon the stage.

[3] This I did.—BROOME.

Miscellany. I wish you altered the strength of that extravagant compliment, "what Heav'n created, and what you have wrote."[1] Excuse my haste, and believe, all that is fit for a friend to believe, I do of you, and doubt not you do of me, and would do any reasonable thing in my justification. I am ever truly yours.

My mother continues ill.

67. BROOME TO FENTON.

Dec. 1, 1725.

DEAR MR. FENTON,—I am now to return you thanks for your obliging stay at Sturston, where you had all the welcome that one friend can give another, and consequently such a visit could not be made without some satisfaction. You lived in your own way, and Sturston was but another home; and, indeed, without such a liberty a visit is but a civil kind of imprisonment, and the master of the house but a more obliging gaoler. I will therefore make no excuses for the dulness of Suffolk. Your reception was honest, was sincere, and pleasure you knew how to find or to create. You are so happy as to carry your own entertainment along with you, and a person of such a disposition can never be without a tolerable accommodation. He resembles a man who carries his own provisions along with him when he travels. He is certain to find sufficient entertainment in the very worst inns.

I do not intend to see London till the spring. I often resemble myself to a full-grown tree; it will not admit of a transplantation. At best it but barely lives, or rather languishes, though placed in a better soil. You tell me it is necessary to make my appearance in town to account with Mr. Pope about the Odyssey. I leave, my dear friend, that part to you; at least let these accounts sleep till spring. I fancy Mr. Pope will forgive us for letting the money rest in his hands. But to deal plainly, I expect a breach rather than peace from that treaty. I fear we have hunted with the lion, who, like his

[1] Pope subsequently changed it himself to

What Heav'n created, and what Heav'n inspires.

predecessor in Phædrus, will take the first share merely because he is a lion; the second because he is more brave; the third because he is of most importance; and if either of us shall presume to touch the fourth, woe be to us. This perhaps may not be the case with respect to the lucrative part, but I have strong apprehensions it will happen with regard to our reputations. Be assured Mr. Pope will not let us divide—I fear not give us our due share of honour. He is a Cæsar in poetry, and will bear no equal. But to pass from suspicions of faults to a real one of my own. In the conclusion of the fourteenth book, I have unnecessarily played the hypercritical upon Cowley and Addison. They speak of a tigress thus:

> She swells with angry pride
> And calls forth all her spots on ev'ry side.

Here I arrogantly affirm, in the true spirit of a critic, that it is impossible for the hair of any creature to change into spots, and that the assertion is absolutely contrary to nature.[1] True, but may not those spots appear more visible when the tigress roughens her hair in anger,[2] and, when she raises her hair, may not the spots rise with it? And is not this a sufficient foundation for poetry to say she calls forth her spots? A passage in Claudian which I lately read, full loath to believe my own eyes, convinced me of my error.[3] He agrees with Statius. Lib. 2. De Raptu Proserpinæ:

[1] The lines of Cowley are from his Davideis, Book 3. They are a translation, or imitation, of a passage in Statius, and are accepted by Addison, Spectator No. 81, for a faithful rendering of the original. Broome maintained that Cowley and Addison had "undoubtedly mistaken" the meaning. "Maculæ" having a double sense, and signifiying the "meshes of a net" as well as "spots," the first sense, he said, was intended by Statius, and the phrase "horruit in maculas" signified that "the tiger erects its hair when it flies against the meshes, endeavouring to escape." He paraded his rash criticism without looking into Statius, or he would have instantly seen that his interpretation was false. He was led to assume that the tiger was "enclosed in toils," and the context showed that when the animal "horruit in maculas" it was free. There was no net in the case.

[2] The explanation which Broome affects to have discovered is found in Cowley himself, who says in a note, "the spots of a tiger appear more plainly when it is angered."

[3] He had not, therefore, even now referred to the passage of Statius upon which he commented in his note on Homer, or he would not have needed the lines of Claudian to "convince him of his error." Theobald

Arduus Hyrcana quatitur sic matre Niphates,
Cujus Achæmenio regi ludibria natos
Avexit tremendus eques. Fremit illa marito
Mobilior Zephyro, totamque virentibus iram
Dispergit maculis, jamjamque hausura profundo
Ore virum, vitreæ tardatur imagine formæ.

Claudian is always fanciful, and often obscure, and here scarce intelligible, but I think I have not mistaken his meaning in the following translation. That poet intends to express how a tigress is robbed of her whelps (if I were fond to show my learning, I would here quote Ælian and Pliny, etc.), which is done by this method. The huntsman watches till she goes abroad to prey; then he steals the young. The savage pursues, and the huntsman drops a ball of glass, in which the tigress seeing her own resemblance, and mistaking it for one of her whelps, stops her pursuit, and the huntsman escapes. Ælian, I know, speaks of the greenish colour of the spots, and Claudian here calls them *maculæ virentes;* but to observe such little exactnesses in translation is pedantry, not poetry.

So shakes Niphates when, with vengeance stung,
The mother tigress mourns her ravished young.
To Persia's court the hunter bears the prey,
To please her monarch in his dreadful play.
Fleeter than winds away the savage skims,
Her spots enkindling glow o'er all her limbs.
Now, now she stretches her wide jaws, and now
She only not devours the trembling foe.
Then from his hand th' affrighted youth lets fall,
Sudden to stay her flight, a crystal ball;
At once she stops, astonished to survey
The mimic tigress shining in her way.

Pray your opinion of the whole? I have now troubled you with a long letter, but, in your absence, I deem writing to you is discoursing with you upon paper, as when present talking to you was only speaking to myself aloud. True friendship is a marriage of minds; you are my *alter ego*, and the hour that ravished you from me, as Horace expresses it, *me surripuit mihi.* Yours, dear Fenton, affectionately.

says that Broome plagiarised his wrong interpretation from one Bernartius, which accounts for his first omission to consult the original. He relied on his blind guide.

68. FENTON TO BROOME.

Dec. 21, 1725.

DEAR MR. BROOME,—From the date of this present epistle I hope you will never have the assurance, not to give it a stronger term, to call or even to think me lazy. I am now, and have for some time past been, crippled with the gout, and yet Pope, who is as brisk as a wren, called upon me to write to you for the remainder of the notes, which he desires may be sent to Lintot immediately, because the press is at a stand for want of them.

I am sorry to hear that you have taken a resolution not to come to town before spring. I think you should have had a better reason to have grounded it on than what you give me. Neither can I understand what you mean by leaving that part to me, when I have so small a proportion in the performance. Since I came hither I have refused his offer of drawing for money, as I told you I did last year, till we all met to clear accounts, and, as my stay in London may be as uncertain as your coming, the affair may be adjourned to be considered by our executors, if any one at his peril shall undertake to be mine. Besides, in my opinion, your presence would have been absolutely necessary to see what is to be said at the end of the last volume with relation to the coadjutors in the work;[1] but you think otherwise, and I am satisfied.

As to what you mention about Claudian, I have never a one by me, but I believe it is an error, and the greater because you went out of your way to fall into it.[2]

[1] Broome, who was eager for literary reputation, had offered the strongest argument in favour of the same "opinion" when he expressed his conviction that Pope intended to rob his "coadjutors" of their "due share of honour." The probable motive why Broome sent a trumpery excuse to avoid obeying a summons which it seemed his interest to accept, was that, conscious of his own timid and flexible nature, he dreaded a collision with Pope, and hoped that by staying away the burthen of the conflict would fall upon Fenton. His calculation was defeated by Fenton's refusal to accept the responsibility of negociating singly.

[2] For Claudian Fenton should have written Statius. The lines on the tiger in the Thebais were not an illustration of anything in Homer, and Broome dragged in his hasty note to display his classical acumen.

Southerne's play has been rejected at Drury Lane, and is now in the other house. Welsted gives him a prologue, but an epilogue is much wanted. I believe he intends to try your neighbour Pack.[1] I heartily wish you, Mrs. Broome, and all friends many happy new years, and am ever your affectionate humble servant.

69. POPE TO BROOME.

Dec. 30, 1725.

DEAR BROOME,—Though a thousand businesses which I am inevitably engaged in, of very different natures, may hinder very often my telling how constantly you are in my memory, yet I assure you your share in it is greater than seems compatible with such a number of avocations. Fenton took pity of me and promised to write for me, which I think a prodigious instance of his friendship, but indeed he had the gout, and was sedate enough to have sat and corresponded with all mankind, like the picture you see before the Turkish Spy. I received to-day the notes on lib. 18 and 23, and the sooner we have the small remainder—what a happy word is that—the better. I am obliged to pass part of the Christmas with my Lord Oxford at poor Prior's house at Down Hall;[2] but I will return, God willing, in a week. My mother, as you will conclude from this, is much recovered, and fit again to see and welcome you. I have put your verses to me into a Miscellany, which will come out in two or three months; and, since you did not think fit to alter one or two extravagant things in my praise, I have done it myself, and given you a little modesty, as well as shown you I have some myself. The twenty-third book is in the press, and you must not take it ill if I use it freely.

[1] Major Richardson Pack, of Stoke Ash in Suffolk, who had served in Spain during the war of the succession, and was the author of several minor poems. He had on a former occasion furnished Southerne's Spartan Dame with an epilogue, which Jacob, in his Lives of the Poets, says "was very much admired."

[2] In 1714 Prior bought a house and estate at Down Hall, near Harlow, in Essex, for £8000, of which £4000 was contributed by Lord Harley, the second Lord Oxford, who in return was to have the reversion. Prior died in 1721, and Lord Oxford was now the owner of the place.

Indeed, as I think we ought to mend the farther we go, and especially to support our author towards the end of the journey, I have much altered, and, I hope, not a little amended it. I have been ill, but believe the spring's advance will set me up again. Nothing, I promise you, will so well please me in its return, as that I hope it will bring you to my shades and solitudes, which, though within ten miles of London, and flanked by two courts[1] on each side, shall be a solitude for us. The longer I live, the more I find I must drive from me the idle, the gaudy, and the busy part of the world, to leave what remains of my life free to the good, and the serious, and the learned part, in which, my nature directed, and my experience taught me, my pleasure is to consist. I cannot say this, without showing at the same time how much I am, or would be, dear Broome, your faithful affectionate servant.

70. BROOME TO POPE.

STURSTON, *Jan.* 2, 1725 [-26].

DEAR MR. POPE,—*Jamque opus exegi.* Huzza! I have finished the notes on the Odyssey. *Non ego saniùs bacchabor Ėdonis!* What a pile of useless commentators stand before me. Begone to the pastry-cook's or jakes! What a brave fellow am I, author of four-and-twenty books of notes. Hercules is nobody; he cleansed but one, I four-and-twenty Augæan stables. Methinks I am like Hannibal at the top of all the Alps, at the head of legions of critics, and look back with pleasure upon the dirty and difficult ways I have passed, and now come pouring down with my volumes upon poor England! But alas! there is an index still behind. I an Hannibal! I an Hercules! I am rather Jack the Giant-killer, who, when he had eat the whole body of the ox, the tail hung out of his mouth. Well! *dabit deus his quoque finem.* By this time I suppose you think me distracted, and expect to hear soon that I am admitted among the exalted genii of Bedlam.

[1] Richmond and Hampton Court.

The lazy Mr. Fenton has obeyed your commands, and wrote for the notes in a huge long letter, of at least three lines. I am now in hopes he will not lose the use of writing and speaking. I will tell you a true story: when he was with me at Sturston he often fished; this gave him an opportunity of sitting still and being silent; but he left it off because the fish bit. He could not bear the fatigue of pulling up the rod and baiting the hook.

Mr. Southerne wants an epilogue, and will oblige me to write it. I am sorry he brings his play on the stage. His bays are withered with extreme age.[1] From what I heard of it with you at Sir Clement Cottrell's, it cannot bear water, and the lead of my epilogue fastened to the end of it will add to its alacrity in sinking. Mr. Southerne's fire is abated, and no wonder, when philosophers tell us that the warmth and glory of the sun abates by age. It requires some skill to know when to leave off writing.[2]

N.B. Let Mr. Fenton and you take notice that I write this epilogue upon this express condition, that it shall not be spoken, if Mr. Southerne can procure one by another hand; if not, I will do myself the honour to attend the old bard, and hold up the train of his comedy in Drury.

Dear sir, I sincerely assure you that the chief satisfaction I have in the conclusion of the Odyssey arises from the certainty that my name will be read with yours by posterity. This will be a lamp that will cast a glory over my * * **[3] and adorn it when I am no longer [living].

[1] Southerne was sixty-six, and saw out twenty years more. He died May, 1746. At seventy-seven he was visiting in the neighbourhood of Gray, the poet, who says of him, "He has almost wholly lost his memory, but is as agreeable as an old man can be,—at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko."

[2] All the allusions to Southerne's play refer to Money's the Mistress, a comedy, which was performed on February 19, 1726, and was received with a storm of hisses. Cibber said of Southerne's comic dialogue, "that it might be denominated whip syllabub, that is, flashy and light but indurable, and, as it is without the sal atticum of wit, can never much delight the intelligent part of the audience." The flimsy liveliness of his former comedies failed him in Money's the Mistress, which is trash too stupid to have forced its way to the stage, except for his previous dramatic reputation.

[3] A word or two is here worn away.

71. FENTON TO BROOME.

Jan. 13, [1726].

DEAR SIR,—Before I was favoured with your last, which brought with it an epilogue for Mr. Southerne's play, he had got one from Mr. Jeffreys,[1] so that I will observe the direction you gave about suppressing yours, which is a very arch one.[2] I wish, *entre nous*, that there may be occasion for any at all, for I perceive he meets with some difficulties at Lincoln's Inn House. I have not seen above two scenes of his comedy, in which I find the old man was too visible; and, because I could not counterfeit a transport, he has looked a little cold upon me ever since. So dangerous a thing it is, without one had Gyges' ring, to look upon the productions of most poets.

Mr. Pope is just gone from me. He desired me to send you his service, and begs the remainder of the notes by the first opportunity. He proposes to have the work published before spring; and the season is so severe that I cannot in reason expect you here much sooner; but I hope you will not fail of coming before the work is out, that we may agree about the manner of being mentioned as assistants.

In your next, pray send me word what edition of Milton your old one is, and in what year it was printed. I am now revising his Life, which is prefixed to the last edition,[3] which I wrote in a hurry the last summer, and there is now another beautiful impression coming out in octavo, for which I am preparing it a little more correct. I am still confined by the gout,

[1] George Jeffreys, nephew of James, eighth Lord Chandos, was called to the bar, but did not practise. He died in 1755, at the age of 77. He wrote a couple of tragedies, and Miscellanies in verse and prose, which had so little reputation, that Dr. Johnson, after mentioning that the best poetical tribute to Addison's Cato was by an unknown hand, adds, "that it will perhaps lose somewhat of its praise when the author is known to be Jeffreys."

[2] The conclusion of Broome's epilogue is printed in his poetical works.

[3] In 1725, Fenton published an edition of Paradise Lost, revising and rectifying the punctuation. To this he prefixed a short, but very elegant account of Milton's Life, and spoke of our great poet's political opinions with a candour and liberality that does him much credit, considering they were so opposite to his own, who was a nonjuror, and a firm friend to the Stuart family.—WARTON.

but, I thank God, without much pain, and the weather is so bad that I am less sensible of the want of my shoes. I am ever, dear Broome, your affectionate humble servant.

Do you intend to translate that passage of the death of Talus from Apollonius?

72. POPE TO BROOME.

Jan. 20,[1] [1726].

DEAR SIR,—Your last, very last, packet happily arrived two days ago. I wish you joy, and myself; we have been married now these three years, and dragged on our common load with daily and mutual labour and constancy, lightening each other's toil, and friends to the last. We want only now a glorious epiphonema, and crown to our work. Why should we not go together in triumph, and demand the bacon flitch at Dunmow, or some such signal reward? Or shall I, like a good husband, write your epitaph, and celebrate your great obedience, compliance, and wife-like virtues; while you, in your turn, make a kind will at the conclusion of your career, and express all the kindness you can to your beloved yoke-fellow? Something must be done at the close of this work by us both, as a monument equally of friendship and of justice to each other. In the meantime, send me what you call a sort of discourse or criticism,[2] that I may judge if it may have place here, or something else in the room of it. I have considered the thing thoroughly, and when we meet, you shall know my thoughts at large. I must only at present warn you of one point, which it is necessary you should take some care of. I find upon comparing your notes with Dacier's, many of them much more directly, indeed, entirely copied from her—besides what she takes from Eustathius—than I expected, or than is consistent with the plan I laid down, and the declaration I made in the introduction to the notes on the Iliad, which

[1] From the post-mark.

[2] Pope did not insert the discourse in the Homer, but Broome subsequently used it as a preface to his own poems.

you also declare, in yours to these on the Odyssey, to make your model.[1] This must, in fairness, be acknowledged before you conclude, in a period to this effect,—that you have sometimes made as free use of Madame Dacier, as she did of Eustathius, which you never could design should be concealed, her work being in everybody's hands, whereas that of Eustathius lay wrapped in his original from all but a few learned. It is the best excuse I can think of, for the fact is so, which till very lately I never imagined, and was indeed surprised at.[2]

As soon as the greater part, or as an entire volume of the work is printed, I will send you the sheets, and desire you to continue the errata. As far as you went before, I have kept by me. Dear sir, I wish you unnumbered happy new years and every one happier than the last. My mother and I are sincerely yours. Fenton I see often, and hope ere long we shall all joyfully meet, &c. *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

[1] "Whatever in the following notes is extracted from others," says Pope, in the introductory note to the Iliad, "is constantly owned; the remarks of the ancients are generally set at length, and the places cited; many which were not acknowledged by other commentators are restored to their owner; and the same justice is shown to those who refused it to others." Pope's practice was signally the reverse of his professions. He concludes a note on the Iliad, Bk. v. ver. 998, with the words, "Madam Dacier should have acknowledged this remark to belong to Eustathius," which brings from Wakefield the comment, "This censure of M. Dacier occasions much surprise, to the prejudice of our translator, who has borrowed from others every note that contains one particle of ancient learning, without a single exception, to the best of my belief, and yet does not acknowledge the obligation one time in six." Broome said nothing in his introductory note to the Odyssey of making a professed scrupulosity his model, when he could not be ignorant that it had been an empty boast. He only undertook to imitate the annotations on the Iliad in the circumstance of "considering Homer chiefly as a poet."

[2] The tenor of Pope's language indicates that he did not believe in the excuse he suggested. Nor could he when he rested his defence upon the fiction that the French translation of Homer was in "everybody's hands." The "few learned" who read Eustathius were probably a larger body than the English readers of Madame Dacier. Broome devised a fresh and not more specious explanation. "I have sometimes," he said, "used Madame Dacier, as she has done others, in transcribing some of her remarks without particularising them; but indeed it was through inadvertency only that her name is sometimes omitted at the bottom of the note." The plagiarisms were too systematic for the plea to be credible. One hint Broome adopted from Pope, which did but double his disingenu-

73. FENTON TO BROOME.

Jan. 29, [1726].

DEAR MR. BROOME,—I thank you heartily for favouring me with your two last letters,[1] and have now time only to inform you that the morning after I received your last, I called on Mr. Pope, but found company with him, so I could not enter into the affair so fully as I intended.[2] However, I informed him that you intended to be soon in town on account of your brother's marriage. His answer was that he wanted to see you, and the sooner the better,[2] in which I entirely concur, and wish you a good journey. As to the epilogue, if I mention anything of it to Mr. Southerne, he may desire to have it to print with his play—so I leave the matter to yourself. My humble service to Mrs. Broome and all friends concludes in haste from yours faithfully.

Is not your edition of Milton the second?

74. POPE TO BROOME.

Sunday Evening.[4]

I BEG both yours and Mr. Fenton's company to Twitnam, on Tuesday morning, or at least yours, if he will not. But I hope he is of a better mind. You will find me at Dr. Arbuthnot's at eleven o'clock. I am ever truly his and, dear sir, your faithful servant.

I am very ill again to-night.

ousness; he upbraided Madame Dacier for the very offence he had committed against her.

[1] Broome kept copies of only a few of his letters, and the "two last letters" are not among his papers.

[2] The arrangement for a meeting to settle accounts with Pope, and to confer upon the terms in which the assistance of his fellow translators was to be described.

[3] Pope was unfeignedly anxious for the interview. His object was to promulgate a false account of his share in the translation, and he had still to talk Broome into sanctioning the fiction, and consenting to become an agent in it.

[4] The year in which this letter was written is doubtful, and it is inserted here at a venture.

75. POPE TO BROOME.

[1726].

DEAR SIR,—I hoped to have been able to see you after you had dined at Lord Cornwallis's, but I am forced to attend upon a sick friend out of town, from whence I very much fear I cannot return to-night so as to find you before it be very late; and if you hold your design of travelling to-morrow, that will be inconvenient to you. If by any accident you stay longer, pray acquaint me, or be so kind as to drink chocolate here, the earlier the better, to-morrow, before I go home; or go home with me, or tell me and I will rise early and come to you in Fleet Street by eight o'clock. Though it be what I am hardly ever able to do, I will do it. I would fain contrive any way to have more of you. If we miss to meet, God bless you, and write to me speedily. All that concerns you, concerns me, who am truly and sincerely, dear sir, yours.

Apollonius is sent with this letter to my Lord Cornwallis's.

76. POPE TO BROOME.

TWITNAM, *April* 16, 1726.

DEAR SIR,—I have received from you but one letter, which consisted but of three or four words. I am truly sorry for your illness. As to my own health, it is not yet confirmed, nor am I quite down, but more fatigued with less business than I used to be with greater, when I had strength. It is not to be imagined with what sickly reluctance I have at last finished my postscript to Homer. I would not mortify you with the trouble of an index, feeling so much what a toil it is to write against one's will. But an exact errata is of absolute necessity; in order whereto, I have bid Lintot send you as many sheets as are dry from the press. I believe you will have all but the very last. Pray send the errata with all speed.

I am heartily glad of your boy,[1] and of all that pleases you. Our services attend Mrs. Broome. My mother is ill of a rheumatism. I had writ to you sooner, but that I had expected to hear from you, and something, I thought, was to be allowed to the time of your christening, entertaining, gossiping, visiting your neighbours, &c. I fear you go too thin clad these north-easterly days, and that may endanger agues. I wish your lot were in a fairer ground nearer the warmth of London and its fires. This I wish for more reasons than one, being sincerely, dear sir, your ever affectionate friend and servant.

Fenton is going to Cambridge.

77. FENTON TO BROOME.

TRINITY HALL, *May* 20, 1726.

DEAR MR. BROOME,—I think I told you when I saw you in London of Mr. Trumbull's intended journey to Cambridge.[2] We came hither a few days since, and Sir Clement Cottrell was so good as to favour us with his company. He is returned to Twickenham; and, after about two months' stay here, we shall be setting out for Windsor Forest, so that the shortness of the time, and my horse not being yet out of Staffordshire, will I fear prevent my seeing Sturston this summer, but I flatter myself with seeing you here for two or three days before we leave the university.

The week before I came away from London Sir Clement and I visited Mr. Pope, who gave me an account of the post-script,[3] but took no notice of what you hinted to me. It unfortunately happened that he had company when we came, so that all our conversation ran on indifferent subjects. I find the clamour here is as great both against him and the work as

[1] The death of his second daughter, Elizabeth, in March, 1725, had left Broome childless. Just one year later, on March 15, 1726, he had a son born, who was named Charles John, after his godfathers, Charles, Lord Cornwallis, and John Holt, Esquire. This, the last of Broome's children, died in December, 1747, when he was little more than twenty-one.

[2] He entered the University as a student, and Fenton continued to reside with him.

[3] The postscript to the Odyssey.

it was last winter in London.[1] I shall see Dr. Newcome the beginning of next week, when I will not fail of drinking your health, though you owe me a letter. My humble service to Mrs. Broome, Mr. Burlington, and all our friends concludes in most affectionately.

Mr. Trumbull presents his service.

78. POPE TO BROOME.

June 4,[2] [1726.]

DEAR SIR,—I was in so great a hurry when I received yours, that I only bid Lintot to acquaint you of our receipt of the errata, &c. I have had a long and troublesome disorder upon me of the piles, which has put me more out of humour than out of health. And, as if it were fatal to me to be sedentary to no purpose, I had a hundred impertinent people continually coming to me, that were as troublesome as gnats in this season, and brought about me by the same cause, fine weather. I will one time or other of my life run away from my own home, and try if there be no such thing as living to one's self even in Suffolk. I fancy there too one should be encompassed about with clergymen of your acquaintance, and invitations and compotations,[3] the common effects of good-

[1] One of the commonest topics of complaint was that the volumes were meanly got up, and unworthy the high price paid by the subscribers. "I think," wrote Dr. Newcome to Broome from Cambridge, in December, 1725, "that Mr. Pope gives us but indifferent paper and margin, and is too much bent on the profitable." "I have a great veneration," said a correspondent in the London Journal of July 17, "for this admired poet, and also for his ingenious bookseller, but I hope they will not always expect to impose extravagant prices upon us for bad paper, old types, and journey-work poetry."

[2] From the post-mark.

[3] To the prevalence of the compotations Broome bears testimony in a letter to Lord Cornwallis: "Our neighbourhood is just as you left it. We are all alive, but if we were put to the proof of it, I fear some of us could scarce make it appear, unless you will take the argument of Cyrus in the Apocrypha for a good one, 'Thinkest thou not that Bel is alive? Lo! how much he drinketh every day.' In short, we in the country are a kind of thirsty plants that require much moisture to keep us alive."

nature in a country-seat. Moreover, you will be getting more children, and I might fall just upon a christening time.

A long postscript relating to critical affairs, which I have taken it into my head to write since we met last, has retarded till now the publication of Homer. I will take care to send your number of books as before, the moment it is ready for delivery. But order this as you will by a line to me.

Your Miscellany[1] must be carefully and correctly done, and above all have no idle or too common thoughts or subjects, since the best versification in the world, and the most poetical dress whatever, will avail little without a sober fund of sense and good thought. I will be very sincere with you in that and all other things you shall confide to my trust. I have no intention at present of employing myself in anything that can interfere in the least with my overlooking yours.

Mr. Fenton promised to write to me as soon as he was settled at Cambridge. I have not yet heard from him. If I go to Wimpole this summer, as I believe I shall, with my Lord Oxford, we may meet there.

I wish your little son the continuance of life and health. I wish you all joys and felicities of life, and am yours very affectionately.

There is a book lately published at Oxford, called an Essay on Pope's Odyssey,[2] which you will have reason to be pleased with. Lintot, I hope, has sent it you.

[1] Broome withdrew his verses from Pope's Miscellany to print them in a volume by themselves, and they came out in March, 1727, under the title of a Miscellany of Poems. He received £35 for them from Lintot.

[2] The first part appeared about June, 1726, and the second part in 1727. It was the production of Spence, "a man," says Johnson, "whose learning was not very great, and whose mind was not very powerful. His criticism, however, was commonly just. In him Pope had the first experience of a critic without malevolence, who thought it as much his duty to display beauties as expose faults; who censured with respect, and praised with alacrity. With this criticism Pope was so little offended that he sought the acquaintance of the writer, who lived with him from that time in great familiarity." The acquaintance commenced in the interval between the publication of the first and second part of the Essay on the Odyssey, and it is said in a satire, called Mr. Pope's Picture in Miniature, that he read the manuscript of the second part, and induced Spence to omit a number of objections.

79. FENTON TO BROOME.

June 10, 1726.

I HOPE my good friend Mr Broome will never so much as in thought accuse me of being a lazy correspondent, when I am so expeditious in my answer, notwithstanding you are a letter in arrear, unless you plead acquittance by the merit of one being brought by honest Mr. Needham, whose company I heartily wished to have enjoyed longer. As for my seeing Sturston this summer, my dear friend, you must not expect it, for the reasons which I gave you in my last; and, therefore, do you resolve on seeing Cambridge as soon, and contrive to stay as long, as possibly you can. I wish matters might be ordered so that Mr. Pope could give you the meeting, but his journey to Wimpole is so very uncertain that it would be in vain to endeavour to make an appointment.

I have sent the Essay[1] you wrote for, but have not read it over; but, upon a transient view, it appears to be writ with so much candour that I fancy the world will say that we have employed a friend to fight booty against us, or perhaps that it is one of our own productions. If, after so strict and deliberate an examination of the work, they can find no more nor greater faults than they have yet discovered, they will criticise me into a much better opinion of the translation than I should otherwise have entertained.

You mistake my intentions very much when you think I design to settle in a college. If I spend the next summer in this way of life, it will be the utmost that I propose. Heat of party and little intrigues cannot be agreeable, even to a disinterested bystander. I have seen your old friend Dr. Tudway but once. He is grown forty years older than he was when you were here; but, old as he is, I am so much awed with his superior genius that I have not attempted to make a pun since I have been in Cambridge.[2] Adieu, and believe me to be, with the greatest sincerity, your affectionate humble servant.

[1] Spence's Essay on the Odyssey.

[2] He was professor of music. His genius for punning brought him into trouble in 1706. A harmless pun was decreed by the university authorities to be a reflection on the queen, and Tudway was suspended from his office and degrees till he apologised.

80. FENTON TO BROOME.

EASTHAMPSTEAD PARK, *Aug.* 7, 1726.

DEAR MR. BROOME,—Two or three days since, and not sooner, I was favoured with yours of the 25th of July, which had been kept at Mr. Tonson's till he had an opportunity of sending it by a packet. For the future pray direct for me at this place, near Ockingham in Berkshire, by Ockingham bag.

I had always so ill an opinion of your post-scribing to the Odyssey that I was not surprised with anything in it but the mention of my own name, which heartily vexes me, and is, I think, a license that deserves a worse epithet than I have it in my nature to give it. I was in a pretty confusion at Cambridge when Dr. Newcome told me of it after I had retired to the extremest brink of veracity to decline the suspicion of being concerned in the undertaking.[1] But let it go.

[1] No epithet could be too strong to stigmatise the conduct of Broome. He and Fenton were intimates, and Fenton, moreover, had impressed upon him that they had a blended interest which rendered it fitting that they should hold together in their settlement with Pope. Especially Fenton urged that they must "agree about the manner of being mentioned as assistants." His letter to Broome, Jan. 29, 1726, implies that Broome had assented to his view, and was proceeding in concert with him. Broome discharged the obligation by appending to the Odyssey a note concocted between himself and Pope, in which, without Fenton's privity, he speaks in Fenton's name as well as his own, and was guilty of three distinct acts of treachery towards his friend. He informed the public that Fenton was one of the translators, which was a flagrant breach of compact and honour. He said, after specifying the books translated by himself and Fenton, "It was our particular request that our several parts might not be made known to the world till the end of it," and by his use of the plural number had the appearance of representing Fenton to have sanctioned the false allotment of the "several parts." He said that if their share "had the good fortune not to be distinguished from Pope's, we ought to be the less vain, since the resemblance proceeds much less from our diligence and study to copy his manner, than from his own daily revisal and correction," where he seems to have Fenton's concurrence for a transfer of the merit of Fenton's translation to Pope, which was an abdication of literary capacity that Fenton repudiated, and a violation of his particular demand that they should "agree about the manner of being mentioned as assistants." If any doubt could have remained in the mind of the reader that Fenton was a party to the note, it would have been removed by the words, "I must not conclude without declaring our mutual satisfaction in Mr. Pope's acceptance of our best endeavours."

I find you are come to a resolution about printing your Miscellany, and though the present age does not seem to have a keen appetite for poetry, I question not but they will be kindly received, and much better by posterity. But what magic does that scoundrel Lintot carry about him to engage you to be his chap?—a wretch that uses everybody's character with contempt, and not above six weeks since in conversation with * * *.[1] An excellent blade to converse with when it is really a misfortune to be known to Curll or him barely by sight. I heartily wish you do not find cause to repent it in vain; for St. Chrysostom says—oh, that Bernard should ever bring St. Chrysostom into one's head—repentance avails us for nothing else but sin. I bear no malice to the fellow, and had not mentioned him on this occasion but to convince you that for your own sake it will not be at all proper for me to revise your poems for such a ——,[2] to put what construction he pleases upon it. *And have you not too much reason to be sensible that a reviser may purloin more merit from an author than he should honestly claim?*[3] As to the verses which you intend to inscribe

Fenton's character for honesty stood high, and the disgraceful expedient of giving the guarantee of his moral reputation to falsehoods he would have scouted, was adopted in the assurance that his good-nature and indolence would keep him from printing a hostile counter-statement when once the note was past recall. Pope's object in the manœuvre was clear. "I venture to say," he wrote to Caryll, Dec. 25, 1725, "the railing papers about the Odyssey will be fully answered the moment the work is finished." The "railing papers" charged him with misleading the public upon the extent of the assistance he had received, and they were "fully answered" by the pretence that Broome and Fenton had translated only five books instead of twelve, and that those five books chiefly exhibited Pope's manner in consequence of his elaborate revision of them. Broome had little interest in submitting to be the instrument of this degrading policy. His original design of entrapping the public into mistaking his portion of the translation for Pope's lost its purpose after he had professed that Pope by his revision had made the whole translation his own; and he would seem to have had no more direct inducement to be servile to Pope, treacherous to Fenton, unjust to himself, and deceitful to the public, than the expectation that his mean compliance would procure him Pope's patronage and praise.

[1] A line at the bottom of the sheet is here worn away.

[2] The dash is in the original. After calling Lintot a scoundrel and a wretch, it is not easy to conjecture what could be the third title which Fenton thought too strong to be committed to writing.

[3] The italics are Fenton's own. He must have had grounds for his state-

to me,[1] all the opinion I can form about them is that you are not content to be reckoned a top-writer in this age, but are resolved to rival the greatest wit in the last,[2] by showing that you can write as well as he upon Nothing. As you intend

ment, and his knowledge of the fact was probably the foundation of his wish that there should be a definite understanding beforehand on the terms in which the assistants were to be mentioned. His fellow-labourer was equally persuaded that Pope would aim at monopolising the credit of the portions he did not translate, and, against his own conviction of the truth, Broome pandered to the desire, and ascribed the merit of these portions to Pope's "daily revisal and correction." "The most experienced painters," Broome went on, "will not wonder at this, who very well know, that no critic can pronounce, even of the pieces of Raphael or Titian, which have, or which have not, been worked upon by those of their school, when the same master's hand has directed the execution of the whole, reduced it to one character and colouring, gone over the several parts, and given to each their finishing." Three books of Fenton's manuscript, with Pope's interlineations, are in the British Museum, and they prove that Broome's language was an outrageous exaggeration. One book has few corrections; in the other two the alterations are more numerous, but upon examination the majority of them are found to be slight, some are for the worse, the felicities, which are by no means thick set, are Fenton's own, and, with several minor improvements, the merits and defects of the version belong in the mass to the original translator. The interlined manuscript of Broome's books is not known to exist. "Pope," says Johnson, "complained, as it is reported, that he had much trouble in correcting them," which is worthless testimony, and if reliable would be too vague to determine the extent of the changes. There is reason to conclude that they did not materially affect the general structure of Broome's translation. His knowledge of the original was far beyond Pope's; he was, says Johnson, "an excellent versifier; his lines are smooth and sonorous, and his diction is select and elegant;" and these qualities were enough for a loose translation of the Odyssey, in which the characteristics of Homer were not preserved. No elaborate revision of Broome's books could have been necessary to make them match with their companions. Pope, indeed, in his letter of Dec. 30, 1725, tells Broome that he has "much altered" the twenty-third book, but he at the same time begs him not "to take it ill, as they ought to mend the further they go," which was an acknowledgment that the corrections in Broome's final book were exceptional. The true cause of the increased alterations was that Pope had not the labour of making them. They were supplied to his hand. Christopher Pitt sent him a translation of the twenty-third book through Dr. Young, and Pope incorporated into the text of Broome a number of lines and phrases from the manuscript of Pitt. Altogether we may be confident that though Broome's translation was improved by Pope's touches, they were not of a nature, in kind or degree, to renovate and transform it.

[1] An epistle to my friend, Mr. Elijah Fenton, 1726.

[2] Lord Rochester, who wrote a poem upon Nothing, which Johnson calls "the strongest effort of his muse."

them for a monument, pray let them be an image of our friendship—plain and unaffected,—and do not mistake me for a man that either deserves or desires the name of a poet,[1] but who is with true esteem and sincerity your faithfully affectionate humble servant.

81. POPE TO BROOME.

Aug. 23, 1726.

DEAR SIR,—To begin with business,—the note of 100*l.* I wish you had rather acquainted me you wanted it, than put it into another person's hands. I received yours but this day, having been three days from home, as I often am, you know, so that on so short a warning it might naturally enough have been difficult to assign a prompt payment on sight. As to sending to Mr. Jervas for it, I should have been very sorry, because we have no accounts together, and I no right to charge or trouble him with my proper debts. But you may recollect the only reason of my giving you my note, instead of money, at all, was that a great part of my subscriptions would not immediately be paid in, as in fact some hundred pounds are yet unpaid; and as soon as I received more, I should have evened with you, without a demand. However, I have credit with Mr. Mead, the goldsmith, in Fleet Street, upon whom I will draw the hundred pounds whenever your agent brings me my own note hither to Twitnam, or leaves it with Mr. Mead for that end,—and so all accounts between us will be at an end as soon as you please.

For your Miscellany, I am ready to look over it when you send it, and shall deal with you sincerely. I am glad you have commemorated Mr. Fenton. No man living better deserves the character of an honest and ingenious man; no one I would sooner depend upon for all the parts of a good writer and good friend—free from the vanities and weaknesses of both; whose honour and trust, I dare say, are as sacred as his writings are blameless in morality, and whose life and conduct

[1] Broome paid no regard to Fenton's injunction, and was lavish in his panegyrics on the dramatist and the poet.

are as correct as they. I would have you methinks correct the proofs of your poems yourself, nothing being easier than to have them by post: not but that either Fenton or I will do it, if you like it so better.

If you will send any correspondent you have for the two books of Homer, they shall be left directed for you at Mr. Jervas's. I did not send them before, knowing you corresponded with Lintot, who could at any time, on your order, have sent them, as he delivers many.[1] I wish yourself and boy all health, and all your wishes. I have no more room. Yours.

82. BROOME TO FENTON.

Aug. 26, 1726.

DEAR FENTON,—I do not at all blame your refusal to revise my poems. I have taken so much care of them that if they be dull they will be correctly dull. I well know if they be saved from condemnation it must be by their own merit. As a protestant poet I expect no salvation from your extraordinary works of supererogation, and as you hint[2] I can fully affirm that Pope has revised away some reputation due to me and you in regard to Homer. Pray in the name of goodness what does he mean in the postscript to the Odyssey by affirming some parts of the tenth and fifteenth books are not by his hand?[3] I

[1] Pope forgot that on June 4, he had told Broome that he would send the copies himself.

[2] The language of Fenton was strong and plain, but Broome says, "as you hint," because Fenton had not named Pope.

[3] Pope's statement is countenanced by the want, in his manuscript, of 156 lines of translation at the beginning of the tenth book, and of 320 lines at the beginning of the fifteenth. There is the further confirmation that we have evidence of a third assistant. Mr. Wilson, of Baliol College, told Spence, that "Lang did the eighth or tenth book of the Odyssey, and Mr. Pope gave him a twenty-two guinea medal for it." Unless Mr. Wilson's information was altogether fictitious we may presume that Lang's portion was the "parts of the tenth and fifteenth books." Pope, sore already at the abuse and ridicule he had provoked by his partnership translation, may have been unwilling to reveal that there was a fourth member in the firm, and he spoke of Lang's contributions in terms which, literally interpreted, signified that they came from Fenton or Broome. Upon the other side there is the express testimony of Broome, that he saw the whole of the tenth and fifteenth books as Pope "translated daily," which may easily have been an exaggerated impression

declare I saw them daily as he translated daily when I was at Twickenham. The secret is, some parts of those books are a little heavy, and he is resolved as he robbed us of seven of our books[1] to do us a greater injury by repaying us in base coin.

from having seen extensive portions of them.

[1] "If," said Broome at the end of the Odyssey, "my performance has merit either in these [the notes] or in my part of the translation, namely, the sixth, eleventh, and eighteenth books, it is but just to attribute it to the judgment and care of Mr. Pope, by whose hand every sheet was corrected. His other, and much more able assistant, was Mr. Fenton in the fourth and the twentieth books." "Warburton told me in his warm language," says Johnson, "that he thought the relation given in the note a lie," and a lie it was. Fenton translated two more books,—the first and nineteenth; and Broome five more,—the second, eighth, twelfth, sixteenth, and twenty-third. After the relation in Broome's note came the confirmation in Pope's Postscript, where he studiously accredited the "lie" by a seeming sensitive regard to truth. "What assistance I received from them [Broome and Fenton] was made known in general to the public in the original proposals for this work, and the particulars are specified at the conclusion of it, to which I must add (to be punctually just) some part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone." Wakefield comments upon the circumstantial falsehood with becoming indignation, and says, "Such repeated imposition with such an affectation of scrupulous veracity is most odiously disgusting." The basest part of the "imposition" was Pope's use of it to fix the reproach of calumny upon his opponents. Lord Hervey, in his Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity, said of him in 1733, that he "sold Broome's labours printed with Pope's name," and Pope retorted, "Fie, my lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention. That person himself has told you and all the world, in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen in the conclusion of his notes to the Odyssey. I can only suppose your lordship, not having at that time forgot your Greek, despised to look upon the translation, and ever since entertained too mean an opinion of the translator to cast an eye upon it." The mendacious effrontery of this rebuke would alone destroy all faith in the most solemn asseverations of Pope. His unambiguous falsehoods at the close of the translation interpret his intention in the vague expressions he employed in his proposal, and render it manifest that his design from the first was to deceive the public upon the share which his assistants had in the work. However ignominious may have been Pope's trickery, Broome had parted with the right to raise the complaint, "he robbed us of seven of our books." It was Broome who had made a gift of them, and his insinuation in his letter of June 15, 1728, that the note he fathered had been dictated by Pope, does not better his case. The concoction of the note by one person could not absolve another from his responsibility in adopting it, nor had his immediate irritation against Pope any more noble cause than mortification at being defrauded of the benefit he anticipated. "Shall I," said Pope

His dulness is bright enough to be our glory. He is king of Parnassus, and claims what is good in our translation by prerogative royal. The mines of gold and silver belong to the monarch, as privileges of his supremacy, but coarser metals are left for the use of the owner of the soil. But in the meantime where is his veracity? One time or other the truth shall be publicly known. Till then I give him leave to shine like a candle in the dark, which is lighted up to its own diminution, and shines only to go out in a stink.

In a short time I will send you the verses I promised to inscribe to your name. I intend them as a memorial of the friendship I bear you, and the uninterrupted amity that has subsisted so many years. May this copy at least live to posterity.

My Miscellany advances apace. When I cast my eye over these dear offsprings of my brains I look upon the book as a kind of parish register, in which both those who live and those who die are entered promiscuously. If the critics rail at them I am resolved not to believe one word they say. Nature has furnished us poetasters with a secret mental glass that beautifies every line. I have one ready against the publication. You tell me you doubt not but my poetry will be well received by posterity. What! does a dead muse, like a dead saint, work more miracles in the grave than when living? Besides, is it not a mighty comfort to hope for a reversion of fame when I am insensible of it? It is just such a comfort as

to him, Jan. 20, 1726, "like a good husband, write your epitaph, and celebrate your great obedience, compliance, and wife-like virtues, while you, in your turn, make a kind will at the conclusion of your career, and express all the kindness you can to your beloved yoke-fellow? Something must be done at the close of this work by us both, as a monument equally of friendship and of justice to each other." The "friendship and justice" were to be reciprocal. Broome on his side was prodigal. He prostrated himself and Fenton at the feet of Pope, and expected to receive back the honour he had lavishly bestowed. When Pope followed with his Postscript he tacitly accepted the whole of the credit which Broome had resigned to him, spoke of his strict "animadversion and correction" of the five books ascribed to his coadjutors, and did not utter a single word in commendation of them or their translation. They were left stripped of every pretension, and Broome, who had consented to be the tool of Pope, was angry when he discovered too late that he had been his dupe.

to expect a sprig of rosemary will be thrown into my coffin when I cannot enjoy its sweetness. But to be serious, I will take care that nothing obscene or ill-natured escape me. The wittiest poetry in the world loses all value if it raises an unchaste thought in a virtuous heart, or a pain in a deserving one. Let all such poetry be banished the British as well as the Platonic commonwealth. Poetry is but ingenious trifling; let us not make it criminal and scandalous. Dear Fenton, yours eternally.

83. POPE TO BROOME.

Sept. 5, 1726.

I HAD some reason to be displeased at your publishing my note to you, as I may call it, in so many hands, and having actually first given it to a lord[1] I am a stranger to, and he to another, an agent—whether belonging to him or not I know not—before you so much as acquainted me with your design to demand the immediate payment. The person, whoever he was, was in so much haste that he went to Mr. Mead's a day before I could write him any order to pay it, he happening to be one day out of town, after which he came to my house, without any warning—which a post letter might have given me—to confine myself at home to wait on him. My mother told him I should return at night, but he has neither called here since, nor at Mr. Mead's, nor writ, nor left any direction at either place where he may be sent to. I conclude from hence, you have not been paid the money by Lord Cornwallis beforehand, or by this agent, so that it is you that trust them, not they you, which unless you know your man very well, might be not quite so safe, as if you had still trusted me who gave it. Be it as it will, that is not my business. I am discharged equally to whomsoever it is paid by your order, but I own I am vexed at its being managed by you in so precipitate a manner that I may seem deficient to two persons at least, if not to ten, supposing the man into whose hands you have committed my note make it a complaint to others that he has been twice to

[1] Lord Cornwallis.

receive it to no purpose. If he be yet in town, you ought to acquaint him, in my justification, how this came about, and to tell him that if he will give himself the trouble to call once more at Mr. Mead's, or to leave word there where he may be found, the money shall be paid on delivery of my note, with his receipt of so much for your use. If he be gone out of town, as I have already taken in the money at some loss to accommodate you so instantly, and it lies ready, I think I cannot do better with part of it than pay what I yet owe to Mr. Fenton, whose occasions I fear may be as pressing, though he has never named it to me, nor possibly ever would till I sent it him, which without instigation I should soon have done to both of you.[1] Your speedy orders in this are necessary, that I

[1] In settling with Broome for the Homer, Pope gave him a note of hand for 100*l.* Broome kept it a short time, and then paid it to his friend Lord Cornwallis, who sent it through an agent to be cashed. After parting with the note, and before it was presented, Broome informed Pope of what he had done. Pope considered that a triple offence had been committed. He was annoyed that an intermediate person should have presented the note for payment, he thought the notice insufficient, and he was displeased that Broome should be in a hurry for his money. Broome may have erred in the formalities of the transaction, and Pope had committed the worse error of illiberality in his pecuniary dealings with his fellow translators. The number of subscribers to the Odyssey was 574. Many subscribers took two or more copies, and the number of copies supplied to them was, as we learn from Lintot's account-book, 750. Add the 600*l.* paid by Lintot, and Pope received 4537*l.* He gave Fenton 200*l.* for his four books, and Broome 500*l.* for eight books and all the notes, besides allowing him the subscriptions he had collected from fourteen personal friends, which amounted to 70*l.* 14*s.* Thus Broome and Fenton had 770*l.* 14*s.* for half the translation, and the whole of the notes, and Pope retained for his half of the translation, and his general revision, 3767*l.*, or, with all deductions, upwards of 3500*l.* The proposals required that three guineas of the subscription should be paid down at once, and the remaining two guineas on the delivery of the first three volumes. The entire sum, with the exception of what was owing by unpunctual subscribers, was in Pope's possession a year before his assistants received a farthing of their slender share beyond the 70*l.* 14*s.* which Broome had gathered from his fourteen subscribers. It was under these circumstances that Pope in his letter to Broome, Aug. 23, 1726, pleaded unpaid subscriptions to the amount of 100*l.* as his reason for not having completed his settlement with his coadjutors. More extraordinary, in the midst of his irritation with Broome, and with clear profits in possession of 3500*l.*, he stooped in his present letter to suggest that Broome should continue to wait for a part of the 100*l.*, and permit it to go in discharge of the balance due to Fenton, "whose occasions, Pope fears, may be as pressing" as Broome's.

may do the one or the other. In your case it will be sufficient for you to write to the agent only, that you and I may have no more of this between us, who, in my opinion, ought to correspond rather on more polite subjects. *Let not such things*, as the apostle saith, *be so much as named amongst ye.*[1]

In earnest, dear Broome, you were a little inconsiderate, but be assured I shall not quarrel with you for anything you cannot help. Something is due from each of us to the other as friends,—I hope a great deal,—for on my side I have done my best to prove myself so, and I assure you I am above imagining the contrary of you. Suspicion is not of my nature, wherever a *trust* of any kind is *deserved* as well as *bestowed*. So you may depend upon me as, very sincerely ever, your affectionate faithful friend and servant.

84. FENTON TO BROOME.

Sept. 7, 1726.

DEAR MR. BROOME,—Since I was favoured with your last I have had a gentle return of the gout, at which time I am very little disposed to correspond with my best friends, and its visiting me so early makes me apprehensive that I shall have its company the greatest part of the next winter. I cannot believe that verse had ever the power to charm away diseases. If it ever had I might have expected a cure from the epistle you have addressed to me, for which I return you thanks, and am only sorry that it is too much above the subject, but it being *non tam de me quam supra me scripta*, I have the greater liberty to criticise it. It is indeed a very fine one, but I think in some places you may touch it over to advantage. Whilst I am writing this I have company with me, and cannot be so particular as I would be. At present I remember that in reading it I did not like Homeric;[2] it has a burlesque sound.

[1] The apostle did not say this of debts due to a creditor.

[2] If thy bold muse the tragic buskin wears,
Great Sophocles revives, and reappears;
If by thy hand th' Homeric lyre be strung
The lyre returns such sounds as Homer sung.

Now that the adjective "Homeric" has become thoroughly naturalised, it seems singular that in 1726 the epithet should have had "a burlesque sound." The word was not inserted by Johnson in his Dictionary.

"Hyde and Plato *lay*,"—should it not be in the present tense?[1] I should like the simile of Ulysses' winds better if you had not had one out of the same poem not long before.[2] The wags may say that you do it to advertise the work which you had a share in. Perhaps there is too much delicacy in this objection, but it prevailed with me to strike out of my dedication to Waller[3] an allusion that would have been very *à-propos*. I want much to see you in town that we may read over the epistle and my dedication together. I hope you intend to fill up the vacancy where a character of eloquence is intended with Sir T. Hanmer's name.[4] Whatever name is intended I can never consent to have it begin with a W.[5] I beg that in this particular you will not fail to oblige me.

I have read the collection of letters you mentioned, and was delighted with nothing more than that air of sincerity,[6] those

[1] "Lay" was the rhyme to "clay," and Broome altered the couplet to remove the objection:

Unhallowed feet o'er awful Tully tread,
And Hyde and Plato join the vulgar dead.

[2] Both the incongruous similes would have been better away, and Broome kept both from not having got beyond the school-boy idea, that the highest adornment of English poetry was to repeat the stale images of Greeks and Romans.

[3] The dedication in heroic verse to Lady Margaret Harley, the daughter of the second Lord Oxford, and afterwards Duchess of Portland.

[4] Broome filled the blank with the name of Sir Spencer Compton, Speaker of the House of Commons:

O Compton, when this breath we once resign
My dust shall be as eloquent as thine.

[5] Sir Robert Walpole. Broome, as appears from his correspondence, was looking out for preferment, and paid court to the all-powerful minister, who was obnoxious to Fenton, a nonjuror, and friend of the Stuarts. In complying with Fenton's demand, the opportunity of conciliating the premier was not lost, and a very inapplicable eulogy on him was introduced into another part of the epistle:

Why flames the star on Walpole's gen'rous breast?
Not that he's highest, but because he's best,
Fond to oblige, in blessing others blest.

That he might be "fond to oblige" the Rector of Sturston with a living, which he did shortly afterwards, Broome, as soon as his volume was published in March, 1727, sent him a copy, with a letter, of which this was the opening sentence: "I think it incumbent upon me to ask your pardon for presuming to mention your name in my poems without your permission, though, indeed, great statesmen and patriots express no resentment when they find themselves hung out to public view, though drawn by the hand of a sign-post dauber."

[6] The letters were those of Pope to Cromwell, which had been lately printed by Curll. The criticism is satirical on the face of it, and the

professions of esteem and respect, and that deference paid to his friend's judgment in poetry which I have sometimes seen expressed to others, and I doubt not with the same cordial affection. If they are read in that light they will be very entertaining and useful in the present age, but, in the next, Cicero, Pliny, and Voiture may regain their reputation.

On the change of weather Lady Judith begins to talk of London, but I believe it will be the middle of October before we go. I shall be pretty much taken up then with scribbling some notes for Waller. However I will spare time if possibly I can to revise your imitations of Milton. What I have seen of yours in the Miscellany need no correction. Too much handling of verses is apt to wear off the natural gloss, as I could give many instances in Garth and Prior. In your next inform me when you shall be in town, and when you design to put your poems to the press. My humble services as usual conclude in haste with sincere sincerity, from your affectionate humble servant.

Mr. Trumbull presents his service to you.

85. FENTON TO BROOME.

LEICESTER FIELDS, *Nov.* 22, [1726].

FOR about six weeks before I left Windsor Forest I lived in daily expectation of a letter from Mr. Broome, and for this fortnight past which I have spent in town I have been still more impatient to hear from you. Here have I been tormented with St. Anthony's fire in my face and eyes, which will only just serve me to scrawl these two or three lines to inquire after you, which on second thoughts I had better not to have mentioned, since you may urge the trouble I shall have in reading for a reason why you will not write. Pope has called on me thrice, and thrice I saw him not, and I had a loving

ironical expression, "that air of sincerity," agrees with Fenton's abiding estimate of Pope. "I have found him," Broome wrote to Fenton, June 15, 1728, "what you always affirmed him to be, a most insincere person;" and Fenton's pupil, Lord Orrery, says in a letter to Mr. Duncombe, 1756, "He had no opinion of Pope's heart, and declared him in the words of Bishop Atterbury, mens curva in corpore curvo."

epistle from him in the country which still lies unanswered. Sir Clement is laid up by the surgeons, who have cut off from his back a large wen, which he used to complain of, but he is in a fair way to do well. Prithee let me hear soon from you, and for a peace-offering to atone for your former neglect, sacrifice a fat turkey to me to present to Lady Judith; and if Mr. Burlington could pick up a hare to bear it company I should be doubly obliged. My service to him, Mrs. Broome, and all friends as usual, must now conclude, for my eyes will hold out no longer. Yours ever.

Mr. Trumbull presents his service.

86. POPE TO BROOME.

TWITNAM, *Dec.* 5, [1726].

DEAR SIR,—It is a long time since I have been able to write,[1] and my hand, as you now see, almost rivals your own for ill writing,—I say almost, for no man can pretend to equal you quite in this respect. I am obliged to you for a letter a month ago, and I would not employ another man's hand in hopes of doing this sooner, knowing well it would be a satisfaction to a friend like you to see by ocular demonstration how much I am recovered of that really disastrous accident. I hope you and yours are well. I shall always wish you so, both your offspring of the body and of the brain. I shall be glad to hear of your little one's health, in which I doubt not much of your spirit and health is concerned. Lintot tells me you have begun at the press, but showed me none of it. Mr. Fenton says you have not writ to him a long while. He has an inflammation in his face and eyes which, he says, hindered his being able to overlook the press, as my lame hand did to correct it. But if in anything now I can serve or ease you, I am very ready, being faithfully—I hope I need no further proof to convince you—dear Broome, your affectionate friend and servant.

My mother is much yours.

[1] His right hand was injured by the upset of the carriage, Sept. 1726, as he was returning in the dark from Lord Bolingbroke's at Dawley.

87. FENTON TO BROOME.

LEICESTER FIELDS, *Dec.* 17, 1726.

DEAR MR. BROOME,—I received your hare, and an excellent one it was, for which I return you thanks, and had sooner acknowledged the favour of your last letter, but delayed in expectation of some remarks on your verses,[1] which a friend of ours promised to make on condition that I would not mention his name. Most of them I think you will believe are just. He would have all that paragraph from "Envy, 'tis true,"[2] &c., to "From men to trees," quite struck out. For "*Me* humble joys," &c., he would have "*Thee*."[3] "Lesser than a saint,"[4] he thinks not proper English. What if you make it

Superior to the monarch is the saint.

For

While low the vale in useful beauty lies,
They heaved their naked summits to the skies,

he alters,

And while low vales in useful beauty lie,
Heave their proud, naked summits to the sky.[5]

He would leave out

In honour as in place ye great transcend;
An angel fall'n degenerates to a fiend.[6]

He thinks, as I observed before, that Hyde and Plato *lay* is not English,—at least, to make it so you must put *mixed* for

[1] The epistle which Broome addressed to Fenton. The friend no doubt was Pope, and he may have desired that his name should not be mentioned, from the backwardness which Broome had shown, since the publication of the Odyssey, to accept his assistance.

[2] Envy, I own, with barb'rous rage invades
What ev'n fierce lightning spares,—the laurel shades.

Broome followed the advice which Fenton gives lower down, and omitted part of the paragraph.

[3] Me humble joys in calm retirement please,
A silent happiness, and learned ease.

Broome did not adopt the judicious suggestion, which would have transferred the application of the couplet from himself to Fenton.

[4] Neither this phrase, nor Fenton's proposed substitution, are in the printed lines.

[5] Broome accepted the alteration.

[6] This couplet Broome retained.

mix in the next verse. I refer all these observations to your own judgment, only, as to the first of them, I think the whole paragraph needs not be left out, but let it end with,

And amidst monsters rises into day.

I am glad you give me hopes of seeing you so soon in town, by which time probably my health may allow me to spend some agreeable hours together. In the meantime, in answer to your query, whether or no we are at liberty to own the books of the Odyssey, &c., upon looking at what your name is set to at the end of the notes, and Mr. Pope's postscript, I think you have absolutely transferred your right at least, if not mine, which he by *punctually just* seems as positively to have accepted; so that, unless you resolve to break all measures with him, I think the best way for you is to let it rest as it does. And besides you have sung *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis*, so loudly, that I do not think my own worth owning, which, in truth, was one reason why I was so vexed to have my name mentioned. Adieu, dear Broome. Let me hear soon from you, which, with wishing you many Christmases, according to the old honest compliment, concludes in haste from yours ever.

88. FENTON TO BROOME.

March 28, 1727.

I HAVE not my old excuse, dear Broome, of invincible laziness to plead for not answering your two letters sooner, but I have been hurried up and down with university and country acquaintance ever since I saw you; but I hope I shall get out of this troublesome town in about a fortnight. In the meantime I divert myself with watching for yonr name in the newspapers,—not among the lean poetical advertisements, but in a more significant and substantial paragraph. Prithee do not let your interest sleep. Every day furnishes fresh arguments why you should vigorously pursue your attack.

Mr. Tonson and I have talked over the affair of Virgil.[1] He

[1] There seems to have been a design of republishing Dryden's Virgil with additional notes or dissertations as a companion work to Pope's Homer.

is not for having dissertations, as you and I intended, but would have the notes executed in the same method that you took in the Odyssey.

Mr. Pope was with me this morning, and desired me to present his service to you. He told me that he hears little Harte the poet is dead in the country.[1] I spoke to Jacob[2] to send you Dr. Arbuthnot's book bound.[3] Why will you not cultivate a correspondence with him? It would be both useful and entertaining to you, and postage will cost nothing to either.[4] Adieu. Give my service to your good spouse, and Mr. Burlington and everybody else whom you know I love or honour. Thine ever.

89. POPE TO BROOME.

April 26, 1727.

DEAR SIR,—I hoped you would have made good your promise to give me an account of your health after your return to Suffolk, which was but ill in town; but I have inquired of it several times from Mr. Fenton, who is now gone to Cambridge. I came again to London that week on purpose to see you; but you were set out the day before. I desired him to tell you this, and to assure you I was yours at all times. I should be glad to have a few lines from you when you are at leisure, to inform me of anything that pleases or concerns you, to whom I have a true affection, as well as a constant good wish for all you desire or pray for. I have not in form thanked you for your book, but I was very much pleased with almost everything in it. One or two little things I thought too puerile, and remember were written when you were very young. If Lintot had shown them me, I would have advertised you of them; but they are but trifles. Now I mention Lintot, I do not know how he treats you, but he is the greatest scoundrel to me in the earth —I mean in foul language and noisy foolish falsehoods of

[1] A false report. He survived till 1774.

[2] Jacob Tonson.

[3] His Tables of Ancient Coins, Weights, and Measures.

[4] As both had friends who would frank their letters. The point of sympathy between men, who had little else in common, was their taste for classical learning.

many sorts, the worst of which I reckon his endeavours to set people at variance by mere lies, as he has done to several of the subscribers to Homer, and I am convinced it was wholly from thence that those rumours so prejudicial both to you and me proceeded, which, had I not known your natural integrity and sincere good-nature, must have made me think of you in a manner very different from what I really do.[1] The fellow had the impudence the other day to affirm that I never told him you had any hand in the work till after his agreement was signed, than which you know nothing can be a more flagrant lie. I think you had a letter from him before expressly about your share in the work; I wish you had it by you; and I desire you to write me whatever you remember to the contrary of this falsehood, that it may help to undeceive anybody to whom he tells it. You are sensible this is a piece of downright justice to me as an honest man.[2]

I wish your health confirmed. Mine I fear never will be better; but if I cannot live long in myself, I would in my friends. I think Fenton more lively and more in vigour than ever I knew him. Sir Clement Cottrell is not so. He is

[1] One rumour was that Pope had translated less of the Odyssey than he pretended in his postscript; a second that he "employed some underlings to perform what, according to his proposals, should have come from his own hands;" a third that no part of the translation was by himself, which was the form of accusation adopted a little later by Ralph, in his miserable poem, Sawney, 1728, where Pope, addressing his confederates, says,

> To you the labour wholly I resign,
> And but one half of the reward be mine;
> And sure that's due for my protecting name,
> Source of the toil, and builders of its fame.
> The rest be yours, so ev'ry muse shall find
> It praise and profit both to cheat mankind.

Some of the reports were true, others were deliberate misrepresentations, and it might have occurred to Pope that he and his libellers were equally blameable. They asserted that he had translated none of the Odyssey, and he protested, with the preface "to be punctually just," that he had translated seven books he did not translate. Pope's mode of absolving Broome from having originated the rumours indicates a lurking suspicion that he had been concerned in them.

[2] This is a repetition of Pope's one-sided morality. He thought it essential to his character "as an honest man" that he should not have concealed from Lintot that Broome had a "hand in the work," and it was no dishonesty to have pledged his word that Broome's portion of the translation was less than half his real share. It was a "flagrant lie," again for Lintot to declare that he had not been told that Broome was to help in the translation, and no lie in Pope to vouch that he himself had translated five books which were the work of Broome.

expected here in a few days for the whole summer. As you have made one journey purely to the town without seeing this place, I expect you should make another to this place in particular, where you will find the worthy gentleman I mentioned, and one, who, I faithfully assure you, is in heart and with truth very affectionately yours.

My mother is your hearty servant.

90. FENTON TO BROOME.

TRINITY HALL, *May* 3, 1727.

DEAR MR. BROOME,—I have been at Cambridge about a week or ten days. I found your old college in a terrible fracas on the death of good Dr. Jenkin.[1] You have seen by the news how his preferments are disposed of. I am afraid that our friend[2] has raised abundance of enemies; but whether or no his conduct in the competition has given any just provocation, *nec scio, nec, si sciam, dicere vellem.*

Jacob Tonson told me he had heard from you before I left London, and I gave him a note of such books as occurred to my memory that might be serviceable to you in executing your design on Virgil. I like the additional verses you sent me. What a pity it is that you printed that poem in your Miscellany! *Mutatis mutandis,* if it had been published on the siege of Gibraltar,[3] it would have gained you a great deal of reputation.

I hope you will hold your resolution of seeing Cambridge this summer, though I will not desire that happiness before

[1] Master of St. John's College.

[2] Dr. Newcome. He and Dr. Baker were among the candidates for the mastership. Baker tried to make terms with him, and alleged that Newcome promised to vote for him, and did not keep his word. They were both defeated by Dr. Lambert, whom Newcome succeeded in Feb. 1735. Cole says of Newcome that he was "time-serving, ambitious, and deceitful."

[3] Gibraltar was besieged to no purpose by the Spaniards in February 1727. Fenton refers to Broome's verses On the seat of war in Flanders, chiefly with relation to the Sieges. The poem first saw the light some twenty years after the events it commemorated, and having no intrinsic merit, was obsolete before it was published.

the commencement, for I am undertaking an expedition into Staffordshire about a fortnight hence, and propose to return to college in a month at furthest. Two hundred miles in a hot season! Think o' that, Mr. Broome, and never apply the epithet lazy more to a person of my activity. I hope, however, to have a line from you before I set out. I beg you to present my service as usual, and believe me to be ever most affectionately your faithful humble servant.

91. POPE TO BROOME.

Oct. 5,[1] [1727.]

DEAR SIR,—It is true that it is a great while since I writ to you, and as true that I designed to have written long ago; but indeed, as I have often formerly told you, it is not in my power to promise any regular correspondence, from the multiplicity of avocations I daily labour under, as well as from that terrible one of almost every other day's sicknesses. I am truly concerned to hear you have had your share in the fever, so epidemical in most parts of England,—I say your share, because I know you feel for those under your care who have had it. I hope you in person will still escape it.

I thank you for informing me what share you have in those verses which pass under other names, it seems, among those of Cambridge—not only the whole poem of Waller, but those twelve stanzas of alcaics that end another.[2] I like these last particularly. I know nothing of the king's going to Cam-

[1] From the post-mark.

[2] A collection of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew verses on the Peace in 1713, and entitled, Congratulatio Academiæ Cantabrigiensis, was printed by the university. Among the number is a copy of Latin hexameters by Broome; a copy of sapphics by Edmund Waller, a physician, and fellow of Broome's college, St. John's; and copies of alcaics by other members of the college. I presume that Broome, then a young bachelor of arts, and fresh from the constant habit of Latin verse writing, had assisted some of the older members of his college, whose classics were on the decline, and he now informed Pope, in connection with the intended visit of the king to Cambridge, which was sure to call forth new sets of verses, that he was the author, in the former collection, of twelve stanzas of alcaics signed by a different name, and of the entire copy of sapphics printed under the name of Waller.

bridge, nor have heard the least rumour to that effect. I wish you the honour you mention,[1] and any other honour that pleases you,—though I find you determine for that obscurity and retirement, which you have so long cultivated, whatever nominal honours you may be no enemy to.

I am very sorry I knew nothing of your being a day or two in town. If I had, you should not have inquired for me, but have seen me, at whatever place you lodged,—if my health had permitted,—infallibly. I shall ever be glad to hear of your intentions towards literature, which, next to the solid happiness of health, I wish may be constant, for your satisfaction first, and next for that of others. I am always, dear sir, your affectionate friend and servant.

I never hear from Mr. Fenton. Is he as lazy towards you? I was one day at Cambridge,[2] and missed of him. My mother is yours faithfully.

92. FENTON TO BROOME.

EASTHAMPSTEAD PARK, *Dec.* 3, [1727].

DEAR MR. BROOME,—Your letter rejoiced me much by letting me know that you are both in good health and good humour, the last of which I ingenuously confess not to deserve any share of for neglecting so long to answer your last. About a week after I received it we left Cambridge, and soon after my arrival here, where we shall continue about six weeks longer before we go to London, I was laid up by the gout, and the squire, who presents his service to you, was seized with the new fever.

As soon as I go to town I will not fail consulting with Sir Clement Cottrell about the affair you mentioned.[3] He is at present in an ill state of health, and his lady's mother lies dead in his house. You know what kind of usage I long met with

[1] The honorary degree of LL.D., which was conferred on Broome when the king visited Cambridge in April, 1728.

[2] When on a visit to Lord Oxford at Wimpole.

[3] His preferment. Broome may have hoped to prevail on the friends of young Blount to exert their influence on his behalf.

in my pursuits, which indeed were not so much suits for favour as for justice in desiring a bare equivalent for what I resigned.[1] In the meantime I am glad to hear your spirits hold vigorous enough to call out your muse. What dost thou mean by talking of old age? Even I[2] have lately writ a poem to a girl, which I have just sent to the press, with my name to it. It is the dedication of Waller to Lady Margaret Harley.[3] Nay, I have drawn the scenery for a tragedy, which I know not whether ever I shall finish, or let it see the light when it is finished; but I think it necessary for the health of the mind to void the little ebullitions of fancy. It is not writing that is ridiculous in a man of years, but the vanity of printing on all occasions. Blessed be the memory of the man, whoever he was,[4] who said, *Quisquis erit vitæ, scribam, color.* Whenever I set up my chariot that sentence shall glitter on the panel. Ever yours.

93. POPE TO BROOME.

Jan. 9, 1728.

DEAR SIR,—You please me not a little in seeming pleased with my letter, for I dare say you are what you seem. Nothing is more agreeable than the mutual reconnaissance of two well-meaning men, after they find that only ill-meaning men have endeavoured to set them at variance. I assure you, if you are as sincere as you express yourself, and as I believe, being so myself, you shall be convinced by every good office that shall be in my future power, that I am in earnest on my part by every testimony I can give you. But you should not have judged of me by the impertinence of other people, whose stories ought not to be weighed against my actions. Those were, or should have been, convincing. I meant you well in joining

[1] This may refer to the fact mentioned by Johnson, that Fenton in 1710 was persuaded by St. John to resign the mastership of a school in Kent, "with promises of a more honourable employment," which promises were never fulfilled.

[2] Fenton was born six years before Broome, who was thirty-eight when he "talked of old age."

[3] It appeared in 1729 in Fenton's edition of Waller.

[4] Horace.

you with me in that task; I meant you well in securing to you a fair and candid opinion from the public, by not declaring at first what particular parts were yours, so lending the little credit I had to my friend;[1] I meant you well in the share you received from me of your profits of a work which, without my personal interest, had been little worth your while;[2] I meant you well in offering, if you remember, of my own free motive, to look over every piece you designed to publish in your Miscellany,—in giving, unasked, my advice as to your printing it, though afterwards the person into whose hands you fell,[3] by his blundering between us, created a misunderstanding. And I must say you should have taken facts as a proof of my friendliness, rather than words of any other whatever. Even a peevish saying or two of my own, when I was made to think myself injured by your imprudence,[4] for I never charged you with any wilful error, must not be considered as the truth of my heart. And God forgive the man who, merely to set two friends at distance, could steal a paper![5] You say he is one who does not love me. I dare say he either never knew me, or never can say he was hurt by me. I am glad such an one is not my friend. If he were, I should fear him worse than an enemy, who was capable of such an action.

As you would think it hard to have ascribed to yourself the idle or hotheaded things of some of your acquaintance, so be

[1] Unfortunately Pope took all the credit to himself. He allowed the public to believe that his revision had given the lustre to Broome's portion of the translation, and years after Broome desired to claim his own work, Pope persisted in depriving him of five books out of eight. The final note of Broome to the Odyssey, coupled with Pope's Postscript, reduced both the assistants to complete insignificance.

[2] The extent of the task considered, Broome, as it was, got but scantily rewarded for his time and toil. The pecuniary gainer by the partnership was Pope, whose assistants executed half the translation, and the whole of the notes, for a fraction of the sum he received for them from the public. When his dealings were pre-eminently in his own favour he could not at the same time claim the merit of generosity.

[3] Lintot, the bookseller. He had apparently reported to Broome some disparaging remark which was made, or, said to have been made, by Pope.

[4] His "imprudence" was in talking of his share in the Homer.

[5] Broome did not keep a copy of the letter to which Pope is replying, and we have no information on the contents of the paper which was stolen, nor any clue to the name of the person who stole it.

assured I should be sorry to have what Mr. J[ervas] may say imputed to me. I have formerly, and I will again desire his silence, but if I were able I would command it. Therefore be just to me, as I truly am to you. He never had countenance from me for so doing.

As to what L[intot] said, I lay as little stress upon it as you. It only gave me an opportunity, when you were silent, to assure you of my inclination for that friendship which I shall sincerely bear you, and doubt not of from you. I am, dear sir, your affectionate faithful friend.

94. FENTON TO BROOME.

EASTHAMPSTEAD PARK, *April* 3, 1728.

DEAR MR. BROOME,—In my next I suppose I must raise my style, and address to the reverend Dr. Broome, for I think it will be wrong in you to neglect this opportunity of taking your degree when the king visits Cambridge. I think however that you acted perfectly right in refusing the Devonshire preferment, and though great men are odd creatures, I cannot think that your refusal can bear an ill construction; in reason I am sure it ought not.

Do you ever correspond with our good friend Mr. Pope? I never hear of him but in the weekly chronicles. Mist had a very severe paper against him in the last journal, which seems to have been written by one who has studied and understands him.[1] In a little time I shall have frequent opportunities of seeing him; for after about a month's stay in London, whither we shall go the next week, Mr. Trumbull intends to spend two or three months at Twickenham. In the meantime continue to direct for me at Mr. Tonson's.

I am sorry to hear Mrs. Broome has had so severe a winter, which has been very sickly in these parts, though few have

[1] He is accused of writing "vituperative, prurient, and atheistical" verses, of an undue eagerness for gain in his literary projects, of translating Homer without understanding Greek, of misrepresenting the meaning of others for the sake of a sneer, and of indulging a "lurking spleen" against a multitude of persons.

died. I have escaped with two or three pinches of the gout, which has served to keep me out of the dirt and wet a great part of the season. How go you on with your poem on Death?[1] You have heard of Johnny Gay's success with his mock opera, which has been both applauded and preached against. The town, I hear, is divided about Miss Fenton, who acted his heroine.[2] Some take her to be my niece, others my ——, others think from a similitude in some features that she is my bastard.

> Qualibus in tenebris vitæ, quantisque periclis
> Degitur hoc ævi, quodcunque est!

Dinner calls, adieu! Let me hear soon from you.

95. FENTON TO BROOME.

EASTHAMPSTEAD PARK, *April* 7, [1728].

DEAR MR. BROOME,—I have not yet seen any of these famous Miscellanies,[3] and therefore was very much surprised to find by your last that you are traduced by a person from whom you could little expect, and have less deserved such ungenerous treatment. He has indeed discovered a keen appetite to quarrel with you, but I think *næ iste magno cum conatu magnas nugas dixerit.* The *monstra natantia,* which you quote from Horace, is translated by Mr. Dryden, "and monsters rolling in the deep."[4] To which you may add that

[1] A poem in heroic verse, which Broome completed and published.

[2] The Beggar's Opera was acted for the first time on January 29, 1728.

[3] The Miscellanies of Swift and Pope. The volume to which this letter refers was published in March, 1728.

[4] The new volume of Miscellanies contained the treatise on Bathos, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry, and among the examples of absurdity quoted in the satire there is this passage: "Another author, describing a poet that shines forth amidst a circle of critics,

> Thus Phœbus through the Zodiac takes his way,
> And amidst monsters rises into day."

The couplet was from Broome's Epistle to Fenton, and the writer of the Bathos objects that the ram, bull, twins, and so on, are not monsters. "There were," he says, "only the centaur and the maid that could be esteemed out of nature." Fenton replies to this cavil and shows that the

of Virgil, Æn. 6: *Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus*, for all kinds of fish. Manilius is still fuller to your purpose. Lib. 4, v. 660.

> Huic varias pestes diversaque monstra ferarum
> Concessit bellis *natura* infesta futuris
> Horrendos angues—
> Et vastos elephantas habet, sævosque leones, &c.

Cornelius Fronto, as I find him quoted by Vossius, observes on the word monstrum, *consuetudo monstri nomen iis quasi proprium fecerit in quibus non servatur naturæ ordo*, which I think makes nothing against you when you are supported with so many incontestable authorities.

His other criticism appears to me just of a piece with this; but not having either your or his book by me, I cannot strictly examine it.[1] I cannot think it at all proper to send

classic poets had extended the term "monster" to ordinary creatures. In a previous chapter of the Bathos, various authors are compared to animals, and under the class of parrots "that repeat another's words in such a hoarse, odd voice that makes them seem their own," is W. B., who thought that he emulated great writers by an open mimicry of their famous lines, and turns of expression. "He had," says Johnson, "such power of words and numbers as fitted him for translation, but in his original works recollection seems to have been his business more than invention. His imitations are so apparent that it is part of his reader's employment to recall the verses of some former poet." Once more W. B. is placed in the Bathos among the tortoises, which are described as "slow and chill, and like pastoral writers delight much in gardens: they have for the most part a fine embroidered shell and underneath it a heavy lump." This, too, is a just criticism upon Broome's poetry, which when most polished and sounding is still flat and unimpassioned.

[1] "Our next instance," it is said in the Bathos, "is certainly an original. Speaking of a beautiful infant,

> So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
> A child, as poets say, sure thou art he.
> Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,
> Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.
> There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine,
> And with a fatal brightness kill in thine."

These trashy lines, with their trite unnatural compliments, are from Broome's verses On the Birthday of Mr. Robert Trefusis, published in Pope's own Miscellany, and the comment on them in the Bathos is as follows: "First, he is a Cupid, then he is not a Cupid; first Venus would mistake him, then she would not mistake him; next his eyes are his mother's, and lastly they are not his mother's but his own." The second couplet of the extract contradicts the previous lines, and the remark on the Cupid is correct. The other two objections are worse than captious; they are plain misrepresentations. Pope was not above employing the uncandid style of criticism which his assailants applied to his own writings.

him the letter which you enclosed. He has challenged you to a public defence, and if you do not think it worth your while to take up the gauntlet, the sullen silence of Ajax will be the most manly revenge. Far be it from me to endeavour to spirit you up to the combat; but if it were my own case, I could not remain passive under such a provocation.[1]

As to your query relating to myself after I quit Mr. Trumbull, with whom I shall continue till next winter at least, I intend to undertake another young gentleman if I meet with an agreeable offer; for I should disoblige my sister, who is my sheet anchor, if I lived out of business any where but with her. But before that time I hope I shall have an opportunity of chatting with you. I am ever, dear Broome, your faithful humble servant.

Let me hear soon from you whether we are to expect peace or war, and whether you would have your letter delivered. My service as usual. Direct to Mr. Tonson's.

P. S.—Mr. Waller, in the Battle of the Summer Islands, calls whales monsters in five or six places. Mr. Dryden, in his translation of the story of Meleager, calls the boar a monstrous foe. In the next line, "his tusk the monster grinds." It were endless to quote authors in your justification. What I quoted from Fronto respects the purity of prose, which has little relation to figurative poetical diction. Adieu.

96. BROOME TO FENTON.

May 3, [1728].

MY DEAR FRIEND FENTON,—You guess right. I am now dignified with the style of Doctor, and as I do not find that it has made me one jot more wise or learned, I assure you it

[1] 'Broome was an amiable man, deficient in moral sturdiness, longing for fame, and morbidly apprehensive of criticism. He shrank from an open contest, and Pope, knowing his weaknesses, must have been conscious that there was little danger of retaliation.

shall not make me one jot more proud. I affected not the title. As obscure as it is I was contented with my own name, having done nothing to disgrace it. But my friends told me they could ask with a better grace for a doctor, than a common clergyman, so I submitted, and the more willingly because it is no burthen to carry a feather. I really look upon the doctorate with a very indifferent eye, at best but as a bauble hung about me, to grace my second childhood of old age, as the like tinsel is made use of to please babies. If it really be of any service to me with regard to preferment, you have as much reason to be glad of it as myself, and I bless God I am a doctor. It will then give me an opportunity of enjoying my friend Mr. Fenton as a sharer of it. I invite you to the participation of it, and the greatest pleasure I shall receive from it will be your dividing it with me. Our tempers suit very well, and it would be a sin for me to abound and you want.

> Utrumque nostrum, incredibili modo,
> Consentit astrum.

We will then walk hand in hand down the declivity of life to the land where only I can forget you.

You ask me if I correspond with Mr. Pope. I do not. He has used me ill, he is ungrateful. He has now raised a spirit against him which he will not easily conjure down. He now keeps his muse as wizards are said to keep tame devils, only to send them abroad to plague their neighbours. I often resemble him to an hedgehog; he wraps himself up in his down, lies snug and warm, and sets his bristles out against all mankind. Sure he is fond of being hated. I wonder he is not thrashed: but his littleness is his protection; no man shoots a wren. He should rather be whipped; and it was pleasant enough in Mr. Ambrose Philips to hang up a rod at Button's *in terrorem*, which scared away the little bard.

I have seen Mr. Gay's mock opera. Johnny is a good-natured inoffensive man. I doubt not, therefore, but those lines against courts and ministers are drawn, at least aggravated, by Mr. Pope, who delights to paint every man in the worst colours. He wounds from behind Gay, and like Teucer in

Homer, puts Gay in the front of the battle, and shoots his arrows lurking under the shield of Ajax.

Pray write very soon, dear Fenton, to him who is yours inviolably.

97. BROOME TO FENTON.

June 15, [1728].

DEAR FENTON,—I am greatly obliged to you for your sensibility of the unjust usage I meet with from Mr. Pope. He abuses me unprovoked, but I have my revenge by knowing that it is an abuse. He may make me ridiculous, but at the same time he proves himself wicked and ungrateful. I grant he is much the better poet, but I am still his superior by being a better man. He has injured both you and me by lying in print, and attesting a falsehood with the solemnity of "to be punctually just." Is it to be punctually just to defraud you of two books of the Odyssey and me of five? I know his motive to this falsehood. He has taken a large subscription for the Odyssey, and paid us what he pleased, when at the same time he has a much less share in that work than myself, eight books of the verse and all the notes being mine. He, therefore, suppresses the truth, being ashamed to take so much money for other men's labours.[1] You rightly observe in your last that he ought in prudence to have remembered the last paragraph in

[1] There were two phases of Pope's pecuniary dealings in the matter of the Odyssey,—one relating to his receipts from the public, the other relating to his payment of his assistants. Pope believed, and justly, that his own name was the principal inducement to subscribe, and this fairly entitled him to the largest share of the profits. The accusation against him was that he appropriated too much, and he was anxious to escape the reproach of having been niggardly to Fenton and Broome. But it was in connection with his receipts from the public that Pope was more especially eager "to suppress the truth." The attraction of his name would chiefly operate in the degree that the translation was by himself, and he was bound in honesty not to exaggerate his share in the undertaking. He took the opposite course of inducing the subscribers to believe that his share was much in excess of the reality, and he had no other alternative than to persist in the deception, or to accept the imputation of getting his work done cheaply by subordinates when he had been paid largely on the supposition that he would do it himself.

the Odyssey. I add, he ought to remember it with fear, if he is afraid of being proved a dishonest man.[1] In short, it is owing to my mercy that he is not scandalous. I have luckily preserved his letter of thanks to me upon the conclusion of my notes on the Iliad. It runs as follows: "I am seriously sensible of the kind expressions you use to me, and be assured I shall never forget the long and laborious things you undertook and discharged for my sake. It is really as reasonable that you should be congratulated on the finishing of my Homer as I myself. I have had the flowery walks of imagination to expatiate in. It is a spirited and lively task to be striving to raise one's self to the pitch of the most delightful of authors, while you have drudged in only removing the loads and clearing the rubbish heaped together by the negligence no less than by the industry of past pedants, whose very taste was generally so wrong that they toiled most on what was least worth; and to undo what they raised was the first thing to be done in order to do anything to the purpose. As you had no share in the pleasant, and so large an one in the disagreeable part of the work, I think this to be acknowledged in the strongest terms, as it highly exalts the merit of your friendship to me, that your task was a task of so much more pains than even credit. It was Hercules in the stable of Augeas, when the same Hercules was capable of so many better and more glorious labours. I can say nothing that equals my sense of it, in short, and therefore shall say very little, &c."

Thus writes Mr. Pope, March 24, 1720, and I solemnly assure you I never took one farthing for all that long and laborious task I undertook and discharged for his sake, in my

[1] By the "last paragraph in the Odyssey" Broome means the final note. He charges the dishonesty of it upon Pope, and he went upon the same assumption when he said, in the former part of the letter, that he was Pope's "superior by being a better man," seeing that Pope had "lied in print, and attested a falsehood with the solemnity of 'to be punctually just.'" The falsehood Pope attested was in the note which purported to come from Broome, and there was no sense in Broome's language unless he intended to assert that Pope was substantially the author of the note. In vain Broome boasted that it was "owing to his mercy that Pope was not scandalous." Broome had lent his name to the statement, and he could not disgrace Pope without pleading guilty to a joint attestation of the "falsehood" he exposed.

annotations upon his Iliad. Now tell me, dear Fenton, considering all these circumstances, am I unjust if I call him false and ungrateful? All the crime that I have committed is saying he is no master of Greek; and I am so confident of this, that if he can translate ten lines of Eustathius I will own myself unjust and unworthy.[1]

I perceive by your letters that it is your opinion I should reply. *Cui bono?* He will certainly make me ridiculous, and what benefit will arise to me to prove him ungrateful? No.

[1] De Quincey says he "must avow his belief in Pope's thorough ignorance of Greek when first he commenced" the translation of the Iliad, and admits nevertheless that "criticism has not succeeded in fixing upon him any errors of ignorance." "His deviations from Homer were uniformly the result of imperfect sympathy with the naked simplicity of the antique, and therefore wilful deviations, not pure blunders of misapprehension." From downright errors he was saved, as De Quincey supposes, by the Latin aids for interpreting Homer. An acute and original thinker, a subtle and just critic, De Quincey had a distaste for minute research, and is constantly wrong in his facts. If he had looked into Wakefield's edition of Pope's Homer he would have seen demonstration that Pope's "pure blunders of misapprehension" were "frequent, and in many cases singular and gross, and betrayed that he had not the commonest elementary acquaintance with the original." Upon a minute comparison Wakefield discovered that he had "collected the general purport of every passage from some of his predecessors,—Dryden, Dacier, Chapman, or Ogilby,"—and had never consulted his text to any purpose. "He is but an indifferent scholar," says Hearne, in his Diary, July 18, 1729, "mean at Latin, and can hardly read Greek." Lord Bathurst, to prove the contrary, told Dr. Blair that "a part of the Iliad was translated in his house in the country, and that in the morning, when they assembled at breakfast, Mr. Pope used frequently to repeat with great rapture, the Greek lines which he had been translating, and then to give them his version of them, and compare them together." Wakefield laughs at the absurd idea that these "sonorous spoutings" were any evidence of proficiency in Greek, particularly when opposed to accumulated proofs of ignorance, and he inferred that Pope descended to an "ostentatious exhibition of his pretended erudition before a company, whose slender acquirements he knew would qualify them to become the dupes of such a solemn imposition." To declaim long passages in Greek over the breakfast table in a country house, and before a miscellaneous assembly of men and women, was in the bare act a proclamation of hollow, theatrical display. The place for scholarly comparisons was when he and Broome spent weeks together at Twickenham, both engaged in their daily task of translation, and it was just then that Pope's want of Greek became apparent, but afraid of the ridicule he would incur by the confession that he translated Homer from translations, he was often tempted to put himself into the false position of affecting a rapturous familiarity with the original.

I will dismiss him with the sullen silence of Ajax, but will leave such memorials behind me when I die, that posterity shall be acquainted with his history. At present I am not angry enough to be of that canine disposition to bite the stone that strikes me. To speak ingenuously, I am not greatly moved at his jokes, and he would be disappointed if he knew that he gives me no more uneasiness. The other day I made a piece of a new Session of Poets,[1] by which you will see I can laugh at him.

> Next in stepped a wight, a monkey of man,
> Through av'rice ill-clad, maliciously wan:
> With a book in his hand, to Apollo he bowed,
> And, raised on a tripod, thus sang out aloud.
>
> Ody. 5.—A man, an outcast to the storm and wave,
> It was my crime to pity and to save!
> For this I mourn, till death, or dire disease,
> Il. 3.—Destroy those charms, whose crime it was to please.
>
> Apollo was pleased with the languishing strain,
> And cried, Who is this, what soft bard of the plain?
> How witty, how sweet! but why do I gaze so?
> 'Tis the ghost of Thersites repeating old Naso.[2]
> The rhymer then cried, with astonishment moved,
> Who prates about Ovid? 'tis Homer improved.
> But why stand I here? Apollo is mad,
> I'll put him next week in my Dunciad, begad!

I have now, dear Fenton, opened my bosom to you with respect to Mr. Pope; and I have found him what you always affirmed him to be—a most insincere person; but I assure you that no one is more sincere than myself, when I tell you that I am yours affectionately.

Pray my respects to Sir Clement Cottrell.

[1] Several copies of verses were published at different times under this title. They all turned upon the same idea. Apollo holds a Session to confer the laurel on the most deserving person, and the several poets come forward to urge their claims.

[2] This is but a feeble attempt at satire. Pope boasts that he has rescued the Odyssey from neglect, and complains that his merits have exposed him to persecution. The reply of Apollo expresses Broome's opinion that Pope was a spiteful railer, and his verse in the style of Ovid, and not of Homer.

98. FENTON TO BROOME.

Sept. 15, [1728].

Ζωὸν γόον Ἕκτορα.—*Hom.*

Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro !—*Virgil.*

Having thus cut a caper in Greek and Latin for joy to hear of thy life and health, let me change my style, and chide you for not employing some of your acquaintance in town to make the newswriters contradict the report they spread of your death, to recover your friends from the pain they had given them. By the last post I had a letter from our friend Mr. Blount,—whom my young Lady Cottrell tells me is wonderfully improved with travelling,—who spoke of your death with the tenderest concern imaginable. I believe before this comes to your hands he will be married to one Mrs. Cornwallis,[1] a young lady of a very good fortune and character; but though he used to say whenever he married he would have a long-waisted wife to lengthen the breed, this lady happens to be almost the head lower than himself. I am sure you join with me in wishing him entirely happy.

Long live and flourish the Rector of Pulham.[2] Is not this upon every account preferable to a long pilgrimage, or rather banishment into Devonshire? I would not have thee to be either anxious in your expectations, or troublesome to your patrons, without which I think you may hold your eye fixed on Norwich whenever a prebend is vacant. In the meantime, *tibi tuisque jucundus vive.* My humble service to Widow[3] Broome. I am ever yours most affectionately.

Pope has been much colicked of late. He is now gone to the Bath. Let me hear soon from you.

[1] "Sept. 19, 1728," says the Historical Register, "Henry Pope Blount, Esq., son of Sir Thomas Pope Blount, Bart., married to Mrs. Anne Cornwallis."

[2] A living in the gift of the Crown, which Broome probably obtained through the solicitation of Lord Cornwallis, who was married to a sister of the secretary of state, Lord Townshend.

[3] A jocular allusion to the report of Broome's death, mentioned at the beginning of the letter.

99. FENTON TO BROOME.

EASTHAMPSTEAD PARK, *March* 12, [1729].

THE reason, dear Broome, and a true one I solemnly assure you it is, why I have so long neglected to write was because I had lost your letter which contained your directions how to send to Pulham, so that if you had omitted the postscript in your last, I must still have deferred writing till I had inquired you out at London. I am now, and for some weeks have been, confined to my chamber by the gout, which I look upon to be an annual tribute which I must pay till the lease of my tenement expires. However I hope to be well enough to see you this summer, which I shall be able to give you a certainer account of after I have talked with Lord Gower,[1] from whom I received a message about a fortnight since that he wanted to see me in town to settle matters before he went into the country. In your next pray inform me how I shall send you Waller, which I think will be published before Easter.[2] I see in the prints that your friend young Thurston[3] has entertained the world with a Miscellany, but I have never seen it. I grow very incurious about our modern belles-lettres. Those old fellows of Greece and Rome have got such a scurvy trick of discovering new beauties every time one reads them that they mostly engross the little time that I spare to poetry.

> Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes;
> Eripuere jocos, Venerem, convivia, ludum;
> Tendunt extorquere poemata.

But Dr. Broome has seven years good before he can repeat

[1] Fenton had agreed to become tutor to Lord Gower's son. Lord Gower had long been friendly with Fenton, who, in 1716, addressed him an ode which Pope ranked next to Dryden's Cecilia, and which Akenside, Warton says, "was for ever praising." It was to Lord Gower also that Fenton dedicated his tragedy. They held the same political principles, and were both adherents of the Stuarts.

[2] A magnificent edition in quarto with many notes and illustrations of poems which from their nature, being personal, required many.—WARTON.

[3] There was a Suffolk family of the name, and the friendship probably had its origin in proximity of residence, and was increased by similarity of tastes. One of Thurston's pieces is a laudatory copy of verses upon Broome's poems.

these verses with a just grace, and therefore let me know what your muse is about.

Honest Gay is printing his contraband play[1] by subscription, by which he will make an ample equivalent for its not being acted, if some few of the quality will follow the junior Duchess of Marlborough's example, who has subscribed 100*l.* I have never heard anything of or from Pope since I wrote last. I see by the preface to Themistocles[2] that Tom Southerne is still alive and plays the he bawd as formerly for the muses. Believe me to be ever, with sincere esteem, your affectionate humble servant.

100. FENTON TO BROOME.

EASTHAMSTEAD PARK, *June* 24, [1729].

DEAR BROOME,—Your last letter came to this place soon after I was gone to London, from whence I am but just returned, where I shall spend some weeks, but am in hopes of seeing you about Michaelmas; for Lord Gower's son will continue at Westminster till next spring. While I was in town I was very busy in planting my nephew in poor Mr. Harrison's chambers, which he bought of his executors. He is supposed to have left about 16,000*l.* to his brother's son.

You never sent me word how I should send Waller to you, which I beg to know by the next post, having left orders with Mr. Tonson to lay one by for you.

I saw our friend Pope twice when I was at London. He inquired after your welfare, but said that you had dropped correspondence by not answering his last letter. The war is carried on against him furiously in pictures and libels; and I heard of nobody but Savage and Cleland who have yet drawn their pens in his defence.[3] He told me that for the future he

[1] Polly.

[2] Themistocles, or The Lover of his Country, a tragedy by Dr. Samuel Madden, the friend of Johnson, was acted with moderate success in 1729. Southerne the more readily patronised the play that he and Madden were both Irish born.

[3] Savage in the Author to be Let, and Cleland in a Letter to the Publisher, which he signed, but did not write. Pope was his own defender.

intended to write nothing but epistles in Horace's manner, in which I question not but he will succeed very well.

What is your reverence employed about? Your friends in Middlesex, particularly Mr. Blount, complain that you are too sparing of your prose, and excuse your neglect of writing upon no other account than that you are engaged with the muses nine. When I was in town I found out Mr. Holditch and returned him his Milton. To save you three pence I have scrawled this in a hurry for my lady's servant to carry with him to town, and he stays for it. I am ever your faithful humble servant.

101. FENTON TO BROOME.

EASTHAMPSTEAD PARK, *August* 11, [1729].

DEAR BROOME,—Upon the receipt of your last, I writ immediately to Tonson to send Waller as you directed, and I believe it is long before this arrived safe at Pulham, where I hope to find myself about the middle of September, and I desire to be received, not as a formal visitor, but a friend to board. In your next, which favour me with, as soon as possibly you can, let me know if the old road by Colchester and Ipswich will not be the best. My trunks I know how to send from the Saracen's Head.

A gentleman of our county, some time since, sent to know whether I would take his son till I went into Lord Gower's family. If I hear anything more of his proposal,—which I am not very fond of, though he will be heir to four or five thousand pounds per annum,—would Mrs. Broome and you care to receive him?

My thoughts at present are rather turned to finish a tragedy, and then *cæstus artemque repono;* and as I would bring as little luggage as possible, let me know exactly what dramatic writers you have got. My humble service to Mrs. Broome and Mr. Burlington concludes in haste—but you shall

The "war carried on against him" was the retaliation for his attacks in the Bathos and Dunciad.

hear again before I set out—from your ever affectionate humble servant.

P.S.—You are apt to forget to answer to particulars, but prithee be punctual in your next.

102. FENTON TO BROOME.

EASTHAMPSTEAD PARK, *Sept.* 28, [1729].

I WAS in hopes, my dear Doctor, that I should have eaten a Michaelmas goose with you at Pulham, but my friends here have prevailed with me to continue with them till they remove to London, which I believe they will not do before the latter end of November. As to the young gentleman whom I mentioned was offered to my care, I am come to no resolution about him, and I have not heard from his father since I wrote last. In my next you may probably hear more of that affair.

Poor Mr. Blount is the most miserable young man now living. I question not but you have heard what a fury he is yoked with. Sir Clement told me that she insists on separation, to which, were I in her spouse's place, I should most willingly agree, and view nothing in common with her, as Anthony says, but the sun and skies.[1]

I hope you have received Waller, which I desired Tonson to send you unbound, because some of the plates were wrought off so late that they would have been spoiled in the beating. Pope is very profuse of his praises of the performance, *sed non ego credulus illis*.[2] My humble service to Mrs. Broome, Mr. Burlington, etc., concludes me ever your most affectionate humble servant.

[1] Dryden, All for Love, Act iv.

Anthony. Set all the earth,
And all the seas betwixt your sundered loves:
View nothing common but the sun and skies.

The separation between Blount and his wife was deferred but not averted. "After long struggling for years," wrote Sir Clement Cottrell to Broome, in a letter without date, "your old acquaintance Sir Harry Pope Blount has been forced to make a formal parting with his lady." They subsequently came together again.

[2] Another indication that Fenton had no faith in Pope's sincerity.

103. FENTON TO BROOME.

EASTHAMPSTEAD PARK, *March* 22, [1730].

SIX or eight months have passed in expecting a letter from the Rector of Pulham. *Ut valet? ut meminit nostri?* I should be glad to have an answer to the former question; the other I can pretty well resolve myself. You see by the date that I am still in the same place, and I think on the same chair from which I wrote to you last, and it is the easier under me, because I am somewhat useful in the family: for upon making up accounts with the trustee, we find no less than nine thousand pounds deficiency in one article, besides a long arrear of interest for the principal. The squire,[1] who presents his service to you, bears it like a man; and is not only preferring a suit in chancery, but another in the court of love.

About a month since I was in town about this unfortunate affair, where a friend of ours told me of your epistolary *éclaircissement* with Pope, who had showed him your letters and his answers.[2] I was not surprised to hear that it ended with declaring off from any further commerce with him; but I should be glad to know whether or no your resentment extends to E. Fenton.

104. POPE TO BROOME.

May 2, 1730.

DEAR SIR,—Yours lay a fortnight at my house, before I received it at my return from a little journey. I am really glad I was mistaken in what I fancied of your new acquaintance,[3] and I take it kindly that you set me right; for an old friend will always, I believe, be worth ten new ones, even though

[1] Trumbull.

[2] This part of the correspondence is not among Broome's papers.

[3] Having made Broome the victim of his satire, Pope seems to have suspected him of fraternising with some of his fellow sufferers, which would have been a natural confederation.

they may chance to differ sometimes, and nothing is truer than that verse, I forget by whom,[1]

'Tis sure the tend'rest part of love
Each other to forgive.

I heartily wish you the continuance of that enjoyment which you so often and so feelingly express in your present situation, and indeed am, as I ever was, your sincere servant. I was moved at nothing the scribblers said of you further than to a just desire of having it known that I had not engaged your pains for nothing, than which you are sensible there could not be any part more disreputable to me. And since you yourself had not found any means publicly to disprove that wicked and false slander, it was necessary another should.[2]

[1] Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in his song called the Reconcilement:

The truest joys they seldom prove,
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love
Each other to forgive.

[2] I doubt whether Pope was accused of not paying Broome anything. The usual imputation was that he had not paid him enough. Pope's reply to the "slander" was contained in a note to an edition of the Dunciad, 1729, where he says that "Mr. Broome having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of 500*l.* and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of 100*l.* more." Pope here affects to have been a generous paymaster. There are two flaws in the passage,—the exaggeration, not very important, of the value of the copies furnished to Broome's subscribers, and the grave omission to make the explicit avowal that the 400*l.*, which was allotted to the translation, separate from the notes, was for eight books instead of three. The actual payment for each book was 50*l.*, and from the note in the Dunciad, coupled with his solemn declaration in the Odyssey, Pope allowed the public to conclude that the rate of remuneration was about 130*l.* a book. He "disproved a false and wicked slander" by the virtual allegation that he paid for the translation at a rate between double and treble the real amount. He did, indeed, print, No. vii. of the Appendix to the Dunciad, "A List of all our Author's genuine Works" in which is the item "Twelve books of the Odyssey, with some parts of other books, and the dissertation by way of Postscript at the end." This vague announcement, inserted where it was completely dissevered from the note, was so far opposed to the postscript in the Odyssey that the two statements are irreconcileable, but that it was not designed for even an indirect recantation of the former precise account of Broome's individual share in the translation appeared from Pope's renewed protestation in 1738 that the account in the Odyssey was the literal truth. In reiterating the falsehood he stigmatised Lord Hervey for a defamer in denying it, and after reducing Broome's share to three

As to all the rest, I told you the whole truth in my first letter, though these scoundrels made, and still make, no scruple to affirm strongly the flattest lies, as I see by a thing just now published, called an Epistle to me, by James Moore and others,[1] where they tell a formal story how the Dunciad was composed out of a larger poem, and how the Profound was, in a manner, wholly mine,[2] &c., and where they again trump up

books and the notes he instantly subjoined that he paid 500*l.* for them. His letter to Lord Hervey left no ambiguity, and we have once again the moral contradiction that Pope thought no "part could be more disreputable to him" than that he should be supposed to have "engaged Broome's pains for nothing," and yet could not see that there was anything disreputable in professing that the rate of remuneration was more than double, and nearer treble the price that was paid. The entry, again, in the list of genuine works had the general taint, and was framed in terms to deceive. The phrase "some parts of other books" would be understood to signify more than the occasional retranslation of a couplet in the course of revision, and that this was all Pope had done became evident in 1735, when, in the preface to the second volume of his poetical works, he dropped his claim to "the parts of other books," and limited his pretensions to "twelve books of the Odyssey with the Postscript." Twelve books were too many if we are to accept his own assurance, that "parts of the tenth and fifteenth books" were not by himself. Deduct these, and the conclusion of the seventeenth book, which was by Broome, and his share could not have been above eleven books.

[1] Young in 1730 published a poem called Two Epistles to Mr. Pope, concerning the Authors of the Age, which was followed by the satirical poem of Welsted, and James Moore Smythe, under the title, One Epistle to Mr. A. Pope, occasioned by Two Epistles lately published.

[2] "Mr. Dean Swift," it is said in the preface to the One Epistle, "never saw the Profound till made public; and Dr. Arbuthnot, who originally sketched the design of it, desired that the initial letters of names of the gentlemen abused might not be inserted,—that they might be A or B, or Doe or Roe, or anything of this nature, which would make this satire a general one upon any dull writers in any age. This was refused by Pope, and he chose rather to treat a set of gentlemen as vermin, reptiles, &c." "The third volume of the Miscellanies," Pope wrote to Swift, Jan. 1728, "is coming out post now, in which I have inserted the treatise, *περὶ βάθους*. I have entirely methodised, and in a manner written it all. The doctor grew quite indolent in it for something newer, I know not what." The language into which Pope translated the statement contained in the One Epistle was identical with his language to Swift. No ingenuity could distinguish between these two expressions, that "the Profound was in a manner wholly his," and that he had "in a manner written it all," and we consequently have Pope protesting of his own assertion that it was "to affirm strongly the flattest lies." The "flat lie" was really in repudiating his actual share in the Bathos because he was ashamed to acknowledge his satire upon Broome. He had, in Jan. 1728, addressed a letter to Broome

the same old lies about Wycherley and yourself.[1] It becomes any honest man to speak of himself as such, and in this one point of honesty no man can use a style too high of himself.[2] I know full well what my behaviour and principles have been, are, and will be; and that my heart is better than my head. I know that in your particular regard, I meant to serve you, and did it to my utmost, both as to fame and profit, in that undertaking. And really if these rascals shall continue to publish such a lie, it would be but honourable in any fair man concerned to contradict the fact in my justification, since for my own part I think it beneath me to answer them,[3] nor do I judge it right to appear my own single

filled with professions of friendship at the very time that he was engaged in printing his ridicule of Broome's poetry, and the duplicity was far too outrageous to be avowed. Broome spoke more truth of the Homer transactions than was palatable to Pope, and as Pope had no grounds for his enmity which would bear to be put into words, he gratified his malice by anonymous satire, and excused himself by denying outright that he was the author.

[1] By tricks sustained, in poet craft complete,
Retire triumphant to thy Twickenham seat,
That seat the work of half-paid drudging Broome,
And called by joking Tritons, Homer's tomb.

Upon Broome's name was this note: "The Rev. Mr. Broome, who translated a great part of Homer, and construed the rest." The "lie about Wycherley" was an intimation that his lines "To Mr. Pope" were written by Pope himself, or, as Welsted said later, that "Pope palmed on him his self-applauding strain."

[2] A decisive illustration of the value to be attached to Pope's "high style of himself on this one point of honesty," when the sentiment is the immediate sequence to his "flat lie" on the Bathos, and is applied to his dealings respecting the Odyssey, which to Broome's knowledge had been the subject of a "flat lie" told with the special warranty of punctilious veracity.

[3] This was too much. In regard to "profit" Broome had been indifferently remunerated for his labour; in regard to "fame" Pope had allowed no credit whatever to his assistants, and the lavish prose and poetical panegyrics of Broome upon Pope had been met by derisive satire upon Broome in the Dunciad and the Bathos. And now Pope had the assurance to call upon Broome to vindicate him against "rascals, since for my own part I think it beneath me to answer them." Setting aside the surprising effrontery towards Broome, Pope could not rationally plead after the Dunciad, that it was "beneath him to answer" anybody, and if it was "a lie," as he insisted, that Broome had been "half paid," or underpaid, he could refute it by stating the precise extent of Broome's labours, and the exact sum which was given for them. Aware that an honest account would be to his disadvantage, and the falsehoods and equivocations incurring a risk of exposure, Pope wanted to silence assailants by the personal testimony of Broome that he had been treated with generosity.

defendant in truths which are as well known to others as to myself.

I never looked in the least awry on your translating that book of Homer in blank verse, I assure you,[1] but think it was very reasonable, after what you had suffered to be printed of that kind in your youth. What you mention of that passage of the Zodiac is very just. It has been said by several, and to your catalogue I can add Cowley, at the end of one of his Pindarics:

> The lion and the bear,
> Bull, centaur, scorpion, all the radiant monsters there.

Indeed, when I saw that passage in the book,[2] I never suspected it to be yours, but imagined I had remembered it in Cowley, mistaking the one for the other.

I have filled my paper and conclude with an assurance of being to you what I ever was. Honest Fenton I saw yesterday. He is in bed with the gout, and he spoke cordially of you. By the way I just now found, in the libel called an Epistle, that he and I were no friends.[3] See what gentlemen these are! and join with me to despise them. I am ever yours.

105. POPE TO BROOME.

June 16,[4] [1730].

DEAR SIR,—I take yours very kindly, and would make use of it against so lying a slander, did not my contempt of the liars prevail infinitely above any regard of what such fellows can say.[5] It is unfeignedly a great pleasure to me that you writ some time since to me with freedom upon these

[1] A translation in the style of Milton of part of the tenth Iliad.

[2] Pope's vindication convicts him. "When I saw that passage in the book," he says, wishing to persuade Broome that he had not seen the complete Bathos till it was published in the volume of Miscellanies, although he had "in a manner written it all," and carried it through the press.

[3] By Fenton left, by rev'rend linguists hated,
Now learns to read the Greek he once translated.

[4] From the post-mark.

[5] Pope, on the contrary, had shown by his previous letter that he was

subjects. You and I shall never quarrel, nor do I think I ever shall with any honest man alive. But *scoundrels* I hate, though *fools* I pardon. So much for them!

But I must do justice in a point in which I perceive you mistaken. Dr. Arbuthnot knew no more than I of the verses cited from your book. I think I told you before, that some others contributed to the collections of examples, and the person that sent those was an utter stranger to you, but moved, as he afterwards owned, by the opinion you had spread the reports to my prejudice, &c.[1] I am sure it will be a satisfaction to you to know so ingenious and honest a man as the doctor was no way your enemy.

I have been almost daily employed in attending the last sparks of a dying taper,—the last days of my good old mother. This next week she is ninety years complete;[2] her memory decayed, but not lost; her eye-sight good; her temper easy and beneficent. She remembers you well, and sends you her service.

I hope you enjoy all the comforts of domestic life, and that you will long enjoy them. I would have written more, had I not written so soon and been at this time very much taken up. But I would not let you remain in an opinion so much undeserved by Dr. Arbuthnot. I am, with all hearty goodwill and affection, dear sir, yours.

anxious for a contradiction of the attacks upon him, but he probably did not care to publish the statement of Broome because it fell short of what he desired. That he was not satisfied is evident from a second attempt which he made five years later, to prevail upon Broome to certify that he had been liberally paid; and the second application was not more successful than the first.

[1] This is a mean subterfuge. No one can doubt that Pope selected the passages, more especially when we read the witty remarks which he made upon them. I will venture to say there is nothing in his works more indisputably his own. Even if the quotations had been supplied by a friend, Pope could hardly have forgotten the couplet in the epistle to Fenton, or the lines on the infant, which appeared in his own Miscellany; nor would he have been likely to insert them and comment upon them in the Bathos without inquiring of the person who furnished them whence they came. Though there was nothing to indicate, contrary to the usual practice in this piece of satire, to whom the specimens belonged, he had the secret pleasure of knowing that the shaft would reach the heart for which it was meant.—CROKER.

[2] Pope thought that his mother was born on June 18, 1640; but if this were so, she was just forty-eight when she gave birth to the poet.—CROKER.

106. BROOME TO POPE.

PULHAM, *Aug.*

DEAR MR. POPE,—By the public news I find we ... Mr. Fenton, the sincerest of men and friends.[1] Of ... treasure has one moment robbed me! The world is really become of less value to me since he is out of it. Of all men living I knew him best, and therefore no man loved him more. How many happy hours have we passed in retirement! How many more did I expect, if Providence had lengthened his days! He intended to have withdrawn to me, and to lay his bones by mine, that, as we had been inviolably united in our lives, death itself might not make an entire separation. But he is gone before me. I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me. He has left me to lament him, which I will do most affectionately.

It is said by Pausanias—if it be not too light to mention fables upon this melancholy occasion—that the nightingales near the tomb of Orpheus had sweeter notes than others of the same kind. I will endeavour to catch harmony from my friend's sepulchre; I will labour to write something equal to my affection for him. It is a tribute due to our uninterrupted friendship. Yet why should I lament him? Why should I grieve because he is so soon become an angel? The inoffensive, unambitious, undesigning, and peaceful Fenton is gone to his peace, and despises this world, which indeed is no wonder, for he always despised it.

I dare say you will not be silent upon this occasion. You will build a monument over his ashes, by some elegy or epitaph more durable, as it will be more honourable, than the proudest marble. But after all, if reason, not affection were to speak, might we not rather with Camden, author of Sir P. Sidney's character, say, Providence has recalled him, as more worthy of heaven than earth. Let us not celebrate his memory with tears, but admiration, and, to crown all, his virtues with imitation. Dear sir, adieu. Be pleased to give an account of him in his last hours. Yours affectionately.

[1] Fenton died July 13, and had already been dead a month.

107.[1] POPE TO BROOME.

Aug. 29, 1730.

DEAR SIR,—I intended to write to you on this melancholy subject, the death of Mr. Fenton, before yours came; but stayed to have informed myself and you of the circumstances of it. All I hear is, that he felt a gradual decay, though so early in life,[2] and was declining for five or six months. It was not, as I apprehended, the gout in his stomach, but I believe rather a complication first of gross humours, as he was naturally corpulent, not discharging themselves, as he used no sort of exercise. No man better bore the approaches of his dissolution, as I am told, or with less ostentation yielded up his being. The great modesty which you know was natural to him, and the great contempt he had for all sorts of vanity and parade, never appeared more than in his last moments. He had a conscious satisfaction, no doubt, in acting right, in feeling himself honest, true, and unpretending to more than was his own. So he died, as he lived, with that secret, yet sufficient contentment.

As to any papers left behind him, I dare say they can be but few, for this reason,—he never wrote out of vanity, or thought much of the applause of men. I know an instance where he did his utmost to conceal his own merit that way; and if we join to this his natural love of ease, I fancy we must expect little of this sort, at least I hear of none except some few further remarks on Waller,—which his cautious integrity made him leave an order to be given to Mr. Tonson, —and perhaps, though it is many years since I saw it, a translation of the first book of Oppian. He had begun a tragedy of Dion, but made small progress in it.

As to his other affairs, he died poor, but honest, leaving no

[1] This letter first appeared in Johnson's Life of Fenton.

[2] He was in the forty-eighth year of his age. Fenton was the son of an attorney in Staffordshire, and was the youngest of eleven children. He took his bachelor's degree at Cambridge in 1704, and excluded by his principles from following any calling which would oblige him to take the oath of allegiance, he had always earned his livelihood by teaching, helped out with occasional profits from his pen.

debts or legacies, except of a few pounds to Mr. Trumbull and my lady,[1] in token of respect, gratefulness, and mutual esteem.

I shall with pleasure take upon me to draw this amiable, quiet, deserving, unpretending, christian and philosophical character, in his epitaph. There truth may be spoken in a few words. As for flourish, and oratory, and poetry, I leave them to younger and more lively writers, such as love writing for writing sake, and would rather show their own fine parts, than report the valuable ones of any other man. So the elegy I renounce.

I condole with you from my heart, on the loss of so worthy a man, and a friend to us both. Now he is gone, I must tell you he has done you many a good office, and set your character in the fairest light, to some who either mistook you, or knew you not. I doubt not he has done the same for me.[2] Adieu: Let us love his memory, and profit by his example. I am, very sincerely, dear sir, your affectionate and real servant.

108. POPE TO BROOME.

Dec. 14, [1730].

DEAR SIR,—I was glad to see your letter this last time, more particularly as I had heard a report from some newspaper of the death of one of your name.[3] I presume it might be the neighbouring clergyman you mention, to whom some of your correspondents' letters have been delivered by mistake, and which makes the distinction needful of doctor to yourself. I will take care of it for the future, whether the gentleman be dead or not. I am sorry to answer yours one way—that is, in recounting the misfortunes of my little family, out of which

[1] Lady Judith Trumbull.

[2] With all his disposition to "set characters in the fairest light" he was convinced that Pope was false at heart. Not believing Pope's professions, he refused to behave as if they were true, and Pope was probably conscious of the mistrust, however politic he may have found it to dissemble the knowledge. "Fenton has told me," says Lord Orrery, "that he thought Pope feared him more than he loved him."

[3] Perhaps a later reference to William Broome, a barrister, whose death was announced in Feb. 1730.

I have lost one, and been in very great fear of the loss of the best of it, my mother. She had a fall into the fire,[1] but escaped almost miraculously, without being touched, though the gown was consumed on her back, and her head, dressed in muslin, lay upon the coals heaped over the fire. I think there are many reasons to believe as well a particular[2] as a general providence, and the effect of such a belief is of singular use in our life and conduct. I hope you think yourself you have experienced a part of it, and that your own family is perfectly restored to health. Sir Clement Cottrell and I remember you sometimes, and never fail to name poor Fenton and you together. The epitaph on him I thought you must have seen, as they had got it into the public prints. However, such as it is, here take it. It is not good in any sense but as it is true, and really therefore exemplary[3] to others:

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man;
A poet blessed above the poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great;
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science[4] in the vale of peace,
Calmly he looked on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, nor there to fear;

[1] Pope mentioned the incident to Caryll Oct. 22, and said it had happened "within this month."

[2] He maintained the opposite opinion in his Essay on Man, and argued against the doctrine of a particular providence.

[3] "A certain vagueness," says Archbishop Trench, "in our use of 'exemplary' makes it for us little more than a loose synonym for excellent. We plainly often forget that 'exemplary' is strictly that which serves, or might serve, for an exemplar to others," and he remarks that it is "only through keeping this distinctly before us" that particular passages will "yield their exact meaning to us." Pope's application of the word is an instance. So Barrow in his sermon of Walking as Christ did: "He designed his patience to be exemplary to us." The archbishop quotes from Hooker, Eccl. Polity, Bk. i. chap. 3: "We are not of opinion, therefore, as some are, that nature in working hath before her certain exemplary draughts or patterns." Fuller, The Holy State, Bk. iv. chap. 17: "The Lord Admiral Howard himself towed a cable, the least joint of whose exemplary hand drew more than twenty men besides."

[4] "Science" formerly was sometimes put for knowledge in general. Usually it stood for knowledge of a special kind. Pope must have employed the word in its laxer meaning when speaking of Fenton, who was not in the ordinary sense a man of science. He was altogether a man of letters.

From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfied,
Thanked Heav'n that he had lived, and that he died.

Believe me, with sincerity, and the truest wishes for your felicity, dear sir, your affectionate friend and servant.

Mr. Fenton's brothers have claimed his effects, papers, &c., and Mr. Trumbull has delivered them. I hear of nothing but the Book of Oppian.

109.[1] POPE TO BROOME.

TWITENHAM, *May* 19 [1731].

DEAR SIR,—It was particularly unlucky that I received your letter in an hour after I had come from London on Thursday evening here. I could otherwise have certainly seen you yesterday or the day before. I had used the precaution to write to Lintot, in case you came to town this month, which in your last you gave me some hope of, to let me know a day or two beforehand, that I might not miss of you. I have been drinking asses' milk these three weeks at a friend's country house some miles from hence, and never lay at home one night, making only a few day visits to my mother.[1] I am pretty well recovered from a very low state, and shall always continue to be affectionately, dear sir, your true friend and hearty servant.

[1] The announcement recurs in Pope's letter to Lord Oxford, April 22, 1731, and determines the year to which the present letter belongs. "I am daily drinking asses' milk, which will confine me from rambling further than betwixt this place [Twickenham] and my dam's pasture, which is four miles off. I lie there and come hither daily; then go to suck at night again." He went to the milk in obedience to the received doctrine that its efficacy depended upon its being drunk warm from the animal. The prescription commonly indicated that the patient was supposed to be consumptive. "Physicians," says Dr. Mead, speaking of this disease, "particularly recommended a milk course as having the double advantage of being food and physic. Now we generally give the preference to asses' milk, though less nutritive, because it is more cooling and detergent." He states that the milk did not suit all constitutions, but it agreed with Pope, who writes some years later, "I find the water very cold to my stomach, and have no comfort but in the asses' milk I drink constantly with it, according to Dr. Mead's order."

110. CURLL TO BROOME.

POPE'S HEAD, IN ROSE STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
July 22, 1735.

SIR,—I doubt not but you have heard of the late affair, of which more than our country rings, between Mr. Pope and me, concerning the printing his letters. A friend of yours last week acquainted me how he evaded his contract made with you and Mr. Fenton about the Odyssey. But that was no news, he being as well acquainted with the art of evasion as with the art of poetry. In short, sir, as all mankind admire his poetry, so they are now inclined to punish his perfidy, and the sight of papers sent me daily would surprise you. Two volumes of his literary correspondence are published, and a third is in the press, and if, in justice to yourself, and the memory of Mr. Fenton, you will send me any memorial, it shall be inserted; or if you have any letters which passed between you and Mr. Pope, they shall likewise be inserted, and acknowledged in whatever manner you please by, sir, your humble servant.[1]

111. BROOME TO POPE.

Aug. 4, 1735.

SIR,—I fancy you will not be sorry to see the enclosed. I have therefore taken the liberty to send it, and to assure you that I am incapable of complying with any such proposals. I look upon letters as a trust deposited in the hands of friends, which an honest man will not break, and a bad one cannot without dishonour. If any man has made use of my name against you, it was done without my consent or knowledge. Every man's name is in every man's power. I have never wrote a single line in my own cause, nor encouraged any person to write. This, perhaps, an enemy may ascribe to pride, a friend to a better principle. I am no way answerable for what Mr. Curll writes; but I confess I have complained

[1] This letter I inclosed to Mr. Pope within the following letter.—BROOME.

to hear my veracity called in question with relatio
share I had in the Odyssey. I have always spoken
in this point, and assumed to myself no more than
books of the verse translation. But this, though exactly tr
has been ascribed, not to my veracity, but vanity. Yet I have
borne this imputation without any public vindication.[1] My
own heart tells me I never stood in need of it, and was
therefore too proud, or too good-natured, to use it. But adieu,
henceforth, to all pretensions to poetry. I am as willing as
any man in England to have it forgot,[2] and indeed the world
seems pretty ready to oblige me. However, to be a bad poet
is no sin; it may be a folly. If it be a sin, I have heartily
repented of it, and whatever the critics may have done, I am
sure heaven has forgiven it. I am out of the world, regard-
less of its praise or censure. Applause offered to me is like
holding a nosegay to a dead man; it may be sweet, but he
is insensible of it. I study to be quiet, and a man that would
repose does it best in obscurity. I sincerely subscribe to the
wish of the poet:

Sic cum transierint mei
Nullo cum strepitu dies
Plebeius moriar senex.

I have not returned any answer to Mr. Curll, I suppose you
would not advise it. I hope you will excuse this trouble. It
proceeds from a good intent, and from the sincere inclination I
have, of approving myself, sir, your most obedient and most
humble servant.[3]

[1] This, among other passages in the correspondence, proves that it was for his own purposes, and in opposition to Broome's desire, that Pope had kept up the deception upon their several shares in the translation.

[2] Broome's letter to Pope is dated Aug, 4, and in the next letter, dated Aug. 26, we find that Broome's consignment of his poems to oblivion was contemporaneous with his attempt to prevail upon Lintot to publish a new edition of them. Lintot would only undertake the work at Broome's expense, and Broome on Dec. 1 requested Pope to "bring Lintot to reason," and stated this curious motive for craving the new edition: "I have a desire to print my Miscellany, not out of any degree of vanity, but merely to give them a more solemn interment, and to bury my dead in a more decent monument." Whether Broome was deluded himself, or was only trying to delude others, he could not have advanced a plea so absurdly inconsistent if he had not been a man of weak understanding.

[3] Broome has written at the bottom of the page, "To this letter I re-

112. LINTOT TO BROOME.

FROM MY CHAMBERS OVER THE MIDDLE TEMPLE GATE,
Aug. 26, 1735.

WORTHY DR.,—What can be more agreeable to me than the accounts I have of the welfare of my friends in their autumn of life. No cares interrupt your studies, plenty and ease crown your days, a loving wife returns bliss for bliss. Your divinity and verse flow easily from you; no ill-natured satire rimples your affections to your friends. To them you were and are constantly, as the loadstone to the pole,—steady. It is your goodnature—born with you, and will die with you,—sets you in high esteem with all that know you.[1] May you be universally known.

Mr. Holditch was so kind to leave your letter at my son's house. I looked over your volume of poems. They contain sixteen sheets and a half. If you publish a new edition, I suppose they will make more. Every printed sheet—number five hundred—will cost you thirty shillings. Working off the copper-plate and advertisements will add five pounds more to the account. How they will sell I know not.

I am again printing for Mr. Pope,—the first volume of his miscellaneous works, with notes, remarks, imitations, &c.,—I know not what. You will hear of me in the papers in November next.[2] Two volumes of Mr. Pope's letters, and letters to Mr. Pope, are printed.[3] There is one letter of Mr. Pope's to Lord Burlington, giving an account of our journey together from Windsor Forest to Oxford,—a merry one. Dear Dr., adieu.

ceived the following from Mr. Pope;" and his next draft is headed, "An answer to the foregoing letter of Mr. Pope," but Pope's letter is not now among the Broome papers.

[1] His failing was that he mixed with his good nature a desire to please which was sometimes too strong for his integrity. His undue complaisance was partly, perhaps, the reaction from conscious awkwardness, for he had been a mere student at college, "unskilled in conversation," and it was not till he got into the world, that "he cleared himself," as Ford told Johnson, "from scholastic rust."

[2] Lintot speaks of the small octavo edition of Pope's works, which was the property of different booksellers. The first volume was the copyright of Lintot, and was not published till January 1736.

[3] The P. T. edition which Pope charged upon Curll.

113. BROOME TO POPE.

PULHAM, *Sept.* 22, 1735.

DEAR SIR,—I find by experience that love and friendship are nearly allied. They kindle a divine flame in the heart which, like that of the Jewish altar, is never extinguished, though it may not always burn with equal warmth and brightness. In both those passions it is almost worth a little quarrelling, for the pleasure of the reconciliation.

I think it is about six years since I wrote to you. I confess I looked upon you as a departed friend, and mourned for you as such. I was silent, but it was the silence of Dido, occasioned by a supposed hardship from a person I loved. It was not owing to any inconstancy or credulity, but to ocular demonstration. I desire you to believe this upon my own testimony. I know I speak in riddles, but to explain them *now* would be cowardice, perhaps dishonesty, though it be as easy for me to prove what I hint at, as to speak it.[1] Adieu to all animosities. Let them sleep for ever. I am sure they shall never be awakened by me. With regard to myself they have been dead many years, and I shall not raise the ghost of a departed contest, to my own disturbance, or my neighbour's. As for all idle reports, they never found credit with me. They are to our advantage or disadvantage just as peevish persons happen to be out or in humour. Such men will ever be buzzing about their nothings, always indeed,

[1] Pope, in his reply, admitted Broome's accusation by not denying it. A short time before their intercourse ceased, Pope, as we have seen, wrote to Broome, Dec. 14, 1730, "Mr. Fenton's brothers have claimed his effects, papers, etc., and Mr. Trumbull has delivered them." From his intimacy with Fenton, it would be natural that Broome should enquire of the brothers about the papers, and it is not improbable that among Pope's letters to Fenton there may have been one or more in which he spoke freely of their associate in the Homer, and which, influenced by Fenton's own opinion of Pope, the brothers may have communicated to Broome. Not having received the permission of Fenton to use the letters, Broome may have considered that he was precluded from specifying the source of his "ocular demonstration." Whatever may have been meant, Broome's phrase must refer to some document in the handwriting of Pope.

like the fly, impertinently, but at worst more troublesomely than hurtfully. It is impossible to live without some slander in a world that delights to tell and hear it. Our care should be, not to deserve it. Of this nature was a falsehood I met, when last at Norwich. It was publicly affirmed that you had claimed the notes upon the Odyssey — at least of twelve books, in a late advertisement before your Epistles. I have read those Epistles, but it was in the pirated edition, which has no such advertisement. I assured the company that you had too much honour and justice to assert such a falsehood; that you had large and fair flocks of your own, and were incapable of robbing me of my little ewe-lamb. No, I know you had rather enlarge than diminish my intellectual possessions. Such falsehoods rather create mirth than spleen. But it is a degree of weakness to repeat such weak stories.

I am now retired to my cell in Pulham for the winter, and like the bee, or rather the drone, shall take no more flights from it till the spring. If any disquiet comes abroad, I am well hid, and it will not easily find me. Yet, though I love quiet, I would not owe it to a lethargy. I must be a little active, though my activity prove no better than that of a child about bubbles and butterflies. You, I perceive, are of a stock to bear the gay blossoms of poetry in the decline of life. I am not of so vigorous a kind, and the little fruit I bear is like that of our gardens in this unseasonable autumn, not worth the gathering. You were my poetical sun, and since your influence has been intercepted by the interposition of some dark body, I have never thought the soil worth cultivating, but resigned it up to sterility. I have indeed, seen a tree bear as many crabs as an appletree, apples; but I am not ambitious to produce trash plentifully, only to be the more distasteful. But I have hunted down the allegory, and it is time to release you, to pursue nobler game of your own starting. I will only add, that I am ready to

[1] Pope said in the advertisement that "the translation of twelve books of the Odyssey, with the postscript, not the notes," were his. This was perversely understood by some persons as only excepting the notes to the twelve books he himself translated, and as a claim, by implication, to the remainder.

do you justice with regard to the Odyssey, and that I am, sincerely, your faithful and affectionate servant.

114. POPE TO BROOME.

TWITENHAM, *Oct.* 2, 1735.

DEAR SIR,—Your two very kind letters came not to hand till I returned hither, three days since, from a long journey to Southampton,[1] and thence to Buckinghamshire. I would not else have delayed to renew assurances of my real goodwill and friendship for you, which have never been extinct in my breast, though cooled by accidents, or perhaps mistakes, joined with ill offices which too many people are ready to do to those they envy, or would displace from our affections. I sincerely embrace the pleasures of reconciliation. To forgive and be forgiven is the tenderest part of love or friendship; for none of us are without faults, none without misconstructions. What you were told about the notes to the Odyssey is utterly untrue. I expressly there claimed only twelve books of the poem, "and not the notes." Those are the words, as you will see in my own edition, which I have a desire to send you, if you will tell me by what carrier or to whose house. It is in quarto, to match the first volume of my works, which you already have. Be not uneasy. Indiscretion and credulity are the worst faults we have, and both proceed from open undesigning minds.

As to the justice you propose to do me, after so many public scandals on that account, in relation to my conduct toward you about the Odyssey, I think it will be sufficient to appeal to your own memory; and I desire no more than that you will put down in a line to me that there was no contract made about it, but that you trusted my friendship, and I made it good.[2] Recollect your circumstances and mine at that time as

[1] Pope visited Southampton to take leave of Lord Peterborough.

[2] Curll said in his letter to Broome, "A friend of yours last week acquainted me how Mr. Pope evaded his contract made with you and Mr. Fenton about the Odyssey," and Pope, in his missing letter, had no doubt demanded that Broome should contradict the misrepresentation. Broome replied, "I am ready to do you justice with regard to the Odyssey," and

to fame and to fortune. You will, I believe, think I did you justice at least in both. I did what I could to elevate the one and to increase the other. You may mention the sum of 500*l.* if you will; but do as you please. God forbid I should desire you to say anything beyond truth. It is certain I have been aspersed many lengths beyond it. Let, therefore, your testimony to me only by a line express only what your heart feels. I would rather be obliged to your friendship than to any other motive.

I am sorry you speak in the style of a man absolutely retired, and never to see this busy part of the scene. If you will, you may at any time see, even here, a man as retired as yourself, and as much despising that busy scene as your own noble patron does, whom I honour now more than I ever did.[1] Pray, if you see him soon, tell him so. My approbation can be of little or no consequence to him, but I am glad of his happiness, and honour such men as can imitate him. I am, dear Broome, —for I will use the old style, and forget the impertinence[2] of seven years that intercepted it,—your faithful affectionate servant.

Sir Clement Cottrell sends you his service.

Pope, in the present letter, imparts his ideas of the way in which justice should be done. He wished Broome to "express what his heart felt;" he "would rather be obliged to Broome's friendship than to any other motive," and he would have him put down in a line, "that you trusted my friendship, and I made it good." In his answer Broome rejected Pope's formula. Notwithstanding his desire to conciliate Pope, he would not pretend that the liberality of friendship had appeared in the payment. He simply told the sum he had received.

[1] The "noble patron" was Lord Cornwallis. He had probably imitated his brother-in-law, Lord Townshend, who never reappeared in parliament, or visited London, after his differences with Walpole had forced him out of office in May, 1730. "I recollect," Lord Townshend said, "that Lord Cowper, though a staunch whig, was betrayed by personal pique to throw himself into the arms of the tories. I am apprehensive, if I should attend the House of Lords, I also may be hurried away by personal resentment." Lord Cornwallis in politics identified himself with Lord Townshend, and as Pope belonged to the opposition he commended the retirement which deprived the ministry of a supporter.

[2] The "impertinence" was the "ill offices" of the envious, mentioned at the beginning of the letter. The quarrel had a previous cause. Broome was irritated at the treatment he received on the completion of the Odyssey, and Pope was angry at his telling how many books he translated, and how little he was paid.

115. BROOME TO POPE.

Oct. 29, 1735.

DEAR MR. POPE,—I am really ashamed of calling myself a man of retirement. I am a perfect rambler. I have travelled over our two counties with as much diligence as if I were to survey them. Truly I had almost forgot the world was so wide. I was called by a subpœna to Ipswich, where a debate arose as material as whether a word should be wrote with a great or little O. This important objection knocked the presentment dead at one blow. Very much edified, I started for Pulham. There I found my old friend Sir Edmund Bacon, of Garboldisham. He carried me off almost to Thetford, to sport upon the heath. At my return I found a summons to preach at Norwich. I complied: but am now your humble servant at Pulham. Thus have I lived the life of a courier, and in a literal sense the world has been my inn, and my life a journey. Now to your obliging letter. I have forgot we ever had any difference. It is true, though a wound is healed, it usually leaves a scar behind; but this is no blemish, unless it were contracted dishonourably. Adieu to all disputes. Let us make amends for seven years coldness by loving seven times more warmly and affectionately. I sincerely desire for the future,

Mihi
Fias recantatis amicus
Opprobriis, animumque reddas.

Your request concerning the Odyssey is very reasonable, and in justice I ought, and therefore do declare that never any contract subsisted between us, and consequently no contract could be broken. You paid me 500*l.*[1]—that is, 100*l.* for the notes, and

[1] Broome passes over the £70 he received from his subscribers, and Pope does not allude to the omission, nor did he mention this subscription money in his Letter to a Noble Lord, but said, "What he gave him was £500: his receipt can be produced to your lordship." The note in the Dunciad, which spoke of a hundred pounds' worth of books, was suppressed in the edition Pope was now preparing, and the item was altogether withdrawn from the account. I suppose it was left out of the computation because the cost did not fall upon Pope; for the subscribers were

400*l.* for eight books of the verse translation, and Mr. Fenton in proportion for his four books.[1]

You desire me to recollect my circumstances as to fame and fortune at the time of the publication of the Odyssey. As to fame, I recollect with pleasure and acknowledge with gratitude, that you highly advanced it, *Quod placeo, si placeo, tuum est.* If I could invent stronger terms to express my sentiments I would use them, but every honest heart feels more than the tongue speaks.[2]

procured by Broome after Pope had exhausted his own influence, and the copies were supplied at the expense of Lintot. Yet since the £70 was obtained entirely through Pope's concession it ought certainly to be reckoned in. Johnson estimated that "the notes were equivalent to at least four books" of translation, and they were nominally paid for at only half this rate,—an inequality which the £70 goes far to redress.

[1] Which would amount to £200. Ruffhead states that the fee was £300, and Johnson, who afterwards specified the same sum, adds the remark, "The payment made to Fenton I know not but by hearsay." Some lax unfounded talk must also have guided Ruffhead, whose apocryphal history of the translation reduces his authority to nothing. He relates that Fenton and Broome translated several books of the Odyssey while Pope was translating the Iliad, that on their asking him to read their manuscript he informed them that he was considerably advanced in a translation of his own, and that to hasten the work he would join their books to his. This fiction is detailed with the unqualified confidence of knowledge, and the £300 is part of the story. Another account of the price paid to Fenton came from his pupil, Mr. Blount. "Fenton," he told Spence, "had £240 of Pope, and Broome £600. Broome asked £500, and upon Mr. Pope saying that was too little, and, Broome naming £700, 'Well then,' says Pope, 'let's split the difference; there's £600 for you.'" The communication of Mr. Blount to Spence cannot have been derived from any trustworthy informant. He mentioned for a fact the fable, amplified later by Ruffhead, that Fenton and Broome started the translation of the Odyssey, and that Pope was a subsequent recruit. The particulars of the payment to Broome are inconsistent with Broome's letter to Pope, nor is it likely that any similar scene should have occurred, or Pope would have pressed home the argument that he had volunteered to give more than Broome originally asked. In the midst of such misreports the remaining circumstance that Fenton got £240 loses all its authenticity. There is no evidence of the slightest value to confront with Broome's attestation that he and Fenton were paid at one rate, and his account in reality is the concurring testimony of both giver and receiver. He must have heard the sum from Fenton, who was not a man to mislead him, and he repeated it in a letter to Pope, who acquiesced in its accuracy. Fenton's friends thought that he was shabbily treated. "His reward," says Lord Orrery, "was a trifle, an arrant trifle."

[2] Pope had unavoidably advanced Broome's fame by associating him in a task which blended their names in literature. In no other sense had he assisted Broome's reputation, but had

As to fortune, Providence had, long before the publication of the Odyssey, blessed me abundantly. I have not possessed so little as 500*l.* annually near twenty years. I was so easy in my fortunes when you published the Iliad, that I was grown above taking any reward for my part of the annotations, and refused all lucrative acknowledgments.[1] I speak not this out of vanity, but gratitude to a gracious God, who enabled me to make an aged father's declension easy, and to be the support of a distressed family. You are no stranger to this history.

Pray my service to Sir Clement Cottrell. I am happy to have a place in his memory. It is an honour to be lodged in a worthy mind; but I fear my name is the most insignificant image there—a fly in amber—a toy in a cabinet of curiosities. I shall always value my life the more while he expresses a concern for it. Yours affectionately.

116. POPE TO BROOME.

Nov. 18, 1735.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to find by your letter that you are in spirits and health, and particularly that you are not fixed to the premises, nor plunged in retreat so much as you used to be; for this gives me a hope that we may one day meet again, and

done his utmost to lower it. He usurped the whole credit of the Odyssey, and did not speak one good word for his coadjutors. He, in particular, treated Broome's help contemptuously in the Dunciad, lamenting the mean, unworthy employment it had been for himself to have spent "three whole years translating with Broome;" and in the Bathos he laughed unmercifully at Broome's poetry. The ardent language of Broome's letter did not accord with the facts, and was therefore probably insincere.

[1] He brought in the remark to remind Pope of the obligation. Broome's long gratuitous labour for Pope unquestionably called for corresponding liberality, and, allowing for Pope's superior position, he cannot be thought to have displayed a generous spirit when, in round numbers, he paid his fellow-translators between £700 and £800 for considerably more than half the task, and kept about £3,700 for himself. He had warned them while the work was in progress that he expected cheap service; for when, in Nov. 1724, he offered to pay Broome by a third part of the supplemental subscriptions, he added, "unless you prefer a certain though small gratuity, as I first proposed by Mr. Fenton to you two years ago." He seemed to promise more largely in his letter of April 6, 1723, where he expresses a hope that through the

that you may once more be not unwilling to look at Twitnam as an old acquaintance, but more improved than the owner of it by so many years. Sir Clement will be as glad to see you as I, and I as glad to see you as ever I was in my life.

I thank you for what you say to me, and am quite content upon that head. You do not tell me whether you sent a line to that scoundrel or not, and if you have not, I think it is better let alone, in your regard, on second thoughts; for I would not have him trifle with your name. It is a sort of disgrace to be but mentioned by him any way, though ever so indifferently; but to be commended by him is downright slander. If you have kept any letters of mine, I am sure they can be of little worth, and may be disagreeable ever to see in his or any other bookseller's hands; for there is little honesty in the profession, whenever the gain of a few shillings comes in their way. I should think it kind in you, and considerate toward me, if you would return them me. None, I promise you, should ever see the light, unless I should find one or two not very contemptible, which might show the world my regard for you, and be a little monument that we were and are friends. I would add another instance of it, by changing that verse in the Dunciad thus:

> Hibernian politics, O Swift, thy fate,
> And Pope's, nine years to comment and translate.[1]

I have therefore sent you my second volume without that poem,

translation he should "put a finishing stroke to all Fenton's moderate desires;" but he was then assuming that his assistants would be induced to trust for their remuneration to a share in the second subscription, and the hope referred to the imaginary sums which might flow in.

[1] The previous editions had it,

> Hibernian politics, O Swift, thy doom,
> And Pope's translating three whole years with Broome.

In a note, Pope denied that any sarcasm was intended, though everybody saw that it was, and as his palinode confesses.—CROKER.

"He concludes his irony," Pope says in the note to which Mr. Croker refers, "with a stroke upon himself; for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person is surely mistaken. The opinion our author had of him was sufficiently shown, by his joining him in the undertaking of the Odyssey. The author only seems to lament that he was employed in translation at all." This note was suppressed when the text was altered, and a new note was put in its place. "The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and com-

till it is so altered in the next edition. It went by the carrier, directed as you prescribed, this week. Adieu, and may all felicity, mental and corporeal, attend you. I am, dear sir, your faithful and affectionate humble servant.

Perhaps you do not know the various fates of your acquaintance. Sir Harry Blount, who was married and separated from his wife, is now going to live with her again upon her submission, and at her desire.

117. BROOME TO POPE.

Dec. 1, 1735.

DEAR MR. POPE,—If the value of letters depended upon the punctuality of the return, I should be the most estimable of all your correspondents; but this excellence is no more than that of the post-boy who carries the letter, and usually with punctuality. When I open my breast to you upon paper, it is but opening a toy shop which affords only trifles. I remember a Spanish Governor in the West Indies, with great gravity and solemnity, sent his whisker in pawn to a merchant for many thousands of crowns. It was accepted as sufficient security. If you can be as easily satisfied, you shall not want such pledges.

I do not wonder at your caution in recovering your letters, after the late publication. Yet, after all, some few passages being retracted, where is the mighty grievance? With the good they certainly do you honour, and the worst that the ill-natured can say is what is no dishonour. You have, like our greatest beauties, shown there is such a thing as an excel-

menting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakespeare, which he undertook because he thought nobody else would, took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the scenery, &c., and the translation of half the Odyssey employed him from that time to 1725." The express purpose of the original note must have been to call attention to the sarcasm it professed to disclaim. If Pope had seriously intended "to lament that he was employed in translation at all," it was obvious that he would not have ignored the six years passed in translating the Iliad, and confined his lamentation to the "three years passed in translating with Broome."

lence in trifling agreeably. It is a Lælius or a Scipio playing with pebbles, and, in my opinion, the humane companion, the dutiful and affectionate son, the compassionate and obliging friend, appear so strongly almost in every page, that I assure you I had rather be the owner of the writer's heart than of the head that has honoured England with Homer, his Essays, Moral Epistles, &c. These gain you honour with men, the other with heaven and angels.

I thank you for the obliging alteration intended in your poem. If I were of your church, I should say it was a kind of releasement from purgatory and from the company of condemned reprobate poets and authors.

I have a desire to reprint my Miscellany, not out of any degree of vanity, but merely to give them a more solemn interment, and to bury my dead in a more decent monument. But Mr. Lintot lays me under difficulties. He expects me to print them at my own expense, and then he would be the vendor. If you can bring him to reason, I will thank you for the obligation.[1] I desire no lucrative favours from him, but solely an opportunity of correcting my negligences.

I have taken the liberty to send you a poem on Death. It has long laid by me. I beg you to read it with your usual patience. I know there are some things common in it, but no wonder when it is wrote on the commonest of all subjects, Death. I flatter myself that where I coincide with the sentiments of others I have done it at least equally poetically.

I hope once more to see you and Twickenham. I would not come to London for Lambeth, but a friend shall always command me. I have long given over all worldly aims. I protest knowing myself a mortal, I am ashamed, even in thought, to wish for any more earthly accessions; and for this best of reasons, because I know there is an immortality. But I will not preach; I will only pray that all happiness may attend you here and hereafter. I am ever yours.

[1] The unreasonable person was Broome. He candidly admitted that his verses were defunct, and that his only motive for republishing them was "to bury his dead in a more decent monument." The book was to be printed, without the prospect of a return, for his single gratification, and what pretext could there be for asking Lintot to be at the loss?

118. POPE TO BROOME.

Jan. 12, [1736].

DEAR SIR,—You may wonder at my long omission to answer yours, though indeed I am grown a very unpunctual correspondent to all my friends, and have wholly desisted from corresponding in general but upon absolute necessity, after so severe an experiment, how much more dangerous it is to me than to any other honest[1] man to tell his private thoughts to his friends. I could not propose to Lintot what you desired all this while, he having been in the country and ill of an asthma, but I will in a short time. Though I have had no correspondence or conference with him these ten years, yet, in your cause, I will try; but I fear I can have no influence with him. I may truly say I approve greatly your verses on Death, and doubt not I shall do the same of your other corrections.

I had also a mind not to write to you till I could perform my promise of altering the line in the Dunciad. I have prevailed with much ado to cancel an impression of a thousand leaves to insert that alteration, which I have seen done, and I will in a week send you the small edition of my works, where you will find it done, by your carrier, when I find the direction whither to direct the books, which I have mislaid. In the meantime, I enclose the leaf. You will observe I have omitted the note as well as the verse, and again told them I translated but half the Odyssey.[2]

Pray, if you find any letters of mine, send them. The sooner I had them the better for the design I mentioned to you. In a word, dear Broome, be assured I love you; and having overleaped the vacancy of our friendship, am as truly as ever yours.

[1] The dishonest were not more liable than the honest to have their letters stolen, and Pope's epithet has here no proper force. But he could seldom approach his frauds without introducing his honesty, and he exemplified South's remark, "When a man talks of his honesty look to your pockets."

[2] He never formally retracted the false account in the Postscript to the Odyssey, and Ruffhead, who had the benefit of Warburton's information, continued to believe in 1769 that Broome's individual share in the translation had been correctly told in the final note.

119. POPE TO BROOME.

TWITENHAM, *March* 25, 1736.

DEAR SIR,—I have been a good while a little surprised, and somewhat in pain, at not having heard from you, after I had sent you what I thought you could not but take kindly, a sacrifice of that leaf in a whole edition of the Dunciad, which alone you could be displeased with. I had discharged at the same time your commission to Lintot, but you know, I suppose, he died the next week after he came to town. I had also expressed my desire to you to enter some fresh memorial of the revival of our old friendship in inserting a letter or two into my collection out of those which you may have chanced to keep of mine, and which you told me you would send up to that end.[1] I hope you received my two volumes octavo[2] before the first of which I caused your kind verses to me to be placed, with the rest of those I esteemed. I directed them all to Mr. Smith, as you ordered, by the carrier from the Saracen's Head, near two months ago. I chiefly fear you may be ill, for I truly wish you health and long life, and shall upon all occasions be glad to show you my disposition is friendly to all mankind, and sorry at any time, whether through mistakes

[1] Pope, Nov. 18, 1735, endeavoured to prevail upon Broome to return his letters, and Broome in his answer, Dec. 1, evaded the subject. The request was renewed by Pope on Jan. 12, 1736, in a more enticing form. In his first application he said, "None, I promise you, should ever see the light, unless I should find one or two not very contemptible which might show the world my regard for you;" but in the second application the uncertain and incidental use became the primary purpose, and Pope said, "The sooner I had them, the better for the design I mentioned to you." This was an appeal to Broome's cherished aspiration, and he yielded some description of assent. As usually happened, Pope and Broome had different objects. Pope wanted to get back his letters, and the commemoration of their friendship was the lure he held out; Broome desired to have the friendship commemorated, and was unwilling to part with the letters. I suspect that his promise to send them meant that he would send the one or two specimens which were to be published, and Pope's third application to Broome did not speed better than the first and second. The opposition in their aims brought the negotiation to nothing. Broome did not give up the letters; and Pope did not commemorate the friendship.

[2] The first and second volume of the new edition of his works.

or too tender resentments, or too warm passions—which are often nearer akin than undiscerning people imagine—to have wounded another. I beg to hear from you, and am sincerely yours.

120.[1] BROOME TO PITT.

March 24, 1741-2.

DEAR MR. PITT,—Methinks I hear you, upon opening this enormous letter, crying out with Æneas to the Sybil in Virgil,

Foliis tantum ne carmina manda;

that is,

Let my friend write, cries Pitt, but briefly write,
And not in folio, folios must affright.

You will find, sir, that I shall pay a due deference to your candour and judgment whenever I have an opportunity of reprinting my verses.[2] It is certain that the best authors are the most favourable, as they certainly are the best judges. A Midas will condemn even Apollo. I speak not ambitiously, for perhaps it would be for my advantage if every reader were a Midas, but I do not wish that all the world should be mistaken for my reputation. I have done as well as I can,—I believe, just

[1] This letter to Christopher Pitt, the translator of Vida's Art of Poetry, and the Æneid, is inserted as the final indication we possess of Broome's feelings to Pope, which, after the alternations of resentment and empty truces, reverted to the admiration and good-will of early years.

[2] Broome had presented Pitt with the last edition of his poems, and on the 21st of January, 1742, wrote to invite his criticisms. "I have made some alterations, which I will in due time send to you, and I now beg you to communicate any objections that occur to you in that volume. I fear my labour is thrown away, and that I am only polishing a pebble. I speak my real fears. If I thought my poetry truly good I would use no disguise." Pitt replied on the 20th of February, "that it was a very difficult task to discover any blemish or even the shadow of a fault," but suggested two or three slight alterations, and it is to these that Broome alludes. "I do not," Pitt said in conclusion, "propose these things as faulty, but, since you put me upon impossibilities, to obey you I was resolved to show this instance of my zeal without knowledge." The inscription on Pitt's monument records that he was "very eminent for the universal candour of his mind," which was his vice in the sense then attached to "candour," and his want in the present meaning of the word.

above contempt, and just below envy. I now speak proudly, for this was once the ambition of a King.[1] You will see that I am not satisfied with my own productions, because I frequently alter them, and graft upon my old stock; but yet it is but to graft a crab upon a crab. The tree may shade, but the fruit not be worth gathering. Add after line the second, page 194,[2] as follows:

To nobler themes[3] thy muse triumphant soars,
Mounts through the tracts of air, and heav'n explores!
Say, has some seraph tuned thy well-tuned lyre,
Or deigned to touch thy hallowed lips with fire?
For sure such sounds exalt th'immortal string
As Heav'n approves, and raptured angels sing;
Ah! how I listen while the moral lay
Lifts me from earth above the solar way;
Ah! how I look with scorn on pompous crowns,
And pity monarchs on their splendid thrones,
While, thou my guide, I trace all nature's laws
By just gradation to the sov'reign cause!
Pleased I survey how varying schemes unite
Worlds with the atom, angels with the mite,
And end in God, high-throned above all height,
Who sees, as Lord of all, with equal eye,
Here a proud tyrant perish, there a fly.
Methinks I view the patriarch's ladder rise,
Its base on earth, its summit in the skies,
Each wondrous step by glorious angels trod,
And heav'n unfolding to the throne of God.
Be this thy praise: I haunt the lowly bow'r,
Sport by the spring, or paint the blooming flow'r,
Nor dares the muse attempt an arduous height,
Views her own lowness, &c.

After "priestess spoke," conclude with these lines:

Oh, Pope, from earliest youth my friend, my fame,
Still aid my verse, indulgent to my name:
Teach me, oh, teach, to sound the well-tuned lyre;
Teach me to catch and emulate thy fire!
Then, when these closing eyes shall bid adieu
To all they once held dear, and ev'n to you,
My muse, distinguished from the vulgar lot,
Shall live through thee, thee only, not forgot:

[1] James I.—BROOME.

[2] The proposed additions belong to the piece first published in the fifth edition of Pope's Miscellany, 1727, and entitled To Mr. Pope on his correcting my Verses. The new lines, I believe, were not printed during the life-time of either Pope or Broome.

[3] Essay on Man.—BROOME.

Then, warmed by sacred friendship's gen'rous flame,
Perhaps thou'lt mention, not unpraised, my name;
Perhaps wilt bid the tear humane descend,
And, sighing, say—alas! there lies my friend.[1]

I fear, dear friend, you will laugh to see me take such pains about my poor remains. I am endeavouring to embalm them; yet, like those of Cleopatra and the Ptolemies, a few years hence they may more than probably be sold as aromatics to grocers or apothecaries.[2]

But harkye, a word with you. At the conclusion of the sixth book of Virgil, when Anchises relates the funeral of his descendant, he says, *Purpureos spargam*, &c. Here Anchises anticipates the funeral, appears chief mourner at it, and personally performs the last solemn offices. How do you render this? You speak at large, and only say "bring flowers," &c., and these honours shall be paid. By whom? You leave us in the dark, and give us leave to suppose that Anchises has no hand in the affair, and therefore you lose the pathetic lamentation of the noble ancestor. Remember, Virgil here excels, and we expect it from his translator. Dryden, &c., have all been more particular. You will consider if this observation has any weight.[3] Let no false compliment be paid to my judgment. It is sufficient for me to intend well, as I shall always do, when you hear from your affectionate friend.

[1] "I beg pardon," says Pitt, in his reply to this letter, on May 10, 1742, "for so long delaying an answer to your last, and thanking you for the pleasure your verses to Mr. Pope afforded me. I think they are extremely fine and correct." Pitt's "universal candour," or suavity, was again in excess. The lines are put together from Pope's own works, and are an extreme specimen of the parrot-poetry ridiculed in the Bathos.

[2] The sentiment was natural, and is distinct from Broome's former profession, that without any motive of vanity he desired to have a new edition of his poems for the sole purpose of re-burying them. He now spoke as a man who had a modest hope that they might live, and a stronger foreboding that they would perish; but if perchance they should survive, he was anxious that they should exist in the best form he could bestow upon them. The ruling ambition of his life had been to win from the world the title conferred upon him by his college associates, and with an inner consciousness of the illusion he had a satisfaction in "nursing the fond deceit" that posterity might possibly call him "poet."

[3] Pitt answered, "I entirely acquiesce in your observation on the translation of 'purpureos, etc.;' and to which I shall pay a due regard."

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

POPE AND LORD OXFORD.

FROM 1721 TO 1739.

Two of the letters in this section were published in the quarto of 1737, three are from the originals in the British Museum, and the remainder are from the originals at Longleat. The letters of Pope to Edward, Earl of Oxford, were returned after Pope's death, by his executor Mr. Murray, to Lord Oxford's daughter, the Duchess of Portland. "I found them," writes Mr. Murray to the duchess, July 26, 1744, "tied up with a label, For Lord Oxford."

1.[1] POPE TO ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD.

FROM MY LORD HARLEY'S IN DOVER STREET.

Oct. 21, 1721.

MY LORD,—Your lordship may be surprised at the liberty I take in writing to you, though you will allow me always to remember, that you once permitted me that honour, in conjunction with some others who better deserved it.[2] Yet I hope you will not wonder I am still desirous to have you think me your grateful and faithful servant; but I own I have an ambition yet farther to have others think me so, which is the occasion I give your lordship the trouble of this. Poor

[1] Published by Pope in the quarto of 1737, and printed here from the original letter in the Oxford papers, which is nearly the same with the quarto text.

[2] Swift, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Parnell, who, together with Pope, were accustomed to despatch little notes in rhyme to Lord Oxford, soliciting him to join the Scriblerus club in Arbuthnot's apartment at St. James's palace.

Parnell, before he died, left me the charge of publishing these few remains of his. I have a strong desire to make them, their author, and their publisher, more considerable, by addressing and dedicating them all to you. There is a pleasure in bearing testimony to truth; and a vanity perhaps, which at least is as excusable as any vanity can be. I beg you, my lord, to allow me to gratify it, in prefixing this paper of honest verses[1] to the book. I send the book itself, which I dare say you will receive more satisfaction in perusing, than you can from anything written upon the subject of yourself. Therefore I am a good deal in doubt, whether you will care for such an addition to it. I will only say for it that it is the only dedication I ever writ,[2] and shall be, whether you permit it or not: for I will not bow the knee to a less man than my Lord Oxford, and I expect to see no greater in my time.[3]

[1] The dedication in verse, which Pope afterwards called An Epistle to Robert, Earl of Oxford. During the Oxford administration Parnell renounced the whigs, and attached himself to the present dispensers of preferment. His personal intimacy with Lord Oxford was slight, and his chief hold upon him was through Swift.

[2] This is a strange assertion. The dedication is dated Sept. 25, 1721, and in 1714 Pope had formally dedicated the Rape of the Lock to Miss Fermor, and, in 1720, the translation of the Iliad to Congreve. Each of his Pastorals and Windsor Forest were inscribed to particular persons, and he afterwards continued the practice in his Dunciad, Moral Essays, and Imitations of Horace. Few poets have turned their pieces to more account in paying tributes to individuals.

[3] Either Pope descended to flattery, or he subsequently formed a juster estimate of Lord Oxford. "He was not a very capable minister," Pope said to Spence, "and had a good deal of negligence into the bargain. He used to send trifling verses from the court to the Scriblerus club almost every day, and would come and talk idly with them almost every night, even when his all was at stake. He was huddled in his thoughts, and obscure in his manner of delivering them. He talked of business in so confused a manner that you did not know what he was about, and everything he went to tell you was in the epic way, for he always began in the middle." Pope could not have had a better opinion of his honour than of his intellect, since he believed that Lord Oxford "put on the appearance" to the jacobite leaders of being in "the pretender's interest," and then "betrayed them by making his peace with the present," that is, the Hanoverian "family, without their knowledge." A scholastic education, a passion for collecting books and manuscripts, and a pride in the society of literary men, had failed to impregnate his dull and meagre understanding with any command of language, or taste in composition. He had mastered the rules of parliament. The rest of his knowledge was superficial, and in politics, which were his

After all, if your lordship will tell my Lord Harley that I must not do this, you may depend upon a total suppression of

proper pursuit, he never soared above pitiful intrigues, though he affected an air of secrecy and importance which might be supposed to cover profound designs, and in reality was a cloak to conceal the barrenness of his mind. His scanty ideas were nevertheless more than he could methodise, and his misty talk was broken, and often unintelligible. Artifice supplied the place of talent. He belonged to the race of ambiguous politicians, exposed with scornful humour by Burke, who were courted by all parties, because every party had a chance of their support, and none could rely upon it. Bred a dissenter, Harley kept chaplains of various sects at his table, and among them a clergyman of the established church. An extreme whig in politics, he discovered whig reasons for voting with the tory opposition, and whigs and tories, churchmen and dissenters, agreed in their efforts to conciliate him. Gradually he found his interest in declaring for the church and toryism, but he had no sooner crept into supreme power through the underhand agency of the queen's waiting woman than he recommenced his old cajoleries, and encouraged all kinds of persons to believe that they might expect his countenance and patronage. "His humour," says Lord Cowper, "was never to deal clearly or openly, and to love tricks, even where not necessary, but from an inward satisfaction he took in applauding his own cunning. If any man was ever born under a necessity of being a knave, he was." In John Bull, which his friend Arbuthnot wrote to advance his cause, his usual mode of proceeding is exemplified by evasive expedients, and he is described as "nuzzling like an eel in the mud." His rise to the post of first minister was his ruin. Of enlarged statemanship he had no conception, and the common routine of government fell into disgraceful confusion from his incapacity for business, his inveterate indolence and procrastination, and the further delays induced by the consciousness that every step he took, and every appointment he made, must dissipate the deceitful and contradictory hopes he had kindled. A brief lease of power laid bare his insincerity and incompetence to the queen, his colleagues, the parliament, and the country, and he was flung aside with contempt. "The queen," wrote Erasmus Lewis to Swift, July 27, 1714, "has told all the lords the reasons of her parting with him, viz., that he neglected all business; that he was seldom to be understood; that when he did explain himself she could not depend upon the truth of what he said; that he never came to her at the time she appointed; that he often came drunk; lastly, to crown all, he behaved himself toward her with bad manners, indecency, and disrespect." In a few days the queen was dead, and on Aug. 1 Lord Oxford attended at the proclamation of her successor. "He was hissed all the way by the mob," Ford wrote to Swift, "and some of them threw halters into his coach. This was not the effect of party, for the Duke of Ormond was huzzaed through the whole city." A few hissed Bolingbroke, but "the acclamations immediately drowned the noise." "Not a single man showed the least respect" to Lord Oxford, and Ford adds, "I doubt he has disobliged both sides so much that neither will ever own him," which truly expressed the lasting result of his shallow manœuvres.

these verses, the only copy whereof I send you. But you never shall suppress, that great, sincere, and entire admiration and respect with which I am, my lord, your most faithful, most obedient, and most humble servant.

2.[1] ROBERT, EARL OF OXFORD, TO MR. POPE.

BRAMPTON CASTLE, *Nov.* 6, 1721.

SIR,—I received your packet, which could not but give me great pleasure, to see you preserve an old friend in your memory; for it must needs be very agreeable to be remembered by those we highly value. But then how much shame did it cause me, when I read your very fine verses enclosed? My mind reproached me how far short I came of what your great friendship and delicate pen would partially describe me. You ask my consent to publish it: to what straits does this reduce me? I look back indeed to those evenings I have usefully and pleasantly spent, with Mr. Pope, Mr. Parnell, Dean Swift, the doctor, &c. I should be glad the world knew you admitted me to your friendship, and since your affection is too hard for your judgment, I am contented to let the world know how well Mr. Pope can write upon a barren subject. I return you an exact copy of the verses, that I may keep the original, as a testimony of the only error you have been guilty of. I hope very speedily to embrace you in London, and to assure you of the particular esteem and friendship wherewith I am your, &c.

3. POPE TO LORD HARLEY.

TWITENHAM, *Feb.* 6, 1721 [-2].

MY LORD,—I was so entirely taken up with the honour you did me the last time, when I so abruptly broke upon your lordship at dinner, that I quite forgot a commission I have long had from the Duchess of Buckingham, and which your long absence from the town has hindered my obeying till now. She

[1] Published in the quarto of 1737.

laid her commands upon me to put into your hands the duke's tragedies, which she has kept from all eyes beside,[1] and depends on your lordship's honour you will not show to any one. I cannot but think her grace judges right, in keeping any thing from the common view, till it is published, having myself often known instances of the best, as well as worst, pieces, suffering by it.[2] If your lordship will pardon my not asking your leave to send them sooner, I shall reap the benefit of my neglect, in coming myself to bring them to you next week.

I beg to lay hold of the opportunity this gives me, of expressing, though in never so short a manner, yet in a very sincere one, how truly I am, my lord, your most obedient and most faithful humble servant.

I entreat your lordship to give me your permission, as the only title I have, to name myself my Lady Harriet Harley's[3] most humble servant.

[1] They were printed sheets from the forthcoming edition of the posthumous works of the Duke of Buckingham, who died Feb. 27, 1721.

[2] Through the unfavourable verdict which was sometimes pronounced upon them. No one could have been anxious to share with Lord Harley his doleful privilege.

[3] Lady Harley, who was christened Henrietta, grew up with the name of Harriet, which was probably considered the fonder appellation, Henrietta being the feminine form of Henry, and Harriet of Harry. She was the only child of John Holles, Duke of Newcastle, who was mortally bruised by a fall from his horse when stag hunting, and died July 17, 1711. He was a hoarder of money, and amassed enormous wealth. He made his sister's son his principal heir, and his daughter, who was "cheated," Swift says, "by her father," had to put up with a fortune which was variously estimated at from sixteen to twenty-six thousand a year. The Harleys were an old family, but neither rich nor ennobled, and young Harley was thought a match beneath such a prize. To attain dignities which would qualify his son for the alliance, was said by Lord Bolingbroke to have been "the ultimate end of Robert Harley's administration." After protracted negociations the marriage took place on Oct. 31, 1713. A part of the calculation with the friends of the bride was, no doubt, the prospect that the influence of Lord Oxford might one day induce the queen to bestow on the husband the extinct dukedom of Newcastle. Thomas Pelham, the nephew to whom John Holles left more than half his property, trusted on his side to the ascendancy of the whigs, and carried off the title. He obtained his uncle's honours in 1715, as he had succeeded to the bigger share of his possessions. He was the minister Duke of Newcastle who survived till 1768, a power in the state, and the laughing-stock of the kingdom.

4. LORD HARLEY TO POPE.

DOVER STREET, *Feb.* 10, 1721-2.

SIR,—I am obliged to you for the favour of your letter. I am very sensible of the honour the Duchess of Buckingham does me and I hope I shall not forfeit the trust she is pleased to repose in me. I shall very religiously obey the injunction of not letting any person see the papers. They will be much more acceptable when brought by yourself, for I am extremely glad of any opportunity to enjoy your company, and you extremely oblige me whenever you are pleased to afford me your conversation, for I am with a true esteem your most humble servant.

5. POPE TO LORD HARLEY.

TWITENHAM, *Feb.* 13, 1722-3.

MY LORD,—I think myself obliged, after the permission you gave me, and even made it your request, that I should send you a paper of Proposals,[1] to tell your lordship the reason I did not. I find such a cry upon me, however unreasonable, about the duke's books,[2] and from persons, from whose educa-

[1] For the translation of the Odyssey.

[2] A royal licence to protect the copyright of the Duke of Buckingham's works was signed on April 18, 1722, by Lord Carteret, one of the secretaries of state. Before the book appeared the ministers learned that it contained passages in favour of the pretender. The times were critical. The irritation and distress produced by the speculative mania in 1721 revived the hopes of the jacobites, and they planned a rebellion in 1722. The government received information of the plot, they were still engaged in tracking and prosecuting the conspirators, and they could not knowingly affix their sanction to the treason they were hunting down. The entire impression of the book was seized, the obnoxious leaves were cut out, and the mutilated copies returned to the publisher. The licence was said to have been procured through Pope, and he was censured for concealing that the book for which he asked the king's licence had passages which were directed against the king's throne. The inconsistency was probably a venial oversight. Pope preferred a more thorough and less honest defence. He addressed a letter of self-vindication to Lord Carteret, Feb. 16, 1723, in which, speaking of "the Duke of Buckingham's book," he says, "I now think myself obliged

tion and quality one might expect a more sensible proceeding, that I am advised by Lord Harcourt, to defer pushing this subscription till a more seasonable time. I know your lordship's temper so well, that it will be a pain to you to delay doing good to one you honour with a share of your friendship; and I am sure the mortification will be greater to you, than to me. Indeed I am pretty indifferent as to having any more stakes, or giving any more hostages, to the public, who seldom use a man well so long as they have done me, and one must expect a bad run, after any continuance of a good one, in the common reputation, as well as in the common fortune of the world. If our governors are displeased at me, I am not fond of being the slave of the public against its will,[1] for three years more. Let the Odyssey remain untranslated, or let them employ Mr. Tickell upon it.

My mother's illness not only gave me the concern I ought to feel for her, but another for myself, in depriving me of the satisfaction of being among so many more of those, who wish, with me, the welfare and long life of all your lordship's family. I thought of you all yesterday, and drank the young lady's health with my sick mother. I beg Lady Harriet's acceptance of my sincere services, and your lordship's belief of my being always my Lord Oxford's and, my lord, your most faithful servant.

6. POPE TO LORD HARLEY.

[1723.]

MY LORD,—I am of a sudden made to determine, forthwith to push the affair of my subscription, and therefore I set your

to assure you, that I never looked into those papers, nor was privy to the contents of them." This was a direct untruth. He was the actual editor of the work, and before the "cry upon him" arose, he had written to Caryll, "I have the care of overlooking the Duke of Buckingham's papers, and correcting the press. That will be a very beautiful book, and has many things in it you will be particularly glad to see in relation to some former reigns."

[1] The "cry upon him" had taught Pope that, if "our governors" refused to countenance the subscription to the Homer on the ground of his conduct in procuring the licence, the public would also withhold their support.

lordship at full liberty to do me all the good you can, which I know you will, with the town, particularly to take the inclosed paper with you to the House of Commons.[1] I will add nothing but what I think I need not assure you of, for it is what I cannot but be, your lordship's most obliged, most faithful servant.

7. POPE TO LORD HARLEY.

TWITENHAM, *Aug.* 24, 1723.

MY LORD,—At my return home, I find you are not content with doing me all favours, and showing me all kind distinctions, but you extend them to my mother in my absence, whose health she tells me you sent purposely to inquire of. I now not only desire, but want, and long, to read the remains of Mr. Prior.[2] My respect for him living extends to his memory; and give me leave to say, in this I resemble your lordship, that it dies not with his person.[3] I will honestly tell you my

[1] Lord Harley was returned for the county of Cambridgeshire at the general election of 1722.

[2] "All my manuscripts," said Prior in his will, "whether of my public employments, or private studies, I leave to my Lord Harley, and Mr. Adrian Drift, or either of them." Drift, who is described in the will as "my secretary whilst I was in public employments, and my friend and companion in private life," resigned the collection to Lord Harley, and numerous volumes of Prior's diplomatic despatches, private correspondence, and manuscript works, published and unpublished, are among the Oxford papers at Longleat.

[3] Lord Harley's daughter, the Duchess of Portland, said that Prior "made himself beloved by every living thing in the house,—master, child, and servant, human creature or animal." His prevailing vice was an addiction to low amours, which were bad enough to discredit him in the eyes of a generation not fastidious in morals. A letter from Bolingbroke to Swift, Jan. 1, 1722, reflects upon Lord Harley for his want of liberality to his friend. "I am sorry that our old acquaintance Mat lived so poor as you represent him. I thought that a certain lord had put him above want. Prior might justly enough have addressed himself to his patron as Aristippus did to Dionysius: 'You have money which I want; I have wit and knowledge which you want.'" The imputation was a mistake. Lord Harley's generosity is acknowledged with gratitude in Prior's will, and Prior did not "live poor." He had a house in town, a house in the country, and the run of the houses of Lord Harley, with whom he resided a large part of the year. Speaking of the Harleys and Wimpole, he says to Lord Chesterfield, Jan. 14, 1721, "For four months past I have

fair opinion of each particular, and be as severe as I would to my best living friend, or as I would have my best friend be to me.

I have been so long from home, that I must retire into myself a while, to recover a disposition to study or thinking. Nothing will be more serviceable to me in this, than the book I expect from you, and for which I send the bearer. I beg my services to Lady Harriet Harley and am with all sincerity, my lord, your most obliged obedient servant.

8. POPE TO LORD HARLEY.

SUNDAY, *Sept.* 29, 1723.

MY LORD,—It was really an additional trouble to me when I was so ill, not to be able to wait on you either at morning or noon. I came fasting home to Twitenham, where I always recover soonest, and have had a pretty good night; but my head and eyes are yet extremely disordered by the straining and vomiting for nine or ten hours yesterday. Your lordship therefore will excuse me for expressing myself ill, but I could no longer delay giving you some account of my trust, in relation to Mr. Prior's papers. The greater part I think are very good, and correct for the most part, but some of the very best written, I believe your lordship will judge with me, ought not to be published. I mean some satires on the French king, and some that touch people yet living, or their fathers.[1] Some

been hid in Cambridgeshire in a place I much love, and with a family I much respect." When he was tired of Wimpole he could withdraw to his private retreat at Down Hall, and his letter to Lord Chesterfield bears witness to the easy contentment he enjoyed there. "I have repaired my own farm, am cutting walks through a little wood, and making a fish pond that will hold ten carps, and when I have done this in little, pray tell me what had a Cicero or Pliny to wish, what could a Condé or Chesterfield enjoy more than the same thing in a larger volume?"

[1] The opinion of Pope, before he had himself turned satirist, against printing satires which touched "the living or their fathers," is especially to be noted. Prior's own judgment was opposed to it. "From the prospect," he said, "of some little fortune to be made, and friendship to be cultivated with the great men, I did not launch much into satire, which, however agreeable for the present to the writers and encouragers of it, does neither of them good."

others Mr. Prior himself thought it prudent to disown, when surreptitiously printed by Curll, and methinks it would make a wrong figure to ascribe them to him after such a public denial,[1] though really his. But of this your lordship, who have doubtless considered all this, will, and ought to be, the determinate judge, who show the same goodness and tenderness to the memory, that you did to the person, of your friend. I cannot but say with a secret sigh, few poets have this good fortune, though there be one more of that class, greatly honoured by you, besides Mr. Prior. I wish he deserved it as well.

I have marked with a D. the beginning of every poem which I think should be omitted, both such as I mentioned just now, and any which seemed to me inferior to the rest, or not so fit for the public.[2] As to alterations here and there of particular lines, or the like, those will easily be made as the sheets are at the press. If your lordship would have the manuscript again before you leave the town, I will send it, but I could be glad it lay in my hands till your return, if there is no objection to it.

My lord, I beg yours and Lady Harriet's acceptance of my sincerest respects and best wishes. No man I assure you is more faithful in the first, or more warm in the last, than, my lord, your most obliged obedient, and humble servant.

I would fain wait sometimes on my Lord Oxford, during your stay in the country, if I knew the times of the day that would be the least improper.

I should be very glad of a better copy than I have of Mr. Prior's picture from Rigaud, and an acquaintance of mine has a particular liking to my copy. If your lordship cares to lend yours to my house to be copied, I will be very careful of it,

[1] "A collection of poems," Prior said in the preface to his own edition, "has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publisher has given me the honour of some things that did not belong to me."

[2] The manuscript volume with Pope's marks is among the Oxford papers at Longleat, but it does not contain the satires on the French king, nor any other unpublished poem of the slightest value.

or else the painter may do it where you please. If you please to give your servants any order, I will send and enquire in Dover Street.

9. POPE TO LORD HARLEY.

TWITNAM, *Monday, March* 23, 1723–4.

MY LORD,—I ever find myself most heartily obliged by you. Your lordship's kind letter was a sincere pleasure to me. Indeed my head was too giddy of the fever I have had, to write even a few words, when I sent my messenger. May this, with faithfulness, assure you, that though I think myself at present out of danger, yet in no circumstance that can happen to my own health or life, I shall forget to wish for that of yourself and whole family, to which I am as firmly attached, as if by a longer possession, theirs and your lordship's ever sincere servant.

10. POPE TO EDWARD, EARL OF OXFORD.[1]

TWITNAM, *Sept.* 22, 1724.

MY LORD,—I should really think myself no way worthy the honour of a part in your regard, if I was not perfectly sincere in all my professions to your lordship, even to small

[1] Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, died May 21, 1724, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and was succeeded by his only son, Edward, Lord Harley, who was thirty-six. The fall of Robert Harley had been, like his rise, undignified. The waiting-woman who made him prime minister was resolved to unmake him, and spoke of him with scorn to his face. "Notwithstanding," writes Arbuthnot, July 17, 1714, "he visits, cringes, flatters, etc., which is beyond my comprehension." "I would no more have suffered and done what he has," Arbuthnot wrote four days before, "than I would have sold myself to the gallies." When all his submissions were unavailing he passed from abject subservience to rabid threats. "He broke out," says his secretary, Erasmus Lewis, "into a fiery passion, and swore a thousand oaths he would be revenged. This impotent, womanish behaviour, vexes me more than his being out." The death of the queen involved vanquished and vanquishers in a common disgrace. Lord Oxford immediately paid court to the new powers, and only drew upon himself fresh humiliation. "He has certainly," Ford wrote to Swift,

things; therefore I hope you believed the intention I expressed of waiting on you at Wimpole, which unfeignedly would be a great pleasure to me, and one I have long, and much desired, in my heart. The Duchess of Buckingham has challenged a prior promise of attending her to Leighs,[1] from whence I design to travel on to your lordship by the way of Ware. What I apprehend is, that she will not go out of London till the middle of next week, and I fear that may be so late as to come full upon your journey to Bath. I therefore beg the favor of a line to know precisely what will be the latest time that you shall be to be found at Wimpole, that I may manage accordingly, or, if possible, hasten my way to you. Next Saturday I shall be in London (which I have never once seen since your lordship's removal) and a letter directed to Lord Bathurst's[2] will reach me.

I would fain some way or other express what I really am in regard to your lordship, and the sense I shall ever have of so many instances of obliging favour to me. I can only say, I from my soul esteem those uncommon qualities of true honour, true greatness, and true virtue.[3] This made me your great

Aug. 14, "made advances of civility to the whigs which they have returned with the utmost contempt." They impeached him a year later, and he was sent to the Tower. His entire career had been that of a creeping intriguer, who practised ignoble arts. and stooped to mean compliances, for the sake of place, and it is one of the anomalies of human nature that having hitherto appeared destitute of manly virtues, he exhibited a masculine intrepidity the moment his life was at stake. No treason was proved against him, and after being shut up for two years, he was discharged from custody July 3, 1717. He emerged from his confinement without a follower. "All he can say," wrote Arbuthnot, Oct. 19, 1714, "will not give him one single friend amongst the whole party," and the remark continued true from the hour it was uttered to the close of Lord Oxford's days. He relinquished the struggle, seldom appeared in parliament, sank deeper into the sloth which had been the reproach a jest of his friends, and having been always intemperate, resigned himself to a sottishness that hastened his end.

[1] Leighs in Essex, where the Duke of Buckingham had an estate, is six or seven miles from Chelmsford.

[2] In St. James's Square.

[3] Prior said of Lord Harley that he was *amabilis*, and of Lady Harriet that she was *adoranda*. Edward, Lord Oxford, was kind-hearted, friendly, and munificent. In understanding he was below mediocrity. His love for books and manuscripts did not extend to their contents, he was a cipher in public life, and unequal to the management of his private affairs. Lady Oxford was dull and worthy. Lady Mary W. Montagu's daughter, afterwards Lady Bute, would some-

father's admirer: I could not help it, and have no merit therefore in it; and yet I think that was all that recommended me to yourself. I wish my future life may be such as to manifest something that might be a more peculiar claim to the distinction you show me, in proving with what truth, and to what degree, I am your whole family's, and particularly your own, most faithful, most obliged and most sincere servant.

11. EDWARD, EARL OF OXFORD, TO POPE.

WIMPOLE, *Sept.* 25, 1724.

SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for the favour of yours I received last post. I do not know any letter has given me so much pleasure and satisfaction, because you tell me you are resolved to see this place this year. I shall not move from hence above these three weeks. I do not pretend to alter your resolution of waiting upon the Duchess of Buckingham at her house in Essex, but I would only suggest this, as this place is much the farthest from London, why should you not come here first and go from hence to her grace's? My fear is lest the rains should come, and the ways from Leighs to London are much better than from me to Ware. I shall be glad to know what you resolve to do, and when you design to move. Pray let me know when you will be at Ware, because I will send a servant to meet you that you might not be misled.[1] The bearer of this will call on Monday morning to know if you have any commands.

times exclaim, "Dear mamma, how can you be so fond of that stupid woman?" and Lady Mary would reply, "Lady Oxford is not shining, but she has much more in her than such giddy things as you, and your companions, can discern." "She heartily detested," says Lady Louisa Stuart, "most of the wits who surrounded her husband," and "she hated Pope," said the Duchess of Portland.

[1] Those who did not go by coach frequently performed long journeys with the same horses that they set out with, content to advance by moderate stages, and take their ease at inns or the houses of friends. Travellers, ignorant of their road, engaged a local guide, and though he did sometimes "mislead" them, it is likely that Lord Oxford's intention of sending a servant was to save Pope the expense of an extra man and horse from Ware to Wimpole.

You make me ashamed when you set so high a value upon my poor endeavours to serve you. I will allow nobody to esteem, to value, or love you more than I do, and I do so from the conviction that you are the best poet, the truest friend, and the best natured man. These are characters that are extremely amiable, but very seldom fall to the share of one man to possess in such a degree as you do. I shall wait with great impatience to know when I shall be so happy as to see you under this roof. I am, sir, your most affectionate, humble servant.

12. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWITENHAM, *Sept.* 29, 1724.

MY LORD,—I had no sooner manifested my intentions to your lordship, but that ill fortune, which generally has made me unable to put into act, or render any of my intentions toward my friends effectual, has stopped me here, much against my will. For my mother was taken ill the day I writ to you, and yet continues so. The duchess, I hear, does not go to Leighs as yet, and if she recovers,[1] I will not stay for her, but fly directly to Wimpole, by the way of Ware, or call and lie one night at Mr. Cæsar's;[2] and so return by way of Leighs. Of this your lordship shall be certified, since I see you are so good as really to desire to be troubled with me; for I shall always do you the compliment, and, as the world goes, a great one it is, to believe everything you say, literally. I would not defer writing this very first post, though in the utmost hurry, occasioned by her illness, and the discharge of two servants, which are a great revolution and change of ministry in a small family. But I must take more time to assure you with what true sense of your favour, and with what solid satisfaction in it, I am ever, my lord, your most obliged, most faithful servant.

[1] The Duchess of Buckingham was not ill, and Pope's meaning must be that "if his *mother* recovers he will not stay for the duchess."

[2] Charles Cæsar, the member for the town of Hertford, lived at Benington Place in the county of Hertfordshire.

13. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Oct. 8, 1724.

MY LORD,—I should be unworthy of that which I above all things desire to deserve—your lordship's good opinion—if I was not thoroughly vexed, and thoroughly disappointed, at this accident which has hindered my absolute resolutions of waiting upon you, notwithstanding the accident itself be one which, to a man of your humanity, will seem rather melancholy than piquing or vexatious. My poor mother's illness, and that dispiritedness which attends illness in old people, makes me afraid, as well as troubled, to leave her. Besides, having watched every day for a fortnight past, till she might be enough on the mending hand, I find the time of your lordship's departure for Bath drawn too nigh to satisfy me in so short a stay with you. As to the duchess, I had put it off till my return from Wimpole, but now, too, I find she is not gone yet; so that I had my full liberty to have travelled directly first to you. The other objections are too strong, and you had heard of them sooner, but that I daily was in some hopes of getting to you. I am heartily disappointed, and so is another man, of the *virtuoso* class, as well as I; and in my notions, of the higher kind of class, since gardening is more antique, and nearer God's own work, than poetry,—I mean Bridgman,[1]—whom I had tempted to accompany me to you. My lord, pray think well of me, that is, think me your true honourer, and your faithful, obliged, and obedient servant.

I had the satisfaction to hear from Dr. Arbuthnot that my Lady Oxford was pretty well.

[1] He was a landscape gardener by profession. He has two claims to distinction in the history of his art,—he was the first who began to break in upon "the rigid symmetry" of the old rectangular designs, and he was the inventor of sunk fences, which Horace Walpole says were "then deemed so astonishing that the common people called them Ha Ha's, to express their surprise at finding a sudden and unperceived check to their walk." The innovation was greatly admired, and brought new changes in its train. The contiguous ground outside the fence had "to be harmonised," says Walpole, "with the lawn within, and the gar-

14. LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

WIMPOLE, *Oct.* 26, 1724.

SIR,—It is not possible for me to be more pleased than I was with the hopes you gave me of seeing you here this year, except the real enjoyment of your company, and, consequently, when I found I was not to expect you, the disappointment made the greater impression, and the reason of your not being able to come, the illness of your mother, which I know, from your own tenderness and good-nature, gives you great trouble, so it is an addition to my grief. I could almost talk like a fond woman upon this occasion, but I will not give myself to despair, but hope that next year will be more fortunate to me.

I remember you are a lover of brawn. I shall next week send you a collar. I am, with true respect, sir, your most humble servant.

I hope Mrs. Pope is well. Pray present my humble service to her. You have forgot to send me the copy of verses upon Durfey.[1] Pray how goes Homer on under Lintot?

15. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWITENHAM, *Nov.* 6, 1724.

MY LORD,—I faithfully assure you I never was so unwilling to fear what has since happened, and never so sorry to give way to any obstacle to my desires, as when the apprehension of my poor mother's illness put a stop to my resolution of waiting on your lordship. And nothing in nature could have hindered my repenting that I did not see you, but what has unfortunately authorised my stay, namely, my poor mother's ensuing fever, in which she now lies in the last danger of life.

den was set free from its prim regularity that it might assort with the wilder country without."

[1] Verses occasioned by Mr. Durfey's adding an etc. at the end of his name. In imitation of Voiture's Neuf-Germain. They were printed by Curll in 1726, and by Pope in 1728.

I am sure if your lordship could, as you obligingly say, talk like a fond woman upon this occasion, I have doubly a cause now to do so. And I am confident your own heart will bear me testimony that no woman's tenderness can exceed that of a reasonable and grateful man who loses a kind parent, which I am every hour now expecting. At this season, really, my lord, any one to whom I can sit down to write a part of what fills my heart, must have no small share in it. It is a natural effort of my mind to communicate itself thus to you, whom I know to have so true a feeling of this melancholy circumstance.

I received the present you sent me,[1] and want to have you come to town, as one of the props I am to lean upon (pardon the familiarity of such an expression) when my best friend is gone. Yet God knows how long it may be before I can go thither, whether she lives or dies. I am, with great sense of all your favour, and a sincere esteem and respect, my lord, your most faithful servant.

I hope all that belongs to you are well, and heartily pray for the continuance of all that is, by any tie, dear to your lordship.

16. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWITENHAM, *Dec.* 12, 1724.

MY LORD,—I troubled your lordship with a few lines at a time, when I just expected to lose the most valuable thing I had in the world—a tender parent. And nothing but the certainty of your lordship's humanity in general, as well as friendliness to me in particular, could excuse my taking upon me to interest you so far in what was purely a concern of my own. Since that time I have been so happy as to see her still alive, though in a weak, languishing condition, which, at so advanced an age as hers, we are yet obliged to call a recovery. God knows for how little a time he lends her to me; long, it cannot be; and I am still in constant attendance upon her in

[1] The collar of brawn.

the country, excepting one day that I stole to town, more, I assure you, in hope of finding you there, with one or two of those I most value, than for any other motive; though if ever I attend my subscription I must do it now, the time of publication drawing so nigh, and I not having, through this unfortunate accident, yet published the Proposals to the town. I am at last determined to do it, and to take no further care about it than to publish it, since I really cannot leave my poor mother on any account whatever. I must desire to know in what manner to treat your lordship and Lady Oxford in the printed list which I am to annex to this Proposal? If I were to set you down for as many subscriptions as you have procured me, half my list would lie at your door, and I might fairly make you a benefactor of the greatest number. Yet as I am sensible you care not to be known for the good you do, I am afraid to put you down in any distinguishing manner; and yet again, I cannot bear but the world should know that you do distinguish me. I have set down the Duchess and Duke of Buckingham for five sets. Will you allow me to do the same to yourself and Lady Oxford? Mr. Walpole and Lord Townshend are set down for ten each.[1] I would not deny my obligations; and it is all I owe them. But to the duchess and to your lordship I would keep some measures. I am so much, and ever like to be so much, in hers and your debt, that I will never tell how much without your absolute command or leave. Let but the whole world know you favour me, and let me enjoy to myself the satisfaction of knowing to what degree? I have kept back my Proposal from the press till I have the honour of your commands on the subject.

In the melancholy and hurry I have been, I had forgot to send the verses on Durfey. Here they are as much corrected as they deserve, that is, but little. It would be a sincere satisfaction to me to hear that your lordship, Lady Oxford, and Lady Margaret[2] enjoy all the health I wish them; and that

[1] Lord Townshend was one of the secretaries of state, and Walpole first lord of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer.

[2] Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, the daughter of Lord and Lady Oxford, was born Feb. 11, 1714.

you are moving toward the place where I may tell them how truly, and with what unfeigned respect, I am, my lord, your most obliged and most obedient faithful servant.

17. LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

WIMPOLE, *Dec.* 17, 1724.

SIR,—I had acknowledged the favour of your letter of the 6th of November, which gave me a melancholy account of your mother's health, but not hearing she was dead, I expected that every post I should have heard of her being recovered, that I might have had the pleasure of congratulating you upon it. Yesterday I received your letter of the 12th. I am very glad to hear Mrs. Pope is still alive; but though, according to the course of nature, it cannot be expected she should continue long here, yet when the stroke does come it will not be so surprising, since you must be sensible of the gradual approach of it. I cannot express what I feel for you upon this occasion. I leave it to you to imagine it. I thank God I am of that frame that I can and do feel very sensibly for my friends in such circumstances. I will leave this subject.

I must first thank you for sending me the verses upon Durfey, corrected: I value them as being yours. As to the affair of your subscription, I wish you had met with more success: I do not think it is at an end yet. Pray why do you print the names of your subscribers with your Proposals? I thought the names of your subscribers had been printed with the book that was first delivered. I think you are in the right to print Proposals. As to my being set down, I did forget to mention it to you when I was in town and saw you last. I would be for ten sets, my wife for five sets, and Peggy for one. I have some few names to give you, and some few guineas. I should think myself very happy if I could at any time do you any real service on this or any other occasion. Reading over the notes upon the first book of your translation,[1] I find two

[1] Pope had sent him the printed sheets.

lines of Horace quoted, and the printer has left out a word in the first line,

Seditione, dolis, scelere, atque libidine, et irâ.

The word *atque* is left out. There are likewise several mistakes in the pointing. I beg pardon for being so impertinent, but I hope you will forgive it since friendship is the motive.

My wife writes me word she finds great benefit by the use of the Bath waters. I am sure she is much your servant. I am, with true respect and esteem, sir, your most humble servant.

I see this paper is so blotted I am ashamed to send it, but I have not time now to transcribe it fair. My humble service to Mrs. Pope. She has my wishes for her health. I shall be glad to hear this comes to your hand.

18. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Dec. 22, 1724.

MY LORD,—I received a satisfaction from your letter which nothing was wanting to make complete, but some news of your return to town. I very much long for it, and you will judge from hence I am in circumstances to relish the joys of life, and consequently that the cause of my fears and griefs is removed. My mother is, beyond all degrees of expectation, recovered. I do not indeed ground any great prospect upon what may betray my hopes so soon; yet I cannot but own, I look upon the world with better spirits, and am more capable of enjoying its sunshine.

I assure you, my lord, I think the greatest comfort of life, next to a good conscience, is the good opinion of good men. If I rank you among the first of those in whose breasts a great part of my private felicity consists, you must pardon me for making what approaches I can towards it, in endeavouring to keep, and to deserve the first moment I am able, your friendship: for upon my faith, my vanity in that word is less than my satisfaction in it. There is something of the former I

must confess, in my desiring to print your lordship's name so early, with those of some others; but there is also a worse thing than vanity, some interest too, concerned in printing the names of the subscribers with the Proposals. They are incitements to other men's vanity of being joined with them. Your lordship obliges me in telling the errata in the notes. I wish you would do the same as to any in the verse, which I would cancel yet, if material, both for my own sake and for my friend's, to whom the greater part of the notes belong. I verily think by not having loaded myself so heavily with the whole weight, I have made this translation more exact than that of the Iliad. And indeed I was sensible it would be a much more difficult task to make the Odyssey appear in any splendour. I hope you think it reads well upon the whole. I have printed eleven books, and have fourteen finished, which I hope soon to show you in London. Believe me, my lord, with a full sense of your many favours, your most faithful and ever obliged servant.

I write to your lordship upon the last piece of paper I have in my house, but I could not stay so long as to get more. My impatience must excuse my incivility.

19. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Jan. 22, 1725.

MY LORD,—Your letter gave me a real pleasure in the news of the good health of all at Down Hall, a place that I shall always wish all blessings to, and particularly that of a warm sun and fair weather to gild its groves, and give verdure to its walks, which I will, if it please God, your lordship and my lady (this speech, methinks, is in the manner of Mr. Wanley[1]), revisit another season. For my own part I declare

[1] Humphry Wanley was Lord Oxford's librarian. The son of a clergyman at Coventry, he was born March 21, 1672, and died July 6, 1726. He was an anglo-saxon scholar, and deep in the knowledge of manuscripts. He seems to have fashioned his ordinary talk upon the ceremonious formalities of the old letters, and other documents, which were his habitual

I liked my lodging so well (both the apartment above and the closet below), that I am utterly against Gibbs[1] and all his adherents for demolition. The rooms, when I look up to the ceiling, appear very lofty; and surely they are large enough, when both Lady Margaret has room to run about all the morning in her chamber, and Mr. Thomas[2] to sport with Bridgman in his. I fear he will grow fat, now, for want of exercise, unless he betakes himself to hard study and painful preaching; the latter whereof at least I advise him against, as to no purpose; and the former he stands in no need of. But, whether he studies or plays, I am much his servant. I wish I were at breakfast with you now, over a tea-table[3] that is void

world, and Pope alludes to this peculiarity. Noble says that Pope was an exact mimic of oddities, and that he delighted to take off Wanley's stilted turns of phraseology, and elaboration of manner. "The company were convulsed with laughter, but the poet had not a muscle displaced."

[1] James Gibbs, who designed St. Martin's church, London, the Ratcliffe library at Oxford, and many other buildings of the period, was employed by Lord Oxford at Wimpole. His conceptions have all a large proportion of common-place, with touches of skill, which leave the impression that a deeper study of the best models would have raised him to enduring eminence in his profession.

[2] The mention of the "painful preaching" in the next sentence indicates that Mr. Thomas was in orders, and he was probably domestic chaplain to Lord Oxford. The will of Prior, who died at Wimpole Sept. 18, 1721, was witnessed a few weeks before by James Gibbs and William Thomas, and it may be conjectured that Thomas was the relative, perhaps the son, of the William Thomas who was secretary to the treasury in Lord Oxford's administration. Upon Lord Oxford's downfall, Erasmus Lewis says to Swift, July 24, 1714, "For God's sake write to Lady Masham in favour of poor Thomas, to preserve him from ruin. I will second it." A week saw the end of Lady Masham's power, and "poor Thomas" retired to his native Wales. Lewis, himself a Welshman, had no doubt got him his place under Lord Oxford.

[3] From Pope's expression it is evident that tea, which gave its name to the evening meal, had by this time become the general drink at the breakfast tables of the rich. A little earlier the practice appears not to have been established among the middle classes, for in 1718, when Pope invited Broome to stay with him at Twickenham, and described his usual bill of fare, he says, "Mum for your breakfast." This popular beverage was a heavy kind of beer, brewed from wheat malt, oat malt, and ground beans, and kept for two years. In the place of hops, the inner bark and tops of firs, with a multiplicity of herbs, such as marjoram, wild thyme, etc., were used, and these ingredients were supposed to be a preservative against various diseases, whereas hops were thought by some persons to be deleterious, and to "usher in infections, nay plagues

of scandal. We have none such here in town, and the only speech I have heard without any is the king's. I hope your lordship will have some curiosity to hear, though not that, at least the comments upon it, and be speedily at London. For I fear if you stay a little longer, the weather will so mend, and Down Hall so improve, that we shall not see you at all. I hope Lady Oxford has health enough to come to town, or, according to the modern constitution of ladies, she must be very ill indeed; but she is of so particular a make, and so errant a wife, and so mere a good woman, that little is to be hoped of her as a fine lady. You are e'en a couple so fit for one another, that the world is not fit for you.[1] I am half afraid you will just pass through this, with a contempt of all you see in it, and get into a better. The favour, my lord, of your letters is what I deserve, only by one title, that I have a just value for them. Till you move this way, I beg the continuance of them, and of your belief that I am sincerely and with the truest esteem and honour, my lord, your most obliged and most obedient servant.

My mother is highly sensible of the favour both of your lordship's and Lady Oxford's memory, and, with respect, your servant.

20. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

July 30, 1725.

MY LORD,—It was a concern to me to be obliged to leave the town without waiting once more on your lordship, as you

amongst us." "The Germans," it is said, in a pamphlet published in 1682, and entitled, The Natural History of Coffee, Thee, etc., "have so great a veneration for this liquor that they fancy their bodies can never decay or pine away, as long as they are lined and embalmed with so powerful a preserver."

[1] Lord Oxford mixed little in the gay or political circles of London. His usual society and habits are indicated and commended in a letter Swift wrote to him Oct. 1, 1725: "I am glad to hear of your lordship's manner of life, spent in study, in domestic entertainment, in conversation with men of wit, virtue, and learning, and in encouraging their studies,—in all which I doubt you lie too justly under the censure of singularity."

obligingly invited me. I beg to remind you, my lord, and my Lady Oxford, of a promise, to lose a day at Twitenham before you go to Down Hall. This evening the water looks so finely, and my house stands so very near it, that I hope my lady would hardly think herself upon the land here, but in her own favourite element.[1] I hope it is an omen of an agreeable week to come. What will make it particularly such to me, is the honour and favour of seeing you any day in the beginning of it. Pray pardon my self-love, which I faithfully assure you is mixed with a very just, that is, a very high esteem of, and respect for your lordship, to whom I am, by many ties, a most sincere, most obliged, and most humble servant.

21.[2] LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

DOVER STREET, *Aug.* 30, 1725.

SIR,—I write this to enquire how you do. I am just going into my coach for Oxford, and thence I believe I shall go further, as far as Herefordshire.[3] Mrs. Cæsar[4] tells me I have got such a habit of rambling, that she supposes I shall be like Teague, never stand still. She told me of your kind design of coming to Wimpole. I hope I shall return soon enough to have that pleasure before the winter comes on. I had a letter lately from Dean Swift; he complains of his being very deaf, which makes him retire from company; he is else well. I hope Mrs. Pope is well; please to make my compliments to her. I am, sir, your most humble servant.

If you direct your letter to me in Dover Street, it will come to me wherever I shall be, and it will be a great pleasure to me to hear from you.

[1] In the next letter but one we learn that Lady Oxford kept a barge, and we know from the Rape of the Lock that in the reign of Queen Anne, people of fashion were still accustomed to take their pleasure on the Thames.

[2] From the Homer MSS. First printed in the Supplement to Pope's Works.

[3] To his paternal seat at Brampton. Wimpole was part of the fortune which Lady Oxford derived from her father, the Duke of Newcastle.

[4] The wife of the M. P. for Hertford.

22. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Sept. 7, 1725.

MY LORD,—Your lordship's being pleased to tell me that it will be some pleasure to you to hear from me, is, I assure you, a very great one to me. I went to the town the day after you left it, purposely to wait on you, not imagining you would so soon again have been on the ramble. But I have long known you willing to oblige all that have a regard for you, and, therefore, should not wonder if you visited the four quarters of the universe. Remember only, my lord, that you have broke your promise with one man in the world, and that you have as little heeded one Pope of Twitnam, as if he had been one Maister Johnston[1] of Twitnam. I believe I must for the future trust myself to my Lady Oxford's memory, because her barge will be a help to it, and may put her in mind of our waterside. Mrs. Cæsar is a good woman, and would not have forgot me so, unless I had quitted this side of the water for the other, and been a visiting with Lord Bathurst.[2] I take it a little ill that you mention my design upon Wimpole, as a thing told your lordship by Mrs. Cæsar, when it has been known to yourself to have been the very point my heart is piqued upon, the place to which I am to leap at an hour's warning from any other part of the land, the *ne plus ultra* of this year, and in a word, the next sign of my zodiac. Some Phaeton must drive me quite out of my regular course, if I see

[1] The retired statesman who had been secretary for Scotland under William III. He was the Scoto of Pope's first Moral Essay. Davis says of him in his Characters of the Court of Queen Anne, "He is very honest, yet something too credulous and suspicious; endued with a great deal of learning and virtue; is above little tricks, free from ceremony, and would not tell a lie for the world. Very knowing in the affairs of foreign courts, and the constitution of both kingdoms. A tall, fair man." Against this account of him Swift wrote, "A treacherous knave—one of the greatest knaves even in Scotland," which was the kind of language Swift commonly applied to whig partisans, after he himself had turned tory. Johnston's charming villa at Twickenham has since become well known as the residence of Louis Philippe, and the Duc d'Aumale.

[2] To Mrs. Howard at Richmond. Lord Bathurst in 1725 was paying great court to her.

any place before I see Wimpole, be it winter or summer, or spring or autumn.

> With you conversing, I forget all change
> Of seasons and of times, all please alike.

There is also some impropriety in your lordship's expression, as if my said design was to go to Wimpole; I say it was rather to go with you. Make Wimpole as good as you will, improve it as much as you can, you cannot make so good a thing as your father made before. I leave you to explain this riddle, and I do not doubt you will all your life,[1] whether you know it or not. In sincere truth, my lord, I have more desire to be with you on any occasion, than I dare for your quiet express; and I really have some modesty, though I am a poet.

I know it will be more pleasing to your temper than what I have been saying last, to tell you that I have quite recovered that fever I laboured under just before you left London, in which, though you may seem to have little interest, yet thus much you really have gained by it,—your old lease of a faithful servant is renewed to you; abundance of good wishes and grateful thanks will be added to those you have already; and my Lord Oxford will be spoken of with respect and affection some time longer by one man more. I am, with the truest esteem, my lord, your most faithful and most obedient servant.

My mother's most humble services wait on your lordship. She is pretty well. I hope this letter will not fright your lordship from favouring me with another.

23. LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

DOVER STREET, *Oct.* 19, 1725.

SIR,—I am very glad to hear that good Mrs. Pope is better. I have taken care of your letter to the dean. I have the pleasure and happiness, I thank God, to tell you, that yester-

[1] In being a "better thing" than his house and grounds.

day morning my wife was safely brought to bed of a son.[1] I thank God both are as well as can be expected. I am hindered from writing a longer letter to you now. I hope I shall see you soon. I desire you will make my compliments to Mrs. Pope. I heartily wish her recovery of her health. I am, sir, with great esteem, your most affectionate humble servant.

24. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWITENHAM, *Nov.* 7, 1725.

MY LORD,—I did not leave your lordship without a painful desire of returning to wait on you again. I say a painful one, because I knew the condition of my sick family would not allow me, so soon as I apprehended you would be going out of town. Accordingly, my poor old nurse, who has lived in constant attendance and care of me ever since I was an infant at her breast, died the other day. I think it a fine verse, that of your friend, Mr. Prior:

> And by his side,
> A good man's greatest loss, a faithful servant died,

and I do not think one of my own an ill one, speaking of a nurse:

> The tender second to a mother's cares.
> HOM. ODYSS. 7.

Surely this sort of friend is not the least; and this sort of relation, when continued through life, superior to most that we call so. The having been tried and found kind and officious so long, through so many accidents and needs of life, is surely equal to a mere natural tie. Indeed it is nature that makes us love; but it is experience that makes us grateful, and, I believe, to thinking minds, gratitude presents as many objects and circumstances to render us melancholy as even hope itself, that great painter of ideas, can do. But, in truth, both what good-natured minds have experienced, and what they expect to experience, fills them to the brim. The better a man is, the more he expects and hopes from his friend, his

[1] He was the first and last son born to Lord Oxford, and he only lived till Oct. 22.

child, his fellow-creature; the more he reflects backwards and aggrandises every good he has received. His own capacity of being good and kind and grateful, makes him think others have been, or would be so. The only satisfaction this world can afford us under such losses, is to see those whom we believe to have a mutual feeling with us, participate and talk to us. This buoys us up from day to day, till somebody loves us, and buries us, and grieves for us, and there's an end of it. Our comfort is certainly beyond this world, because the best of men have none here, under those very misfortunes which most affect them.

My lord, forgive me. A more general and common style would better suit the distance between us; but humanity renders men as equal as death does. I know you to have so very much of it that I honour you the more, the more I pity you in anything you can suffer. I sincerely pray that all you wish may be added to you. I could not speak anything like what I thought when I saw you; but this melancholy of my own has been like a varnish to bring out a little more of the real colour of my mind in relation to my sensibility toward you.[1] It is, however, a most certain truth, that one can never express anything that one really feels.

If it happens that your lordship does not go away in four or five days, I will hope to wait on you the moment I can get my mother another to supply my absence for a day. Believe me, with true esteem and the most hearty wishes, my Lady Oxford's and your lordship's most obliged, obedient, faithful servant.

25. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Dec. 14, 1725.

My Lord,—When I write to you I foresee a long letter, and so must entreat your patience beforehand. Not that I intend to reckon up my obligations to you, for, at that rate, no letter would be long enough. I know you will wonder what obligations I mean, because, not to flatter you, your memory is none of the best, nay, it is a very bad one, if that be such

[1] Pope is referring to the death of Lord Oxford's infant son.

213

things and remembers only small ones: remember the smallest devoirs which others forget the kind offices you do to others. I add to you what somebody says of a French he never forgot to do his friend a favour, remembered it when it was done. Your lordship how pleased I am that you should be so mind-

ful. I doubt not you remember me to my advantage, because I cannot believe myself so unhappy as to be the only ill thing you ever remembered. Though you oblige always in so unambitious a manner, that one would think the best gratitude to you were the forgetting your favours, yet there is nothing wherein a reasonable man may so justly boast his good memory as in remembering the obligations a good man has laid upon him. To boast it in what we have learned, or read, is but to be proud of the alms we have received from others. But there can be, sure, no pride so satisfactory as that which one honest man takes in being obliged to another, since to be distinguished by a person of merit gives us the pleasure of imagining that we have some ourselves. Indeed I am now above gratitude, and can return your lordship nothing less than affection, the only thing in which I am sure to be your equal. I have often been pleased with a thought of Montaigne's, who says, that the person who receives a benefit, obliges the giver, because, as the chief endeavour of one friendly man is to do good to another, he who gives both the matter and the occasion, properly speaking, is the man who is liberal. So, my lord, it is impossible you should ever be out of my debt, and you may daily expect all the obligations in nature from me.

When last you were in the country, you desired me to write to you, and my doing it now is an instance how little I think it possible your mind should change, (which, as the world goes, is no small compliment in one's opinion of a man of quality,) otherwise, in decency, I should have stayed for your permission before I had ventured to do it. But I consider you are to be a month absent, and if you would forget me, I will not let you. I have also something that I can please you with, if I am not mistaken, from Dr. Swift,

whose letter I would have here enclosed, but Lord Bolingbroke got it to answer a period of it, and never sent it me again. But it will please you, I know, sufficiently, only to tell you he is coming to town; and I add my answer to it to show you how glad I am of it, that your lordship may make my words good, and let him know I do not lie, when I tell him how much you press for his coming,[1] which a word or two from you, at this crisis, when he plainly hearkens towards us, will certainly determine him to do. Your being now alone in the country entitles one to send you anything. Even dull newspapers are legible in the country, and dull letters, even in print, are looked over there.

I earnestly wish you, my lord, the continuance of all the happiness you have, and the addition of any part of it that you want. May every loss be made up to you![2] And depend upon it, it will if the prayers of a sinful papist can avail, namely of, my lord, your most faithful and most obedient servant.

I have many apologies to make to my Lady Oxford for a visit that I fear was a very unseasonable one, just as I saw her chaise at the door for her journey. I received an account at Chiswick that she had sent after me, and returned purposely to town, imagining her journey was deferred till next day; but upon sight of the chaise I retreated, and went home again. I humbly beg her ladyship's pardon, and find it was some blunder of my waterman.

26. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Dec. 27, 1725.

MY LORD,—I recovered Dean Swift's letter but yesterday, which I enclose. I cannot enough acknowledge your lordship's goodness in many instances, particularly this you men-

[1] Swift in his letter to Pope, Nov. 26, 1725, said, "I hope I am pretty near seeing you," and Pope in his reply, Dec. 14, said, "Lord Oxford, the best man in the world, desires earnestly to see you."

[2] Another allusion to the death of the infant son.

tion of thinking to invite me to Down Hall; but that you should so much as doubt my real desires of following you to any place, were it to the tower itself, I take as a little allay to that pleasure your memory of me gives me. Then, my lord, to cut short all speeches the best way,—by actions,—I beg you to send your horses and a chariot to Hoddesdon on Saturday next. Mr. Bridgman and I will be there, God willing, by eleven o'clock, and proceed directly to you. I have learned from Mr. Prior's ballad, that we ought to inn at the Black Bull in that town; but what I am to say to the landlady, or ostler, or chambermaid, I will inform myself from Mr. Morley.[1] I intreat my mother's and my humblest services may be acceptable to my Lady Oxford, and to your lordship. I am sincerely, with the greatest satisfaction in the prospect of waiting on you both, my lord, your most obliged and ever obedient faithful servant.

[1] Prior, in his Down Hall, a ballad, described his first journey to the place in company with Morley, the agent who recommended him to buy the house and estate. At Hoddesdon they put up at "the sign of the Bull," and Prior goes on to tell how Morley greeted the landlady.

Come here, my sweet landlady, pray how d'ye do?
Where is Cic'ley so cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue?
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?
And the ostler that sung about eight years ago?

A note to Prior's ballad states that Morley was bred a butcher, rose to be one of the largest land jobbers in the kingdom, and in honour of his first trade annually killed a pig in the market place at Halstead, in Essex, where he resided. Swift, in a letter to Barber, Aug. 8, 1738, calls Morley "a rascally butcher, and knave," and he ascribes the embarrassments which clouded Lord Oxford's later years to his "weakness and credulity" in trusting his estate to Morley's management. The main point of Prior's lively ballad is the sketch of Morley's insinuating, tricky character. He recollects all the people he had seen at the inns eight years before, is gracious and hearty with landlady and servants, pays Prior's reckoning at the Bull, and deludes him in the great affair of the purchase. He enticed him to Down Hall with the assertion that he would find,

Gardens so stately, and arbours so thick,
A portal of stone, and a fabric of brick.

The brick and stone turn out to be shabby lath and plaster, and when Prior exclaims, "I believe 'tis a barn," Morley replies,

A barn! why you rave; 'tis a house for a squire,
A justice of peace, or a knight of our shire.

Prior demurs, and Morley retorts,

I showed you Down Hall; did you look for Versailles?

and talks him over with practised assurance.

27. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

DOVER STREET, *Jan.* 7, 1725–6.

MY LORD,—I write this from your own house, and at the bedside of Mr. Morley, whom, first yours and my Lady Oxford's letters, and next my informing him how much you were concerned for him, has half recovered. Your letters lie on his bed, which he reads for his morning and evening prayer. This frosty weather keeps his leg in pain, when it is dressed especially; but as to his spirits, they are to be envied. He tells me he sees no company, and therefore, I believe, he talks or sings to himself, he is so much alive.

You may think I deserve less the character of a grateful man than I do, from any expression I can use of the real satisfaction I received at Down Hall. I am sincerely the better pleased that the weather hindered me from seeing anything but what I came to see,—yourself and my lady. I must be allowed to say I know some beauties preferable far to those of nature itself,—I mean those which a good man gives to his own mind, and are much greater improvements upon nature than the best you can make at Down Hall.

I have the satisfaction to hear, at my arrival in town, that my mother is pretty well. That all health and happiness may be continued and increased to your lordship and your whole family, is, and always will be the hearty wish of, my lord, your most faithful, obliged humble servant.

28. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWITENHAM, *March* 8, 1725–6.

MY LORD,—The satisfaction I take in writing to you, ever since you allowed me the honour of it, would prompt me to employ your time more frequently this way did I not know how very well you spend every moment, and, by an experience I shall always agreeably remember, how happy you live in your own family,—so happily, that it is a kind of injury to take your very thought away from it in sending you any

news, or troubling you with any notices that are foreign to it. I did, however, write you a very long letter, almost three weeks ago, which, by the last your lordship favoured me with, I believe the floods carried away, which I am told stopped the post in many countries. Now the face of the earth is seen again, and now the snows are gone away, and every green thing appears above the waters, I am pleased to think your bowling green is one of the first of those green things I envy you the pleasure of creating, when one month's time will give you all your ideas in lively colours, responsive to your expectation. It is now a season of the year when to plant is, in a manner, but to say, Let it be, and it is done. I am, therefore, afraid, you will really stay in the country these two months, and if so, I must desire to have a lodging either in my garret at Down Hall, or in some hollow tree in the wood. For my part, I am much less pleasingly employed, being to write a preface,[1] the thing that of all writings I hate, as indeed most folks do to be brought to an account of themselves and their evil doings. That I fear may be my case; but if it were not, it is not much less irksome to a good and honest man to be put upon declarations of what he has done well or honourably; for when a man has written well, he should no more prate about it than when he has acted well. My present business is something like that of the Tatler's formerly, who found it needful to advertise the public that if his writings appeared dull, it was so by design. For I am going to tell the world, that if they do not keep quite awake over part of my Homer it is because I thought it my duty to observe a certain mediocrity of style, agreeable to conversation and dialogue, which is called the narrative, and ought to be low, being put into the mouths of persons not of the highest condition, or of a person acting in the disguise of a poor wanderer, and speaking in that character of consequence, as Ulysses must in reason be supposed to do, or Ulysses was not the wise man we are to take him for. Nothing is so ridiculous as the lofty or poetical style in such parts, which yet many poets, and no very mean ones, are often guilty of, especially in our modern tragedy,

[1] The postscript to the Odyssey. The remainder of the letter is chiefly extracted from the dissertation Pope was preparing for the public.

where one continued sameness of diction runs through all their characters; and our best actors from hence have got the custom of speaking constantly the most indifferent things in a pompous elevated voice. It is not so properly speaking as vociferating. This goes even to their pronouncing of proper names. Those of the Greeks and Romans they sound as if there were some great energy and mightiness of meaning in the very syllables of Fabius, Antony and Metellus, &c. In like manner our modern poets preserve a painful equality of fustian throughout their whole epic or tragic works, like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill, which is not half so pleasant as sometimes rising, and sometimes descending gently into the vale, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs. To write thus upon low subjects is really the true sublime of ridicule; it is the sublime of Don Quixote; but it is strange men should not see, it is by no means so of the humbler and narrative parts of poetry. It leaves no distinction between the language of the gods, which is when the muse or the gods speak, and that of men in their conversations and dialogues. Even in set harangues or orations, this painted florid style would be ridiculous. Tully and Demosthenes spoke often figuratively, but not poetically, and the very figures of oratory are vastly different from those of poetry: still it is even in them much below that language of the gods which I was speaking of.[1] But I have forgot myself, and run you half into my preface without intending it. I beg your lordship's pardon, and only wish, in return, you would tell me as much of anything that runs in your mind as this does in mine. I am sure it will be better worth reading. I am ashamed to add more than my sincerest respects to Lady Oxford, and to beg the continuance of your favours upon the best title I can pretend to, that of my being, with the truest esteem, my lord, your most obliged, and most obedient servant.

[1] A language appropriated to the gods would be a debased language. When man introduces divinities speaking he can only endow them with the most forcible diction of man, unless he adopts a stilted, affected phraseology which is the rant of mock majesty. The example of Milton is decisive. The sublimest of all poets, there is none whose language is more simple, however artificial may be his construction, and his diction is the same whether Deity, or angel, or man be the speaker.

29. LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

DOWN HALL, *March* 10, 1725–6.

SIR,—I was extremely glad to see your handwriting upon the outside of a letter, but when I opened it I had double pleasure in having a letter from you of some length, being in great hopes you are better in your health by that circumstance; for though I had rather converse with you than any man living, yet I would not purchase it at so dear a rate as that it should put you to any pain. I congratulate you that you are come so near an end of your great work as to be upon the preface. I believe you will have more quiet and ease now that load is off your shoulders. I do not know anybody that is so able in all respects to give an account of themselves as you are. All that I suspect is, that as other writers say too much for and of themselves, you will go to the other extreme, and say too little. You cannot say too much. The letter you mention to have written to me about three weeks ago, I never received. I regret the loss of it very much, as I do anything that comes from you.

My bowling-green is near finished. I have planted trees round my spring; I have felled my wood, that is, the underwood, which does not look so ill as I suspected, and was afraid it would. It will be the finer for it in a little while.

Since I saw you I found among some papers I was sorting, which were my father's, your translation of one of Dr. Donne's Satires.[1] I think I did mention to you that I had formerly seen it, and you expressed a desire to see it again. I will send it to you when, and where, you please. I do not care to trust it by the post, because it lost your letter to me. I live in hopes we shall this year have a summer, and one great motive for my wishing one is, that I may enjoy your company both at Wimpole and this place. I hope Mrs. Pope is well: please to be so kind as to make my compliments to her. My wife is

[1] First published in 1735.

your humble servant and Mrs. Pope's. I am, with most sincere esteem, sir, your most affectionate, humble servant.

I hope I shall hear from you soon.

30. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

LONDON, *March* 22, 1725-6.

MY LORD,—I designed to acknowledge in a fuller manner the honour of yours of the 10th, but just as I was sitting down to write I had notice that a person was come to London who demanded my immediate repair thither,[1] and to acquaint your lordship with something relating to him made me defer my letter. He is in perfect health and spirits, the joy of all here who know him, as he was eleven years ago, and I never received a more sensible satisfaction than in having been now two days with him. It was agreed that I should only notify his arrival to you, and if there be any hopes of you here, we hope your lordship will soon let us know when we may be so happy as to see the day of your return. I apprehend it is not so near as he thinks, from your never mentioning it in your last. I wish I could promise to myself and to the Dean of St. Patrick's to accompany him to Down Hall, in case your lordship cannot leave that place, which I fear is too beautiful already to admit you to quit it for us. Ill fortune will have it, that in this very fortnight my book[2] must be finished at the press; and the dean, I believe, if I can judge his temper by his respect to you, will hardly, in that case, stay for me. I wish your lordship would fancy there is some good or other to be done here, in public or in private, and then I am confident you would come up with all speed.

I will not take the manuscript of Donne's Satire but from your own hands, somewhere. I rejoice, first and principally, in your own and Lady Oxford's health; secondly, in the finishing of your works in the wood and bowling-green. I

[1] Swift, who now paid his first visit to England since the death of Queen Anne.

[2] His translation of the Odyssey.

have just turfed a little Bridgmannic theatre myself. It was done by a detachment of his workmen from the Prince's,[1] all at a stroke, and it is yet unpaid for, but that is nothing with a poetical genius. I must conclude by saying I am well, though not perfectly so well as before my illness.[2] I am always equally, with sincere respect, your lordship's faithful servant.

We shall all be undone in the stocks.[3] I should not have minded it if I had died, but as I am like to live, I want somebody to give me an estate in land. Pray ask Morley.

31. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

SATURDAY, *March* 26, 1726.

THE Dean of St. Patrick's went this Saturday to my Lord Bolingbroke's at Dawley, near Uxbridge, to stay some days. Probably his return to London may be in a week. He lodges in Berry Street, next door to the Royal Chair.

32. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

LONDON, *April* 3, 1726.

MY LORD,—I acquainted your lordship in a very great hurry, by two or three lines, of all that I then knew of the dean's motions, which paper I left at Dover Street. He has since been at Twitenham, in expectation of hearing further of your lordship's movements, and we were not without hopes you might call at Dover Street before your further summer

[1] At Richmond Lodge, the country residence of the Prince of Wales.

[2] Pope says in a letter to Caryll, Jan. 19, 1726, "I have been very ill since my journey into Essex last Christmas, but hope now, by the help of a little physic for a few days more, to recover;" and to Broome he says, April 16, "As to my own health it is not yet confirmed, nor am I quite down."

[3] In his speech from the throne, May 31, 1725, George I. congratulated the Commons that the flourishing state of credit had permitted them to reduce the interest of the debt to four per cent. Pope being a fundholder, the relief to the public was a diminution of his income.

journeys to Wimpole, &c. I find the dean had nothing in his view, in coming to England for a few months, but the seeing his friends, and principally to wait on you in relation to Lord Oxford's papers.[1] Whenever you write, he will be heard of either at Twitenham, or at his lodgings in Berry Street, next door to the Royal Chair; or at Dr. Arbuthnot's. We hope my Lady Oxford and Lady Margaret continue in perfect health. I have something to trouble you with in regard to Lady Margaret, which is to ask your leave in the name of a friend of mine, to prefix a few verses to her before a new edition of Waller, which is a very correct and beautiful one in quarto, published by him. A request of this nature, relating to a dedication, is what I never made in my life but once before—to your lordship's father—and what I shall never make again; but I believe this will be no disgrace to the family, as verses go, and the person who is ambitious of doing it, wants to testify his gratitude to you for a favour he already owes you,[2] though a stranger to your lordship. Yet, upon the whole, I would not mention this at all if Mr. Fenton were not as good a man as he is a poet; and if your lordship any way, or my lady, disapprove of it, you may look upon it as a thing not mentioned at all, and there will be an end of it. The gentleman really means no more than that he truly honours you, and thinks himself, as I said before, obliged to you.

I cannot get Homer printed till the end of this month, which vexes me. I long to see your lordship. I wish you all sort of happiness, and the accomplishment of every wish you can form. My mother is my lady's and your most faithful servant. Believe, I beg you, the same of me as long as I am.

[1] Swift had a design of writing the late Lord Oxford's life. He addressed a letter to the son, July, 1724, requesting him to search for materials among his father's papers, and the son answered, Nov. 2, 1724, "There is a vast collection of letters and other papers, but give me leave to say that if you do not come into England nothing can be done." Nothing was done when Swift came. An examination of the papers would have revealed that they did not contain any particulars which could exalt Lord Oxford's reputation.

[2] There is no allusion in Fenton's verses to the obligation which he owed to Lord Oxford or his family, and the favour was evidently slight, such, perhaps, as taking tickets for Fenton's play in 1723.

LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

WIMPOLE, *April* 22, 1726.

SIR,—I am very much concerned I have not returned you my acknowledgments for your last kind and obliging letter. As to what you mention in relation to Peggy I leave it to you to do as you think proper, for I know you can do nothing improperly. I have a very good opinion of Mr. Fenton, and have a regard for him. I shall be well satisfied with whatever you do in this affair, and I leave it to you, and I believe my wife will be of my mind.

I am extremely busy at this place, but I will not tell you what I am doing, nor of my design, till you come to the place and see it with your own eyes; and you shall have power to alter, and I am sure that will be amending, anything I shall think of. The very sudden death of old Mr. Bridgman[1] has obliged me to stay longer than I thought to do, which has prevented me the great pleasure of waiting upon the dean, which I much long to do. I beg you will make my compliments to him. I hope to do it soon, for my regard to him is very great. My humble service to Mrs. Pope. You should have had this some time since, but I hope you will excuse this omission, as well as many more which I fear I am guilty of, but I assure you I am, with true respect, your most obedient and affectionate humble servant.

34. LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

DOVER STREET, *July* 17, 1726.

SIR,—According to my promise I write to you to let you know you will not have a troublesome guest this week. Pray tell Mr. Dean he has not kept his word with me. I would not miss a line of his writing, nor, willingly, a moment of his conversation that he could allow me. Now you three are

[1] Bridgman, the landscape gardener, was at work for Lord Oxford, and "old Mr. Bridgman" may have been a member of the family.

together,[1] I often think of the lines wrote in old times which begin,

The Doctor and Dean, Pope, Parnell, and Gay.[2]

Only poor Parnell is gone; and I regret him the less because, by being the editor of his poems, you had an opportunity of making the finest copy of verses, and the greatest compliment, that ever was paid by a poet to any man.

I shall go out of town the end of the week for two days. My humble service to the dean. I do not wonder that he likes his country house.[3] I doubt he will not come to town. I wish he would take such a strong fancy for the place as should bring him soon back from Ireland, or rather keep him from going there again. I am, sir, your most affectionate, humble servant.

My service to Mr. Gay.

35. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Aug. 15, 1726.

My Lord,—I send the History[4] by the servant, in which I am sure you will take no small delight. I beg your lordship not to return it till I come for it myself, though I am impatient

[1] The three were Pope, Swift, and Gay.

[2] The lines are in the handwriting of Swift, and were one of the rhyming requests of the Scriblerus club to Lord Oxford, when prime minister, that he would join them in the room which Arbuthnot occupied at the palace in his capacity of physician to the queen.

"*March* 20, 1713-14.
"From the doctor's chamber.
"Past eight.

"The Doctor, and Dean, Pope, Parnell, and Gay,
In manner submissive most humbly do pray
That your lordship would once let your cares all alone
And climb the dark stairs to your friends who have none,
To your friends who at least have no cares but to please you,
To a good honest junto that never will tease you."

The junto that teased Lord Oxford were the leading whigs. The Scriblerus junto, for all Swift's boast, did their part in the teasing. Gay and Parnell were soliciting preferment, and Swift, who had just got his deanery, was pressing for a thousand pounds to pay his expenses.

[3] Pope's villa at Twickenham.

[4] Swift's History of the Four Last Years of the Queen, which he brought

to read it again, unless you will be so good one day this fine season to bring it. Believe me, my lord, with the truest esteem and regard, your lordship's most faithful, humble servant.

36. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Sept. 21, 1726.

MY LORD,—I was very near my hopes of being able to see your lordship, when an unexpected cold entirely disabled me, threw me into perfect torment by settling in the same arm,[1] and yet deprives me of any use of my hand. I cannot, however, but find this way of expressing my vexation at the disappointment, and as it is too true of writers that, however disabled, they will still be writing on, I feel a particular strong inclination at this very time to sign myself in this wretched

to England in manuscript. He says in the preface to the history that he undertook it "by the advice of his oldest and wisest friends." The work was not to their mind, and when Swift was eager to publish it in 1736, his friends united in remonstrating with him. "Three-and-twenty years, for so long it is since the death of Queen Anne," wrote Erasmus Lewis, Aug. 4, 1737, "have made a great alteration in the world, and what was sense and reason then, is not so now. It is too late to publish a pamphlet, and too early to publish a history." Swift continued to see men and things through the medium of his passions. His former allies, who had outlived the angry feelings which were generated in the heat of the conflict, were ashamed that the calumnies of the hour should be revived a quarter of a century after date, and they were earnest with Swift "to leave out everything that savoured of acrimony and resentment." This was to leave out everything that gave life to his narrative, and he preferred to postpone the work. Much of the little interest which attaches to the history is as a record of his prejudices. The argument he put forth in support of his pretension to write with "the utmost impartiality" belied his profession in the instant of making it. He pleaded that he had "never received a shilling from the minister, or any other present except that of a few books," and urged his independence of all favours "to show that he had no other bias than his own opinion of persons and affairs." He expected the public to forget that he had received a deanery, that his preferment was explicitly demanded by himself and bestowed by Lord Oxford in payment for party services, and that his History was the account of the identical transactions which were the subject of the party warfare by which he earned his reward.

[1] The "same arm" which was injured a fortnight before when he was upset in Bolingbroke's carriage.

manner,[1] but with great sincerity, my lord, your most faithful servant.

I beg you to send me by the bearer, who is a safe hand, the manuscript history, which my confinement will make me read with great attention and pleasure. You shall have it again whenever you will come and fetch it.

37. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.[2]

TUESDAY MORNING, *Sept.* 27, 1726.

MY LORD,—I should be very glad, if it agree with your conveniency, to see your lordship on Thursday, because it is a day sooner than Friday. If Lady Oxford does not find this season agreeable enough to go by water, which I much apprehend, and has nothing better to do by land, my mother and I should be equally obliged to her. I am, my lord, your most obliged humble servant.

38. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Dec. 8, 1726.

MY LORD,—I am not a little disappointed at your long absence. Yours was the first house I went to at my first going to town after my tedious confinement; yours was the house I went to at my second going; equally in vain. My lady could not tell me when you would return, and therefore I must not pretend to complain that I knew not. Indeed, my lord, I wish your return; and though I am glad to see you imitate your great father in every other thing, I am not quite pleased that you do so in living out of town all the winter, and in town all the summer. I want you for many reasons; and among the rest, to hear what you say of a book called Gulli-

[1] The words "Your most faithful servant, A. Pope," are in his own handwriting, and the rest of the letter is written by an amanuensis.

[2] This note, signature and all, is in the handwriting of the amanuensis.

ver's Travels,[1] and to desire you to lend us John Bull,[2] &c., for a good end, in order to put together this winter many scattered pieces of the same kind, which are too good to be lost. I beg to have the pleasure of a line, that I may still think myself remembered by you, and still have a pretence, and some sort of title, to assure you sometimes, as I do now, that I am, with truth, respect, and affection, my lord, your ever obliged, faithful, humble servant.

39. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

SATURDAY NIGHT, *April* 22, 1727.

MY LORD,—I was under no small vexation, as you might see, though I think I bore it heroically, the other day. I want to have some amends made me for having used you so ill.[3] Therefore, on Monday I intend to dine with your lordship, and, if I can, to bring the dean with me,[4] in full atonement. I am, with faithful esteem, with obligation and gratefulness, my lord, your most obedient, humble servant.

40. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

April 23, 1727.

MY LORD,—So good a figure as you say I made in distress, I assure you I like prosperity much better, and such I should have accounted it to have had neither man nor woman that day with us but yourself. We will put off our intended joint journey to London to-morrow, and fix some other day. I

[1] Swift's Gulliver appeared at the beginning of November, 1726.

[2] Arbuthnot's political allegory was published in parts during the Harley administration. Neither Pope nor the author could have possessed a copy of the pamphlets, or it would not have been necessary to borrow them of Lord Oxford for the purpose of reprinting the work in the Miscellanies.

[3] From the next letter it appears that Lord Oxford had gone to Twickenham when other, and less intimate, guests were there, to whom Pope, in civility, was compelled to direct his attentions.

[4] Swift came to England for the last time in April, 1727.

believe it must be toward the end of the week, or beginning of the next, by what I perceive of the idle dean's great businesses. I heartily am obliged to you, my lord, and beg my Lady Oxford will think me her most obedient servant, as I hope, with or without the dean, to tell you both very soon, rather than fail of which I will come with him a second time.[1] Your lordship's ever faithfully.

They[2] are gone a fishing, or would send their services.

41. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TUESDAY MORNING, *Aug.* 15, 1727.

MY LORD,—I am very much obliged for your kind writing to us. The dean is so much out of order, and withal so deaf, that he has conversed with nobody, and fled all company. Dr. Arbuthnot comes to him to-day or to-morrow; and I purpose to go with him to London, to wait on your lordship within the time you mention. I had a favour to beg of my Lady Oxford, which this may be a proper time for. It was to bespeak my Lord Morpeth's interest in getting my agent, Clarke, employed as an auctioneer in the sale of Lord Lechmere's goods, which, if she will please to recommend to Lady Morpeth,[3] I shall be glad, for the man is honest, and has turned himself to this business. I long to see you, and will very speedily give myself that happiness. My lord, your most faithful, obliged, humble servant.

[1] Rather, that is, than postpone his visit to Lord Oxford he would go alone, without waiting till the dean could accompany him, and would afterwards make a second journey to take Swift.

[2] "They" stands, no doubt, for Swift and Gay.

[3] Lord Morpeth was Lady Lechmere's brother, and Lady Morpeth was first cousin to Lady Oxford. "The sale of Lord Lechmere's goods" was consequent upon his death, which took place suddenly from a fit of apoplexy, June 18, 1727. He was an able lawyer and political debater, who became solicitor-general in 1714, and attorney-general in 1718. He resigned May, 1720, and in Aug. 1721 he was created a peer. The Historical Register says that his haughty and assuming temper had for some years rendered him obnoxious to his colleagues. His resignation was forced upon him by his unpopularity, and his peerage was bestowed to disarm his hostility.

42. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWICKENHAM, *Aug.* 25, 1727.

MY LORD,—That I write so soon to your lordship is not purely in compliance to your command, to acquaint you with the dean's state of health, though I am very sensible you have friendliness and good-nature enough to render that a matter of concern to you, but equally from a just desire I shall always have of assuring your lordship that you have another man in the world no less, though less worthily, your servant. I guess this will find you yet unsettled at Wimpole,[1] where I wish I were with you again. But, indeed, the person whose health you inquire after, is not at all on the mending hand. He was for two days only, better, and ever since very bad, and the attendance I owe him will keep me here till I see some alteration. Many things have given me trouble at a time when his ill health was enough to disquiet me. I have withdrawn my little stake from the turmoil of the stocks, and out of suspicions which gave me continued disquiet.[2] But the same inquietude pursues me upon a different account—what to do with it any other way? I am like a man that saves and lays together the planks of a broken ship or a falling house, but knows not how to rebuild, out of them, either one or the other.

Our Miscellany of poems will be published next October. It is one of the benefits this nation will reap by the coronation.[3] The greatest I shall receive from it will be the seeing your

[1] Swift had been staying with Lord Oxford at Wimpole, and they came together to London on Aug. 2. A week or two later Lord Oxford went to one of the seats he owed to his wife, Welbeck, in Nottinghamshire, where Pope addressed his letter, and "guesses" that it will reach Lord Oxford before he gets back to Wimpole.

[2] I presume lest the interest should drop, unless he had the apprehension, expressed by the Duchess of Marlborough in 1739, that "a little sooner or later, a sponge would put an end to all stocks and money lent to the government."

[3] George II. and Queen Caroline were crowned Oct. 11, 1727. A crowd of wealthy people flocked to town for the ceremony, and the notion was that the occasion would be favourable for bringing the work under their notice. With the thoughts of everybody absorbed by the coronation, the real effect would have

lordship again, which, in sincerity, I earnestly desire, and am, with esteem and obligation, your most obedient, affectionate, and most humble servant.

43. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWICKENHAM, *Oct.* 2, 1727.

MY LORD,—I had not the least imagination of your lordship or my lady's being in town yet. I was two whole days sick there, but should nevertheless have waited on you or her, sick, as usual.[1] I am not certain yet of the dean's health or arrival at Dublin,[2] but believe the one and hope the other. I will do myself the honour to wait on your lordship before the coronation. My mother is your most obliged servant. I am ever, with all truth and respect, my lord, your most obedient, faithful servant.

I beg my Lady Oxford's acceptance of my most sincere service.

44. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Dec. 13, 1727.

MY LORD,—The only day I had in town, except another spent in sickness, since I had the pleasure to see you, I sent to your lordship's house, but you were pre-engaged. The last conversation I had with you, my lord, was a very agreeable proof to me of your interesting yourself in my concerns and happiness, which I take to heart from you, as I ought. I very much wish to see you, and trouble you with this only to desire to know how long you shall continue in town, that I may have the pleasure of coming once to wait on you and my

been to divert attention from the book. Pope, or his publisher, may have come to this conclusion, for the volume was kept back till March, 1728.

[1] Not "sick as usual," but although he was sick, he would have gone as usual.

[2] Swift left England in the latter part of September.

Lady Oxford before you go anywhere, if my very bad health will allow me. My mother still lives upon your brawn, and is yours and my lady's faithful servant, as I truly am, and ever will be, my lord, yours ever.

45. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWITENHAM, *Dec.* 26, 1727.

MY LORD,—Since till this very day it was never known that poets received the same prize as horse racers, or that Pegasus ever won the golden plate, even in ancient times in any of the Olympian, Pythian, Isthmian, or Nemean games, I think it would be very natural and poetical to acknowledge your lordship's fine present by a quotation or translation of the beginning of Pindar, and to confess, that it is a greater prize than ever that poet carried off for his verses. But I must differ from his opinion, that gold is only the best thing next to water. I would correct the passage thus, that gold is the best, and next gold, wine, not water, both which your lordship has now given me the first opportunity I ever had, to unite together. I must have one inscription upon it, which with me will outweigh all mottoes whatever, that of your own name, and which will do me more honour than gold or precious stones. Would you expect it to be out of the Psalms? *Nomen tuum dilexi super aurum et topazion.* I am called in so much haste to dinner, and I go to it with so much appetite, to drink with my friends your health in your own bowl (*pleno me proluam auro*), that I can no more write, than I could tell you if you were present, as I wish you were, how much, and with what grateful sense of many favours superior to this, I feel myself, my lord, your ever obliged faithful servant.

If you have no material objection to suffering that epitaph on Jenny of Mr. Prior's to accompany some things of the same nature of the Dean of St. Patrick's, and mine, it is what would be very agreeable to him. He several times spoke of it to me

to ask you, and I have just had a letter from him about that book.[1] Our most real services to my Lady Oxford.

46. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Dec. 28, 1727.

MY LORD,—I am always, I may say every day, obliged to you; and to hear of your lordship's and my lady's health every time you acquaint me of it, is a fresh kindness, I wish it so sincerely. I will write upon your cup, This is the least thing Alex. Pope owed to Edw. E. of Oxford. If your objection to adding Jenny's epitaph to our collection, be grounded on its being owned to be Mr. Prior's, we need only set two initial letters before it; but whatever you think right, I am sure I shall do the same.[2] I drank yours, Lady Oxford's, and Lady Margaret's long life and increase of new and happy years, separately, and in divers liquors, whereof Mr. Gay may probably give your lordship an account not greatly to my advantage, for it ended in sal volatile. I am in a very indifferent state of health, and afraid to go to town as yet; but before the end of the Christmas I shall think I have passed a very ill one, if I do not dine one day with you. With the greatest truth, my lord, your most faithful, obedient and affectionate servant.

47. POPE TO LORD OXFORD

TWITENHAM, *May* 6, 1728.

MY LORD,—I had the honour of yours some time since, which the hope of finding you soon in town prevented me from answering. I now am so immersed in the country and in books, that unless your lordship commands me to quit them for what is really more valuable, your conversation, in town or

[1] The volume of poetical Miscellanies.

[2] The epitaph on Jenny is not in the Miscellanies of Pope and Swift, nor in the published poems of Prior. A tone of libertinism on religion and morals is common in Prior, and probably there were levities in the epitaph which Lord Oxford considered unfit to be preserved.

any place, I am like to stay some time here, at least longer than I would, or ought to delay acknowledging the very obliging care you are pleased to show always for my health. I most gratefully wish your lordship yours, and all sorts of felicity, being with great truth and esteem, my lord, your most obliged, ever faithful servant.

I desire to know how long you stay in town. My sincere respects to my Lady Oxford.

48. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TUESDAY MORNING, *May* 14, 1728.

MY LORD,—I beg you, without ceremony or apology, to make me twelve franks for post letters, in folio, any time this day. I will wait on your lordship to-morrow, and tell you my reason for this request. I am sick, but truly and for ever your lordship's most faithful and obliged servant.

49. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

FRIDAY, *May* 17, 1728.

MY LORD,—I sent you the dean's first book, and desire you to take a copy of it, or keep the original, and give me one, which you please. I will desire the same, whenever you can procure, or I, the other pamphlet in answer to the memorial.[1] I hear nothing yet of the Cæsarean majesty.[2] But I conclude I shall, and I hope it heartily, after the bribe you have promised me of yours and my lady's company. I am with true

[1] The dean's "first book" was probably Book I. of the History of the Four Last Years of the Queen, and the "other pamphlet" an unpublished tract on the same topic of the peace,—possibly an answer to the Memorial of the States General in 1712, a memorial which so exasperated the Harley party that they voted it in the House of Commons "a false, scandalous, and malicious libel." More than one of Swift's political productions was suppressed at the time from not meeting altogether with the approval of his leaders. The pamphlet, whatever it was, is not printed in his works.

[2] Mrs. Cæsar.

esteem, her ladyship's, and, my lord, your most faithful servant.

50. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

May 20, 1728.

MY LORD,—Your most kind letter gave me abundant pleasure, and so indeed it ought, in recompence for my ill luck, of which it acquainted me, in missing the sight of you as you passed by. I cannot say how agreeable you will make Wednesday; you will make Mrs. Cæsar spare me and my poem, and then you will work a miracle. I hope you have seen the Dunciad in print, which is more than I have done.[1] You will see I have spared Maittaire at your request. I wish I could obey you in things of more weight than even in dulness, and dull authors.[2] I am, with truth and lasting obligation, my lord, ever yours, most faithfully.

51. LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

May 27, 1728.

SIR,—By your favour I have this morning received a packet from the dean, in which was some medals and a letter which I value more than a thousand medals. I shall write to him soon. I have sent you the transcript of the

[1] The first edition of the Dunciad was published in May, 1728.

[2] The manuscript of the third book of the Dunciad had this couplet in the description of the kingdom of Dullness:

On yonder part what fogs of gathered air
Invest the scene, there museful sits Maittaire.

The parents of Michael Maittaire were French protestants who came to England at the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He was born in 1668, was educated under Dr. Busby at Westminister, published a variety of learned works, besides editions of several classic authors, and died Aug. 7, 1747. His modesty, worth, and attainments procured him many friends, and among the number were the two Earls of Oxford, Robert and Edward. Pope always spoke of critical scholarship with disdain. Two causes may have concurred to produce his hostility. A species of literature which was outside his range and comprehension being necessarily dull to him, he may have concluded that the want of interest was in the subject, and the frequent scoffs at his own imperfect knowledge may have more readily inclined him to express contempt for acquirements he did not possess.

dean's book. I long for the other. I see Curll has advertised a Key to the Dunciad. I have been asked for one by several; I wish the true one was come out.[1] I go on Wednesday for Down Hall for a few days. I am, with true respect and esteem, sir, your most affectionate and humble servant.

My humble service to Mrs. Pope.

52. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

June 13, 1728.

MY LORD,—Your letter is very kind, and I will soon tell you so in person. My mother is pretty well. I was at my heart with you at Down Hall. I fear your lordship has forgot the extract out of Caxton's preface, how he came by Virgil. I want it speedily, if you can conveniently get it.[2] I have the punishment of the Dunciad[3] and all my other sins, in my head this day; the offending part suffers, but pray believe my heart is free, and always, my lord, yours.

My humble services to my Lady Oxford.

53. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

June 17, 1728.

MY LORD,—I am so busy about a thing to gratify you with,[4] which I assure you is a more pleasing end than any other I propose, though I have received a command for the same thing from the highest and most powerful person in this king

[1] The first edition of the Dunciad had no explanatory notes, and in the majority of instances only the initials of the persons satirised were printed in the text. A key was necessary to names which for the most part were little known beyond the confines of Grub Street.

[2] Pope printed it in the appendix to the annotated edition of the Dunciad, perceiving some connection between his poem, and the remarks of Caxton, but the application is not obvious, and the extract appears an excrescence.

[3] From the fatigue in preparing the new edition.

[4] He alludes to the wish expressed by Lord Oxford, May 27, 1728, that the true key to the Dunciad should be published "by telling in the text the names, and in the notes the characters, of those whom he had satirised."

dom,[1] that I can but just tell you I thank you for yours, and Dr. Stratford[2] for his kind concern about my person, which has hitherto remained as unhurt, I thank God, as my temper, by these scoundrels.[3] I shall see you in two days, and have a favour to beg of you in relation to writing. I am sincerely, my Lady Oxford's, and my lord's ever obliged faithful servant.

54. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TUESDAY NIGHT, *June* 25, 1728.

MY LORD,—I have the satisfaction at length to procure you the dean's second book. I beg you, as soon as you have taken a copy, to send it, together with the other here inclosed to Mr. Daniel Pulteney,[4] at his house by St. James's, who is in haste for them, in a day or two. I was sorry not to be able once more to see you, while I was in town. I will endeavour

[1] Despising literature of every description, George II. could relish a powerful satire upon authors, especially when many of the persons attacked were writers against the government. After reading the Dunciad he said that Pope was "a very honest man," and Pope announced publicly, with evident pride, that on March 12, 1729, the new edition of his poem "was presented to the king and queen by the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole."

[2] William Stratford, D.D., was educated at Westminster and Oxford, and became a canon of Christ Church in 1705. He died May 3, 1729. He had been long acquainted with Lord Oxford, who is mentioned in the Journal to Stella as dining with him on Feb. 24, 1713.

[3] The Bathos in March, and the Dunciad in May, declared open war upon a crowd of contemporary authors, who were now busy in retaliating. Lord Oxford says to Swift, July 27, 1728, "Mr. Pope stands by himself. *Athanasius contra mundum.* There is never a newspaper comes out but he is favoured with a letter, a poem, an epigram, even to a distich from the numerous herd of dunces and blockheads that are in and about London, and the suburbs thereof." Dr. Stratford's apprehension that Pope's person might suffer was not without cause. Lord Marchmont told Sir George Rose that he was once at Lord Bathurst's villa, near London, when "a servant whispered something to Pope which disconcerted him so visibly, that Lord Bathurst inquired of the man what he had said." The servant answered that "a young gentleman with a sword had desired him to inform Mr. Pope, that he was waiting for him in an adjacent lane, and that his name was Dennis." The challenger was the son of the critic, who had come to avenge his father. Lord Bathurst went out to the swordsman in Pope's stead, and succeeded in pacifying him.

[4] Cousin to the celebrated William Pulteney, and an active member of

it again in a few days. I am ever with the most lasting obligation, your lordship's most faithful, and most obedient servant.

55. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

July 1, 1728.

MY LORD,—I now trouble you to get your amanuensis to transcribe, in the paper I send, and only in one column, this preface written by a friend of mine.[1] A very unforeseen accident has obliged me to go a journey for nine or ten days, so that I cannot wait on your lordship in person till my return, when I will come to thank you for this, and a hundred favours done, and to be done, to, my lord, your most faithful, humble servant.

56. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

WEDNESDAY, *July* 17, 1728.

MY LORD,—I have reason to be ashamed of the trouble I have given you, and the employment even of your amanuensis, who has so many better things to do with your own papers. I will not send the next book[2] till next week, and hope about that time to have the pleasure of waiting on you myself, to thank your lordship for the kind favour you did me here, and those you are continuing to do me, daily. I beg our humblest services to my Lady Oxford, and am, with the sincerest esteem, ever your lordship's most obliged and most faithful servant.

parliament. Pope received from Lord Oxford on May 27 the transcript of the first book of Swift's history. He now returned it, and requested when the second book was copied that the transcript of both books might be sent to Pulteney.

[1] The Letter to the Publisher, prefixed to the annotated edition of the Dunciad. Pope wrote the letter and got William Cleland to sign it. Both suffered by the proceeding,—Pope by passing unbecoming panegyrics on himself under the name of Cleland, and Cleland by submitting to be an insignificant tool, which obtained him the designation of Pope's man William.

[2] Lord Oxford's amanuensis was copying for the press the notes and other appendages to the new edition of Pope's satire, and it would seem from the letter which follows of July 25, that the "next book" meant the commentary on the second book of the Dunciad.

57. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

THURSDAY, *July* 25, 1728.

MY LORD,—Being to go from home this day, and your lordship saying you would send me those papers, I write and leave this, to return you many thanks, and to convey to your hands the remainder of the notes on the second. I can never enough express my sense of such obligations as I have to you, and which are of so pleasing a nature that they will make one of the greatest satisfactions of my life to come. God preserve your lordship, and all that is dear to you, long. My sincere services, with my mother's, attend on yourself, my lady, and Lady Margaret. I am, with the hope of sometimes hearing of your good health, ever, my lord, your faithful and obedient servant.

58. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

SATURDAY, *Aug.*, 1728.

MY LORD,—I am just going my journey, having hoped your return to town in vain, a few days since, while I might have had the happiness of just seeing you. I hope to find my Lady Oxford at Bath by the time I shall arrive there.[1] I may wish at least to find your lordship too.

I am now obliged to fly to your assistance in an affair that is troublesome to me, of a man I am utterly a stranger to, and of whose character I have heard very ill. Yet the matter is this. He writes me the enclosed, which, perhaps, I should not quite slight, and yet I can hardly believe.[2] You will

[1] Lord Oxford writes to Swift, July 27, "My wife goes this next season to the Bath. I hope it will do her good for the badness of her stomach." Swift replies, Sept. 21, "I pray God send my Lady Oxford success at the Bath, and that she may soon and long increase the market bills in your lordship's family, and take corporeal food like us mortals, which I cannot charge my memory to have ever seen her do."

[2] Thomas Cooke, the translater of Hesiod, addressed a letter to Pope, Aug. 11, 1728, in which he said, "Since I have been informed that you have expressed some resentment on the supposition of my being the

lord, of my uneasiness which proceeds from a fear the least wrong, even to a man who, by his own con- has abused me unprovoked.[1] I would not wrong him one hand, nor be deceived by him on the other; that I am willing some person of probity should be witness to what I have writ to him. I know none such of his acquaintance but Mr. Wesley,[2] whom I desire your lordship to procure to deliver it, after you have read and approved it, not else: and to give him also two books which he sent,[3] but I must not receive. I am really ashamed to give your lordship this trouble; but I can think of no other way, unless I make him no reply at all, which, perhaps, he would complain of as a neglect of his repentance, or implacability in me. I have added a word or two to Mr. Wesley as an excuse for not writing to the other in my own hand, which, to say truth, I do not care such sort of people should be acquainted with.[4] But this you will keep to yourself.

After again thanking you for the use of your amanuensis, I must acquaint your lordship that I shall not need to give him

author of some scurrilous pieces which have been lately printed in the daily papers, I think it incumbent on me to make this declaration that I am not." The disclaimer was the statement Pope could "hardly believe," and his doubts cost him many weeks of perplexity. He had prepared a note for his new edition of the Dunciad in which Cooke was charged with being the author of "some malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals." Pope could not endure to forego his vengeance if Cooke was guilty, and, if he was innocent, to persist in accusing him of an act he had disavowed would have empowered him to hold up Pope as a wilful calumniator.

[1] "I must own," said Cooke in his letter, "I have formerly wrote a poem of which I am now sincerely ashamed, and which, with some other trifling productions, I shall take an occasion to disown." The piece was entitled The Battle of the Poets, and appeared in 1725. Pope is introduced upon the scene in this triplet:

> First on the plain a mighty gen'ral came
> In merit great, but greater far in fame,
> In shining arms advanced, and Pope his name.

[2] Samuel Wesley, the usher at Westminster School, and the eldest brother of John.

[3] Cooke said in his letter, "I beg your acceptance of the mean present I have honoured myself to send you," and from the manuscript of the Prologue to the Satires we learn that the "books" were the translation of Hesiod, which was published in 1728.

[4] An absurd insinuation that if Cooke were acquainted with Pope's handwriting he might forge documents in his name.

any more trouble. I think I ought to tell you an extreme odd thing, that some of these fellows have come to the knowledge, or have seen, some of those papers, which I can be very certain were never out of my own hands, or shown to any but yourself. And there is a paragraph printed in a late Daily Journal evidently quoted from those papers. God knows how this could come about. But I thought it my duty to tell you the fact, which I think could not possibly be mere chance, the paragraph is so remarkable.

My lord, I can use no expressions to show you, how sensible I am of all your kindnesses and distinctions, for which my life must continue a proof of my gratefulness. No words can excuse my freedom, but my heart can; for I feel it daily wishing to be able to do you any service or pleasure. Your most faithfully obliged servant.

I set out on Sunday.

59. LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

DOVER STREET, *Sept.* 10, 1728.

SIR,—I received your letter with the parcel and letters.[1] I sent to Mr. Wesley's house, and he was gone into the country for the holidays. I have sent him the letters and parcel to be delivered to him, as soon as I came to town, which I believe has been done, because he called upon me, and I was not at home. This is the reason you had not an answer from me before this. You mention as if you had sent me Mr. Cooke's letter to you; but none came, only your letter to Mr. Cooke and to Mr. Wesley.

What you mention of a paragraph printed from those papers I had from you to have transcribed, I was much surprised at it, and I did not see the paper, nor what the paragraph is I cannot tell. I assure you I always gave out only one sheet at a time, and nobody else saw them. The others were locked up, and when wrote were examined by myself. I have examined my servant, and he declares no person whatever has

[1] The Hesiod, and the letters to Cooke and Wesley.

seen the papers, nor has he mentioned anything of them, or out of them to any person whatever. I shall desire that this affair should be cleared up, for it is of consequence to me. I hope you are got safe to the Bath, and that you will find great benefit by it. My wife will soon be there. I am, with true respect, sir, your most humble servant.

My compliments to the Doctor, Master Lewis, and Gay if he be there. I shall be glad to hear from you if you are so good. Direct to Dover Street. It will be sent wherever I am.

60. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

BATH, *Sept.* 14, 1728.

MY LORD,—I little imagined when I sent that packet that you were at Down Hall, and that it was sent after you thither. I concluded you in London, and was grieving myself not to be able to pass one day with you before I set out for Bath. The hurry I was in—that being the last day of my stay—made me omit to inclose Cooke's letter for your perusal. It was a singular one enough. I also had not time to transcribe the paragraph I mentioned, which was so like one in the preface your lordship was so good as to have writ out for me. It surprised both me and the author of that preface, when he saw it in a Daily Journal, which I have at home, but cannot tell here where to procure, nor do I remember the number. It was not, however, so literal as to be more than a conjecture that they had seen ours; yet really, if it happened by chance, as from what you say I think it did, it was very odd. In the preface is a passage, saying, "That the favour shown my writings by the *ladies* must vindicate them from the charge of obscenity, the friendship shown the author by the clergy, from profaneness, and a degree of regard from the ministry, from any inclination or suspicion of treason." In the Daily Journal it is said, that "This author very little deserves what he boasts of, the countenance of the *ladies*, the friendship of the *clergy*, and the regard of the *ministry*," or words to that direct effect,

which was a boast never made by me, or insinuated any where else but in that unprinted preface. This was all, and I really fancy it was accidental, or possibly from something the gentleman who writ that preface might chance to have said in company to my justification, and be again reported. I did, however, think it my duty to hint the bare suspicion to you that your lordship might examine about it.

I heartily thank you, my lord, for the kind concern you always take in my welfare. I cannot say the Bath has yet operated much on my complaint.[1] I have drunk constantly, and regularly a fortnight. I also pump my lame hand, and it pains me pretty much. You may see it in the characters I write just now. I am forbid to use it much, or to hang down my head to write, with the waters: they continue to make me giddy still. But nothing shall hinder me from sometime testifying my obligations to your lordship, both with head and hand, how much soever both may be out of order, as long as their cunning, as the Psalmist's phrase is, remains; that is, as long as one can think, or the other can write. I am truly glad to hear of my Lady Oxford's coming, and will hope, at least wish, your lordship may not totally desert her while she stays here. I have made your compliments to those you honour with your mention of them, and am, while I live, my lord, your most faithful, and most grateful, humble servant.

61. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

WEDNESDAY, *Ten o'clock.*
Nov. 27, 1728.

MY LORD,—I am just got hither, and very desirous, as I am always, of waiting on you. Some physic I have taken hinders me this morning; but if at dinner your lordship happens to be totally unengaged I beg leave to attend you. Will you allow me, my lord, to desire, if it be no way inconvenient, that Mr. Wesley may be there, whose acquaintance I am willing to improve? If any other time will be less trouble-

[1] He wrote to Swift from Bath a month later, and said, "I have passed six weeks in quest of health, and found it not."

some to you, your lordship has but to command me, who am, with the truest respect and obligation, ever, my lord, your most faithful and obedient servant.

62. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

SATURDAY, *Dec.* 28, 1728.

MY LORD,—It was with regret I let your servant go without a line, in thanks for your always obliging, always kind, regard to my mother. I have myself been ill three days. As for her, she is still in danger; yet I hope not without possibility of recovery—recovery indeed is too bold a word for her age—but of lingering on some little time, or rather dying longer.

My faithful services to my Lady Oxford and Lady Margaret, whose health I hope is confirmed to your wishes. I shall ever be, with the sincerest respect and obligation, my lord, your faithful and most humble servant.

63. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Jan. 6, 1728-9.

MY LORD,—It is not to be expressed how sensible I am of your goodness in sending so often, and interesting yourself in all my concerns, especially in one of so tender a nature as this. Indeed my poor mother continues in a most uncertain, dangerous way, hard to discover if more of decay or of disease. She was two days seemingly mending, now as ill again as ever. She has not once rose out of bed in sixteen days. I bade my servant this morning leave this account at your door. I am very much sunk myself, and know not when I can hope to see you. There is no possibility of quitting her for a day, or else I had been with my poor friend Gay. God preserve him; if he dies, he will not leave an honester heart behind him in this kingdom. I am troubled still about Cooke, as the smallest trifles will affect one in a splenetic, weak condition; so I have been acquitting my conscience about him to Mr. Wesley, to

whom I beg your lordship to transmit this.[1] I entreat you, if this illness of my mother lasts, to give me one day, and bring him with you that I may thank him. It will be great charity, and therefore you will do it. My Lady Oxford will be assured of my sense of her kind enquiries, and believe no man can be, with sincerer affection and esteem than I, my lord, your ever faithful obliged servant.

64. LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

DOVER STREET, *Jan.* 20, 1728-9.

SIR,—I was in hopes to have seen you before this by your kind letter and message; but I am afraid it is neither so well as you would wish with your good mother, and, consequently, it is but indifferent with yourself.

I obeyed your request and sent your letter to Mr. Wesley; but upon consideration, when I saw him last, I forbid him to show the letter. The reasons I will tell you when I see you. I believe you will not dislike them. Wesley has not been able to see Cooke. I suppose he is at hide, and not to be found.[2] I was glad of it for my own reasons. Poor honest Gay recovers; but Congreve is gone. My wife desires her compliments and good wishes to Mrs. Pope and to yourself. I join in with my wishes for you both. I am, with true respect and esteem, sir, your most affectionate, and most humble servant.

[1] Pope's first letter to Cooke was dated Aug. 17, 1728, and through the absence from town of Lord Oxford and Wesley, it was only delivered to Cooke on Sept. 16. Cooke replied on the same day, and his second letter appears to have remained unanswered till Jan. 6, 1729, from which we may conclude that Pope had continued in doubt whether to acquit or condemn him. The fruit of Pope's long delay was disapproved by Lord Oxford, and the letter was not sent on to Cooke. The nature of its contents may be guessed from the public result. Pope printed his note against Cooke in the Dunciad, and Cooke re-wrote his Battle of the Poets, and converted his first mild criticism on Pope into a bitter invective.

[2] This is sufficiently apparent from Cooke's second letter, in which he says of Pope's first, "If Mr. Wesley had left it at my lodgings in Westminster I should not have been two days without it. I am at present in the country, not far from town, where a gentleman, who received the letter from Mr. Wesley, was so kind to come purposely to give it me."

65. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Jan. 21, 1728–9.

MY LORD,—I am, in truth, in a very melancholy situation; my mother not mending, but lying in so languishing a state, and under such daily danger of going away at once, as the diarrhœa and fever returns, which is never quite off half a day certain. Conversation with her I can have none, for at best she lies dozing; yet leave her a day I cannot, lest that day should prove her last.

I am greatly obliged to you for stopping a letter you had objections to,—I dare say for good reasons. I wish extremely to see your lordship, and will the first day possible. Mr. Congreve's death was to me sudden, and struck me through. You know the value I bore him, and a long twenty years' friendship. God keep you, my lord, and all yours. I am truly sensible of all the proofs of your great goodness, and ever faithfully, my lady's and your lordship's obliged and most humble servant.

66. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Jan. 30, 1728–9.

MY LORD,—I often think, when I write you these short, insignificant letters, how very imperfectly, or rather, with what nothingness—to use a good puritan expression—they show the real great esteem I bear you, and the sense I feel of your lordship's constant favours on all occasions. The truth is, at this particular time I feel them doubly, when I want a prop to rest my mind upon almost every hour, when I see nothing here but sickness, and hear of nothing from abroad but the danger or death of my friends.[1] It will be great charity, my lord, if a finer day than ordinary should dawn at this season, if you would fill your coach with one or two such as you should like for four or five hours, and dine here on mutton and a broiled chicken. I fancy Mr. Lewis might

[1] The death of Congreve, and the dangerous illness of Gay.

attend you, or Mr. Wesley would think me a grateful man for contriving him this reward for the strange company I have once or twice engaged him in. I beg to know if this be feasible. You see I presume much; but I have some reason, for I love you much. I am, my Lady Oxford's and your lordship's ever faithful servant.

67. LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

Jan. 30, 1728-9.

SIR,—I am obliged to you for giving yourself the trouble to write. I am always pleased to hear from you and of you, and shall with great pleasure wait upon you when it is convenient. If Monday be a proper day I will come and bring friend Lewis, and Wesley if he can come; if not, some good man in his room. I desire we may dine at one o'clock that we may not be in the dark, for I hate works of darkness. Lord Dupplin and Wooton[1] went to see Gay, and found him alive and well, and took the air with him. I believe this piece of news would be very agreeable to you. If the day I have named should be improper, pray let me know, and I will come some other day.

You are often in my thoughts, and, if it would ease you, I

[1] Lord Dupplin was son of the Earl of Kinnoul, who married Lady Abigail Harley, the sister of Edward, Lord Oxford. Wooton was John Wooton, the painter, and he is said by Pope, in a manuscript note to the Dunciad, to have been one of Gay's intimates. He must have been an old man at his death in 1765, for he had been a pupil of John Van Wyck, who died in 1702. Horace Walpole, with unintentional exaggeration, being influenced by the admiration of contemporary fox-hunters, describes him as "a very capital master in the branch of his profession to which he principally devoted himself—horses and dogs, which he both drew and coloured with consummate skill, fire, and truth." He cultivated landscape, which he studied in pictures, to the neglect of nature. Constable said that the absurdity of imitation was nowhere more apparent than in his Italian scenery, borrowed from Gaspar Poussin, and peopled with all the accompaniments of an English fox-chase. His pictures are mechanical and prosaic, without a gleam of sentiment. Whatever value they retain is historical. The points of the horses and hounds, in which he was a proficient, the three-cornered hats, jockey-caps, wigs, boots, and vestments of his riders were copied with literal fidelity from his models, and bring full before the eye the sporting squires of his generation, with their hunters and dogs.

feel for you; if the prayers of a heretic would do you any good, you have them. I am, with true respect and esteem, your most affectionate, humble servant.

My wife is your humble servant.

68. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Jan. 31, 1728–9.

MY LORD,—According to the kind indulgence you give me, why may not I ask to see you rather on Sunday, when Wesley will have no school business. It happens that Monday is the only day that may be less convenient, for my mother is to do a christian duty that day at which I attend. And I would wish when your lordship can come, it may be as early as possible, the days being much too short for your company. I am with great sincerity, my lord, ever yours.

My Lady Oxford and Lady Margaret have me always for their servant.

69. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Feb. 1, 1728–9.

MY LORD,—Excuse the hurry and ill-breeding of this scrap of paper. I will with joy expect you on Tuesday. Your lordship's most sincere, obliged servant.

If you would drink good wine, pray bring just two bottles with you, for I have but two in the house.

70. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Feb. 14, 1728–9.

MY LORD,—I have indeed been ill, though I knew you good, and therefore would not tell you. But I am better, and hope soon to prove it by waiting on you. My mother mends as to health, but her illness has greatly affected her memory:

I wish it go no further. I beg my Lady Oxford to know me for her very grateful servant. Among a thousand things I take, and ought to take kindly of you, or,—to speak in a style more proportioned, my lord, to your lordship and me,—that I look upon as a great honour, I must mention what you were pleased at parting last to tell me, that you would come again. Pray, good my lord and my friend, do, if I do not see you in four days. I am with thorough esteem and gratitude, wishing you all good things, my lord, yours ever.

71. LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

DOVER STREET, *Feb.* 14, 1728–9.

SIR,—I beg your pardon for not sending you the papers I promised you, but they were not in my own power till two days since. I have sent you ballads two, epigrams two, Intelligencers five;[1] these last I must desire you will restore to me. I am sorry to hear that you yourself have been ill. It is very hard when you are setting so great an example of filial piety, and carrying that duty to so great a height, you should be afflicted in your body as well as your mind. God Almighty comfort you and support you, for he only can. I have seen Gay at my house; he looks very well. He is at present very busy.[2] My wife sends her compliments to you. I can only say this, I wish for whatever you do. I am, with true respect and esteem, your most affectionate, humble servant.

72. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

THURSDAY, *Feb.* 20, 1728–9.

MY LORD,—I hoped to have found a daily watch unnecessary to my mother before now, and to have had two or three days to pay my acknowledgments in town to a friend or two,

[1] The Intelligencer was a weekly publication written by Dr. Thomas Sheridan, with the occasional assistance of Swift, and printed at Dublin. It was commenced in 1728, and being languidly conducted soon came to an end.

[2] Preparing his prohibited opera, Polly, for the press. The preface is dated March 25, 1729.

especially to your lordship. I find I must be absent but one day, and in it hope to meet with you at leisure the hour I can call, though uncertain when as yet. It shall be my first visit I assure you, my lord. I return the Intelligencers, with that one which may well be called an Intelligencer extraordinary, in the modern style: writ no doubt by some wag, and printed surreptitiously.[1] I am with the utmost regard, my lord, your most obliged, obedient, faithful servant.

73. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

March, 1728-9.

MY LORD,—If this finds your lordship at home, pray be pleased to tell me what number of books exactly the binder sent to you. The inclosed letter I have at last procured.[2] I am ever, your lordship's most faithful servant.

74. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

March 13, 1728-9.

MY LORD,—You are now at full liberty to publish all my faults and enormities. The king and queen had the book yesterday by the hands of Sir R[obert] W[alpole,] so that your lordship may let me fly,[3] as Ennius has it:

Per ora virum
Volat irrevocabile Dunciad.

I am, with extreme affection, but with great esteem and respect, your lordship's faithful servant.

Just gone to Twitnam.

[1] Pope refers to No. 3, which was an essay by Swift on the Beggar's Opera, and contained strong language on the rascality of the ministers.

[2] The books were copies of the new edition of the Dunciad. The "inclosed letter" was probably one of the letters of Swift which Pope had sent to Bolingbroke, and which Bolingbroke had been slow in returning.

[3] I remarked in a note to the Swift correspondence, that Pope's motive was not apparent for putting forth in the first instance an abbreviated

75. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

March, 1728-9.

MY LORD,—In great haste, for a very material reason, I desire you to keep locked up, and send not one of the Dunciads

edition of the Dunciad without names or commentary. I have now no doubt that the reason for it was his apprehension of actions for libel. The imperfect edition, published May, 1728, had on the title-page, "Dublin printed; London reprinted," and the fiction of a prior edition in Ireland, which would not have endured investigation, was a colourable device for propagating the belief that the English bookseller had not originated the work. The same defensive policy had much to do with the announcement in the preface that the author had "attacked no man living who had not before printed or published against Mr. Pope." He wished to remind the sensitive and angry, who might else have appealed to the law, that he only rendered back the injuries he had received. The precautions he thought sufficient for the mutilated Dunciad of 1728, seemed too little for the direct and detailed personalities of the full edition of 1729, and Pope followed his common plan of suppressing dangerous matter for a time, in the conviction that after the novelty of the work was past, he could deal out his more adventurous strokes with comparative safety. "He used to tell me," Warburton wrote to Hurd, Sept. 22, 1751, "that when he had anything better than ordinary to say, and yet too bold, he always reserved it for a second or third edition, and then nobody took any notice of it." The rule did not hold good of the Dunciad. He had assailed a host of writers in newspapers, who had a constant outlet for their resentment, which kept alive heats that would otherwise have died away. The rumour of the enlarged edition drew forth blustering threats of corporal chastisement and legal proceedings. Many were confident that he would not dare to complete his design, and when the work appeared some avowed their surprise that "the rancour of his mind had got the better of his fears." Pope recognised the peril, and adopted measures for his protection. His contrivance, as one of his opponents expresses it, was "to make men of rank in a manner his publishers." The new edition was distributed by peers, who gave or sold copies privately, and when the work was allowed to be sold in the shops it was one of the noblemen who supplied the volumes to the booksellers. Even to his friend Caryll Pope was careful to explain that the responsible person was the nobleman. "It would have been a sort of curiosity," he wrote of the enlarged Dunciad, April 8, 1729, "had it reached your hand a week ago, for the publishers had not then permitted any to be sold, but only dispersed by some lords of their and my acquaintance, of whom I procured yours. But I understand that now the booksellers have got them by consent of Lord Bathurst." Mr. Croker says that Pope "had a natural disposition to shelter himself behind vicarious defenders," and there was no occasion when the resource would have appeared to him more necessary. To have rich substitutes in the event of actions for libel was the chief, but not, in his eyes, the sole advantage.

to anybody till I have the honour to see you again in three or four days.[1] I am, my lord, your most faithful servant.

76. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

March 27, 1729.

MY LORD,—I am every day wishing to converse with you, though I almost fear I do it too often, that is, every time I am in town, and often of late at odd hours, perhaps unseasonable ones. I have but one way to remedy it, which is, if you will make me what the Romans called *amicus omnium horarum*, by allowing me when I come next to lodge with you, and then, by the privilege of a domestic,[2] your lordship may send me out of your room at any hour that you would be better employed. If this proposal be, as you were lately so good as to tell me, not inconvenient, whenever you will prove it by an overt act I will believe it,—namely, whatever day you can pass at Twitnam you shall carry me home with you.

I beg your lordship to send about twenty books to Cambridge, but by no means to be given to any bookseller, but disposed of as by your own order at six shillings by any honest gentleman or head of a house.[3] If you send to Mr. Digby's at

He "triumphed," says Johnson, "in those distinctions he had affected to despise," and when he relates that the "poem had been presented to the king and queen by Sir Robert Walpole," he goes on to say with equal satisfaction, that "some days after the whole impression was taken and dispersed by several noblemen and persons of the first distinction."

[1] The "material reason" was not unlikely that Pope wanted to alter a passage, which would have involved the cancel of a leaf. This was with him a constant practice.

[2] When Pope, that is, had the privilege of being a domestic or inmate, Lord Oxford would be released from the obligation to converse with him at any particular hour. The noun "domestic" was formerly applied to inmates of whatever degree who discharged functions under the head of the house. Bishop Patrick, in his Autobiography, calls Dr. Paman, who was a scholar, fellow, physician, and professor, "a domestic" of Archbishop Sancroft, with whom he resided in the capacity of master of the faculties. From Pope's use of the word we may conclude that it had not yet acquired its exclusive sense of "common servant."

[3] Pope was carefully feeling his way. He would only permit the Dunciad to be disposed of in private, that no one likely to bring an action might be able to prove the sale, and this wary traffic he desired might have the sanction of Lord Oxford's

Lady Scudamore's house in Pall Mall, he will deliver them to your order. To apologize to your lordship for so many liberties as you have indulged me would be to distrust your very goodness that encouraged them. I will only say therefore what follows in a plain and necessary consequence to them, that I am with constant sense and truth, my lord, your most obliged, obedient and faithful servant.

My mother's and my own services attend Lady Oxford and Lady Margaret.

77. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

April 18, 1729.

MY LORD,—I did not think so very soon to trouble you with a letter, but so it is, that the gentlemen of the Dunciad intend to be vexatious to the bookseller and threaten to bring an action of I cannot tell how many thousands against him. It is judged by the learned in law, that if three or four of those noblemen who honour me with their friendship would avow it so openly as to suffer their names to be set to a certificate of the nature of the inclosed, it would screen the poor man from their insults. If your lordship will let it be transcribed fair, and allow yours to be subscribed with those of Lord Burlington, Lord Bathurst, and one or two more, I need not say it will both oblige and honour me vastly.[1] I beg a line in answer.

"own order," that Lord Oxford might be responsible in case the first precaution should be insufficient.

[1] The requirement that the persons who signed should be noblemen, leaves the impression that peers in 1729 were exempt from actions for libel. I learn from Mr. Justice Willes that they possessed no such privilege. They had to be sued by special proofs which involved additional trouble, but did not affect the liability. The "learned in law" could not have laid any stress upon the point of nobility, and they must have proceeded upon the general principle that the publisher would be protected when he had substantial employers behind him who avowed themselves responsible. In our day the publisher of a libel is accountable as well as the author, and to give up the name of the writer would only be a plea in mitigation of damages. In Pope's time it had not been definitely settled that if the author was known the publisher was still answerable. The three noblemen having accepted the author's responsibility, there might be reasonable ground for assuming,

I cannot say how much I am ever, my lord, your obliged affectionate servant.

Whereas a clamour hath been raised by certain persons, and threats uttered, against the publisher or publishers of the poem called the Dunciad with notes variorum, &c., we whose names are underwritten do declare ourselves to have been the publishers and dispersers thereof, and that the same was delivered out and vended by our immediate direction.

78. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

May 16, 1729.

MY LORD,—I proposed to have challenged your kind promise this week, of passing a day at Twitenham, but I have found my mother much worse, and been not without alarms about her from sudden fits of extreme short breath, which yet continue.

I see a book, with a curious cut,[1] called Pope Alexander's

according to the current view of the law, that the publisher was absolved, and supposing that he was not, it would at least have been an argument for merely nominal damages, that the peers who declared the work to be "vended by their immediate direction," were the fittest persons to be sued. There is not any intimation in the sequel that the certificate for which Pope asked in April was granted; but in November he brought out a new edition of the Dunciad, and the entry at Stationers' Hall announces that the author had assigned the book to Lord Burlington, Lord Oxford, and Lord Bathurst, and that they three had assigned it to the publisher, Gilliver. The distinguished judge to whom I owe the statement of the law considers that the second mode of setting forth the responsibility of the noblemen was better advised than the scheme of the certificate. The plain meaning of the step was that Pope's three friends undertook to bear the costs of the defence in all the actions which might be brought on the score of the Dunciad. Pope glossed over his personal advantage in obtaining substitutes, and requested the certificate as a screen to the "poor man," the publisher. The screen was really to the author. In his next letter Pope begs Lord Oxford to get a publisher threatened with an action "unless he declares the author" of a libel on Pope himself, and rather than stand the risk of an action for "thousands," the publisher of the Dunciad would probably have yielded to the threats which Pope expected to be effectual with another "poor man" in the same line of business.

[1] The cut is a portrait of Pope perched on a pedestal. The body is that of a monkey, and the head is

Supremacy, &c., 4to. In it are three or four things so false and scandalous[1] that I think I know the authors, and they are of a rank to merit detection. I therefore beg your lordship to send a careful hand to buy the book of Lintot,—who must not be known to come from you,—and to enter down the day of the month. I would fain have it bought of him himself. The book is writ by Burnet, and a person who has great obligations to me, and the cut is done by Ducket.[2] I would fain come at the proof of this, for reasons of a very high nature. Let the same man, after he has the book, go to Roberts the publisher in Warwick Lane and threaten him, unless he declares the author, or any other method your lordship can judge best.[3] I will not beg pardon for this but take all to that account, which I can never repay, but by being for life, my lord, your most obliged, most faithful servant.

I hope Lady Oxford recovers of her complaint and is well.

79. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWITENHAM, *Aug.* 14, 1729.

MY LORD,—Your enquiry after me is particularly kind, if I can call particular any kindness you show me, which indeed

said to be "exactly transcribed from a busto, which was returned upon a certain ingenious sculptor's hand for resembling in a most unflattering manner the original."

[1] Many charges are brought against Pope in the pamphlet. "The three or four false things" to which he refers may be these,—that immediately the subscription list to his Homer was complete, he wrote a satire upon Addison and Steele who had "set the subscription on foot;" that he was suspected of retailing to the minister Lord Oxford, the political conversation at Button's, and was forced in consequence to keep away from the house for some years; that he proceeded to publish invectives every week on the whigs as long as the tories were in power; that he abused in a "scurvy ballad" some court ladies, his acquaintances, and was banished from their society; and that having subsequently printed a lampoon upon sundry persons of distinction, he ascribed it to a lady of quality who was noted for her beauty and wit.

[2] The cut is said at the bottom of the page to be designed by "G. D." The name of the "person who had great obligations" to Pope is nowhere mentioned.

[3] It does not appear that Pope pursued the subject, or ever again referred to the authors and their accusations.

you honour me with so constantly on all occasions. The reason that hindered my giving your lordship under my hand an account of my easy and safe arrival, was an illness that succeeded it next day before night, which made me glad that I had parted even from my best friends,—such a violent fit of the headache and colic as held me three days and nights. I am now taking physic, which I hope will carry off the remains of it. I beg my lady's acceptance of my real service and respect. I ought to have paid my thanks to my Lord and Lady Morpeth for the honour which, through your means, I received from them.[1] I intreat your lordship to do it for me. I am, with all truth, my lord, your ever obliged, faithful servant.

80. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Sept. 15, 1729.

MY LORD,—I have been for some days hindered by an indisposition from troubling you with a line or two upon your settling in full family at Wimpole, where I heartily hope you all enjoy perfect health, peace, and fair weather,—the three wishes of Sir William Temple. My mother is not better, you will too naturally conceive; but she has sufficient memory to think often and acknowledge your lordship's and Lady Oxford's favours. I wish her situation were such as would allow me to take so great a pleasure at any distance from her as it would be to me to be with you a few weeks at Wimpole, and, while you used manlier exercises, to nod over a book in your library. The mention of your library, which I should envy any man but one who both makes a good use of it himself, and suffers others to do so, brings back into my mind a request I have had at heart for half a year and more,—that you would suffer some original papers and letters, both of my own and some of my friends, to lie in your library at London. There seems already to be an occasion of it from a publication of certain posthumous pieces of Mr. Wycherley, very unfair and derogatory

[1] While he was staying in Lord Oxford's house they may have included him in some invitation to his host and hostess.

to his memory, as well as injurious to me, who had the sole supervisal of them committed to me, at his earnest desire in his lifetime; and something will be necessary to be done to clear both his and my reputation, which the letters under his hand will abundantly do:[1] for which particular reason I would desire to have them lodged in your lordship's hands. As the rest of the work I told you of,—that of collecting the papers and letters of many other correspondents,—advances now to some bulk, I think more and more of it, as finding what a number of facts they will settle the truth of, both relating to history and criticism, and parts of private life and character of the eminent men of my time. And really, my lord, I am in hopes I shall in this make you no disagreeable and no unvaluable present to your manuscript library.[2] I beg to have the pleasure of a line sometimes from your lordship, as at all times the notice of your welfare and felicity will add to mine. I am, with my sincere compliments to Lady Oxford and Lady Margaret, with the truest esteem and affectionate respect, my lord, your most obliged and ever faithful servant.

[1] Captain Shrimpton, who married the widow of Wycherley, sold the literary manuscripts of the old dramatist and poet to a bookseller. Theobald, the friend and attorney of the Shrimptons, undertook to edit them, and a volume came out in 1728. Several years before his death Wycherley submitted a number of his verses to Pope's correction. Suddenly Wycherley broke off the intercourse, and though they were afterwards reconciled, he never again entrusted his manuscripts to Pope. The original request was private, the estrangement had put an end to Pope's passing function, there had not been any renewal of his commission, he was in no way constituted the guardian of Wycherley's papers, and his name had not been mentioned in connection with them. The "posthumous pieces of Wycherley" could not therefore be "injurious" to Pope, and his language conveyed a wrong impression when he added—"who had the sole supervisal of them committed to me, at his earnest desire in his lifetime."

[2] The magnificent manuscript library of Lord Oxford was a fit receptacle for documents which were too precious to be lost, and not proper to see the light till a future generation. Pope's design was different. His intention was to make the library a means of getting his correspondence to the press without appearing to be an agent in the process. Letters which were to be printed forthwith could only be a valuable present when they were autographs, and if Pope, in the first instance, sent a few originals, his after-practice was to deposit copies. Most of these he withdrew upon discovering that the manuscripts were too secure in the library. There they reposed unstolen and unpublished, and he was obliged to go to the rescue.

81. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Oct. 6, 1729.

MY LORD,—I long since writ you a letter, principally to enquire of your lordship's and family's health; secondly, to tell you of what I know you have the goodness to interest youself in—my own; and, thirdly, to ask your leave to deposit certain memorandums of me, and the best part of me,—my friendships and correspondence with my betters,—in your library. I foresaw some dirty trick in relation to my friend Wycherley's papers which they were publishing, and nothing can at once do justice so well to him and to me, who was by him employed in them, as the divulging some parts of his and my letters, with proper guard and caution to reserve what should not be published of private letters, *pour raisons*, as the French express it, *de l'honnêteté*. It will be evident by these, at one glance, that neither he nor I thought those pieces by any means worthy the public, but, on the contrary, that he fully determined to turn them entirely into another form, which would have been consistent with his reputation.[1] All the

[1] Speaking of Wycherley's poems, Pope says to him, May 2, 1710, "It is, as I have often told you, my sincere opinion that the greater part would make a much better figure as simple reflections in prose, after the manner of your favourite Rochefoucault, than in verse." This letter was not answered by Wycherley. Conceiving that he had good grounds of resentment against Pope, he dropped his acquaintance. Not only is there no intimation from Wycherley that he assented to Pope's suggestion, but the letters cast a doubt upon the statement altogether, since Pope in his last communication professes to have often given the advice, and throughout the previous correspondence on the revision of the poems there is not, on either side, the remotest allusion to it. A portion at least of Pope's letter was fabricated, and it is probable that he did not insert the pretended advice till he prepared the letter for the press. In any case the correspondence shows that up to the end of Pope's editorial relations with him, Wycherley was bent upon printing the verse, and the bold announcement of Pope, that "it will be evident by the letters at one glance that he had fully determined to turn the pieces entirely into another form," is a direct inversion of the fact. To confirm his story Pope said in a note to the letter of May 2, "Some of the verses which had been touched by Mr. P., with 308 of these maxims in prose, were found among Wycherley's papers, which having the misfortune to fall into the hands of a mercenary, were published in 1728." The note is not better supported than the text. The maxims in substance, as well as form, are distinct from any

favour I would beg of your lordship herein, is to give leave that it may be said the originals are in your library, which they shall be as soon as you will give orders to any one to receive them into it, which I earnestly request. I would not appear myself as publisher of them, but any man else may, or even the bookseller be supposed to have procured copies of them,—formerly, or now, it is equal. But certain it is, that no other way can justice be rendered to the memory of a man to whom I had the first obligations of friendship, almost in my childhood.[1]

My lord, I can only repeat, and repeat again, my constant and unalterable wishes for your felicity, in which a great part of my own is really included, and my professions, which will never vary, of being sincerely, your most obliged, obedient, and faithful servant.

I have often enquired of your health in Dover Street, and of Lord Dupplin, who has lately much obliged me in a piece of service to a nephew of mine.[2] My poor mother holds up pretty well, and is most sensibly yours, and my Lady Oxford's obliged servant.

of Wycherley's posthumous verses, and it will be plain to those who read both, that his poetry is not of that terse, axiomatic character which could have yielded such a product. The plea for printing the letters was completely fictitious, and as if to render more glaring the hollowness of the pretext, the volume Pope put out to shame the verses published by Theobald, and retrieve the damaged reputation of Wycherley, was more than half made up of verses so trashy that the work was unsaleable, and not a single copy has hitherto been found. The impression was left to encumber the warehouse of the bookseller, the sheets which contained the correspondence were in 1735 transferred by Pope to the P. T. volume of letters, and the poetry utterly perished.

[1] Whatever "originals" Pope may have deposited, they could only have been selections from Wycherley's share of the correspondence. His own part of it was falsified, and if sent to the library must have consisted of reconstructed copies. Among the corruptions were passages which professed to be a reply to sentiments contained in the letters of Wycherley, and which had never been expressed by him, and these inventions were not less forgeries in Wycherley's name because they were interpolated into the letters of Pope, whose object was to exalt himself by defaming his friend. All the ridicule heaped upon Wycherley's irritable vanity, and literary dotage, was founded upon the adulterated correspondence which was published to "render justice to his memory."

[2] One of the five sons of Magdalen Rackett, the daughter of Pope's father by his first wife.

82. LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

Oct. 9, 1729.

SIR,—I received the favour of your letters both, and designed troubling you before the last came. You may be assured I shall think my library very much honoured by the deposit you propose; and if you please to have those papers put in a box, and left with my porter, he has orders to put the box into the library, and whatever mention you make of that library I shall be pleased with.

I know you will be rejoiced at any good fortune that happens to your friends. Young Mr. Cæsar is married to a very great fortune, and much to the satisfaction of his father and mother.[1] I write this because I believe you will take notice of it to them. My wife and I desire you will make our sincere compliments to good Mrs. Pope. My wife desires your acceptance of her humble service. I am your most affectionate and most humble servant.

Peggy desires I will tell you that she is yours and Mrs. Pope's humble servant. I write this in some haste.

[1] The Historical Register says, "Oct. 3, 1729, Charles Cæsar, Esq., eldest son of Charles Cæsar of Benington Place, in the county of Hertford, Esq., married to Mrs. Long, daughter of Capt. Long." Lord Oxford's mode of announcing the event, and the stress he lays upon "the satisfaction" of the bridegroom's "father and mother," would convey the mistaken impression that there had been nothing irregular in the proceeding. The young lady was a ward in Chancery, and Mr. Cæsar ran away with her from the house of her guardian, and was married to her in a cottage. The elopement was the subject of a ballad called the Royston Bargain, or Alehouse Wedding, from which we learn that the guardian and his wife, who intended the heiress for their son, had some suspicion of her design, and on her going into the garden, they advised the son to follow. He answered "he would crack a walnut or two more first," and while he was eating his nuts the girl was whirled off in a coach and six by the rival suitor. The Cæsars were reported to be in straitened circumstances, having suffered much from electioneering, and when the heiress was secured, Mrs. Cæsar, senior, exclaims in the ballad, "We have now saved our bacon." An application seems to have been made to Lord Chancellor King to commit the bridegroom for contempt of court, since in a later case before Lord Hardwicke, the counsel for the defence pleaded that "Mr. Cæsar was not committed because it would be a punishment to the lady too," which was a doctrine Lord Hardwicke declined to accept.

83. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Oct. 16, 1729.

MY LORD,—I am extremely obliged to you for your kind permission to quote your library, and to mention it in what manner I pleased. I consulted Mr. Lewis upon the turn of the preface to those papers relating to Mr. Wycherley, and have exceeded, perhaps, my commission in one point, though we both judged it the right way, for I have made the publishers say that your lordship permitted them a copy of some of the papers from the library, where the originals remain as testimonies of the truth. It is, indeed, no more than a justice due to the dead, and to the living author,[1] one of which I have the happiness to know you are concerned for; and the other had too much merit to have his laurels blasted, fourteen years after his death, by an unlicensed and presumptuous mercenary.[2]

[1] Not justice, but the injustice to the dead, and the more than justice done to the living, occasioned the need for a false statement of the mode in which the letters came to be printed. The pliant feebleness of Lord Oxford's character must have been extreme when Pope could venture to make him a party to the fiction before he had so much as asked his permission, and when Lord Oxford could tamely submit to the indignity.

[2] The language is the expression of Pope's hostility to Theobald, and not of the facts. The posthumous verses of Wycherley, which were less offensive, and not less poetical, than the volume he published himself in 1704, had no effect upon his reputation for good or for evil. Neither was Theobald "unlicensed," for he received the manuscripts from the widow to whom Wycherley bequeathed them, and without we assume that, for the sake of gain, he knowingly discredited Wycherley's memory in printing verses which were received with quite as much favour as Pope's rival volume, he was no otherwise a "mercenary" than any person who takes money for a marketable commodity. The epithets "unlicensed" and "presumptuous," which Pope bestowed on Theobald, might with stronger reason be applied to his own conduct. Theobald had announced that the pieces he published were "but one moiety," and that the rest would "in a short time follow." Pope's supplement came forth as the second volume to Theobald's first, and in the advertisement, alluding to Theobald's promised second volume, it was said, "the public may be assured this completes the whole, and that nothing more of Mr. Wycherley's which is in any way fit for the press can ever be added to it." He thus claimed a right to usurp another man's work, and in defiance of him to furnish his second volume. He even advertised that the intrusive second volume "completed the whole," and that nothing of the slightest value could appear in the second volume he supplanted. The decencies of literary usage were never more openly violated, and the

The other manuscripts I intend to trouble or burthen your library with, I am causing to be fairly written, and hope at your lordship's return to be the presenter of them to you in person.

Our affair with Gilliver is at last finished by Mr. Taylor, who directed me to trouble you with the signing it speedily.[1] By post, or by any safer way, we beg your lordship's quick return of the paper. Lord Burlington will be in town in a few days, and till this is over our new edition cannot come out. It will be in vain and endless for me to pretend to say how many daily and repeated favours of yours continue to bind me ever, with all truth and esteem, my lord, your most obedient, most affectionate, faithful servant.

My faithful services to my lady and Lady Margaret, and Lord Dupplin, if with you.

84. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWITENHAM, *Oct.* 29, 1729.

MY LORD,—The quick dispatch your lordship was pleased to give to the assignment was very obliging. Mr. Taylor had it some days before I dreamt of it. I have added another odd sort of errata to this edition,[2] which you will see, I believe, next week. I have ordered one to be sent to Dover Street, directed to Wimpole, and also one of Mr. W[ycherley]'s Remains, which are strange jumbled things as they have printed them;[3]

proceeding had the fainter show of excuse, that by incorporating his work with Theobald's he did his best to propagate the productions which he insisted were "derogatory to Wycherley's memory."

[1] The "paper" was the assignment by the three peers of the new edition of the Dunciad to Gilliver. Mr. Taylor appears to have been the lawyer.

[2] Pope culled from the replies of the persons satirised such trivial contradictions as substantially confirmed his own statements, and these minute corrections he printed at the end of the new edition under the head of *Errata*.

[3] The language properly refers to the Remains Pope had sent, which would be an avowal that after denouncing Theobald he had himself been guilty of the grossest negligence in the supervision of his vindicatory volume, and had suffered some unnamed "they" to put together at

of no congruity, nor colour, nor equality of any sort. I hope you will not take amiss, since you allowed me to mention the library in what way I would, that we mentioned the master of it, not in the way I would, could I have appeared in this; and particularly not as I would, because I would appear publicly in anything said of you. It is but like the sorry compliment of a bookseller, to preserve propriety.

I hope that good health, good company, and good weather all conspire to make Wimpole agreeable. Yet I shall wish they may not do so too long, lest we should be deprived of you for half the winter.

I have reserved to the last a piece of news your good-nature will not like, namely, that last week, all on a sudden, from being in as much health as ever falls to my lot, I was seized with a fever, knocked down to my bed some days in London, and carried, very closely boxed and glassed up, to this place three days since, from which time I have never quitted my room. But no part of the fever is on me; and probably I may live to be troublesome, grateful, and importunate to you, my lord, some time longer. Be assured with fidelity I shall, as long as I last, continue ever your most obliged, faithful, humble servant.

My mother is as well as can be expected, and always with respect your lordship's and Lady Oxford's servant. I hope her ladyship and Lady Margaret will accept of my best wishes.

85. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Nov. 22, 1729.

MY LORD,—I had sooner thanked you for enabling us to begin Christmas so early by an excellent collar of brawn,[1]

random a parcel of "strange jumbled things." I, therefore, conclude that Pope had Theobald's volume in his thoughts, though he does not specify it, and once more described its defects to excuse his rival publication.

[1] Brawn at this period was the standing Christmas dish. "I see nothing here like Christmas," Swift wrote to Stella, Jan. 2, 1712, "except brawn or mince-pies in places where I dine, and giving away my half-crowns like farthings to great men's porters and butlers." Thanks

which Dr. Arbuthnot is of opinion is better than a collar of S.S.[1] But I was absent from hence for four or five days with Lord Bathurst. My mother is heartily your humble servant, for she eats heartily of it, and drinks yours and Lady Oxford's health after it. I thank God she is rather better than worse, which at this season, and in so sickly a time, is all that could be expected.[2] It would be a sincere satisfaction to hear that all at Wimpole are as well as I wish them, and as free from the infection of this ill air as from all other bad things of our climate.

I have had two letters from the Dean of St. Patrick's, who has been free from his deafness these five entire months, and talks of seeing us once again next summer. He has spent 100*l.* in beginning to build, and values himself upon desisting, and spending nothing to finish it.[3]

I think you stay very long from us, though I can say little to invite you to London, except you would come to see the peace, or, as people did some years ago, to see the plague,—both of which we are in expectation of, with equal hope for the one, and fear for the other.[4] I hope whatever God sends

for a "noble collar of brawn" are frequent in the Christmas letters of the time.

[1] The collar, or chain, which decorates the chiefs of the common law courts, and so called from links in the shape of the letter S placed at intervals in the chain. The S was the badge of the house of Lancaster, and the collar was formerly worn by any knight or squire of the party.

[2] The British Chronologist says that the month of November, 1729, was "remarkable for three terrible calamities which affected almost every country in Europe. 1. The perpetual stormy weather, by which abundance of shipping, as well as men's lives, were lost. 2. A sickly season, people being taken with colds, and afterwards fevers, which carried them off in a week's time. In London only there died near a thousand a week, and the rest of the great towns in Europe were equally unhealthful, and country places not much less. 3. There were continual rains, which caused such inundations as destroyed abundance of men and cattle."

[3] Pope published a letter from Swift dated Aug. 11, 1729, in which he says, "I have been without a fit of deafness this half-year," and a letter dated Oct. 31, in which he mentions that he had relinquished his intention of putting up a country box on the little farm he rented of Sir Arthur Acheson. "With a great deal of loss for a frolic I will fly as soon as build. I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience for such employments. The frolic is gone off, and I am only 100*l.* the poorer."

[4] The treaty of peace with Spain had already been signed at Seville,

us will be for our good. I am, with the truest esteem and sincerity, at all times, my lord, your most obliged and affectionate faithful servant.

86. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWICKENHAM, *Dec.* 24, 1729.

MY LORD,—I think it but reasonable to be forward in wishing you the compliments of this season, as you were so very early in putting me in mind of Christmas by a collar of brawn after All-Hallows-tide,[1] part of which memorial is now on the table before me, and with which I shall, laudably and reputably, bring the season to an end. I have, as often as I have seen London, enquired of your faithful porter after the health of all at Wimpole. I long since was told you had paid off the universal fine, a cold, and were perfectly well again. But it is as long since your lordship has done me the favour of a line, which would have not only told me more pleasingly that you were better, but have made me so. Indeed, I have been twice revisited with this distemper,[2] and am yet afraid of a third compliment before it takes leave of me. My mother, I thank God, continues yet.

I am concerned to find your lordship grow so wise in retirement as to like it better and better the longer you stay in it. Many good men have done so before you, who could find nothing to be out of humour with in themselves; and it was much the worse for the world, and for those that wished for, and wanted them in it. I am of that number, and shall have nothing for it but to grow splenetic, and if I cannot see you, see nobody else, and stay at Twitnam, as I almost constantly do. I have a story to tell you, my lord, that you will tell my lady. But it shall be kept till I see you; and will astonish you less than it does me. Pray have you any quarrel to me?

Oct. 28, 1729, or new style, Nov. 9. The apprehension of the plague was occasioned by the general sickness, which people imagined might be the prelude to a worse disorder.

[1] All-Hallows day was Nov. 1, and in old times was considered the commencement of the festal Christmas season.

[2] The catarrhal epidemic of 1729 and 1730 was what is now called influenza.

Have I done any mischief to my Lady O. or to Lady Margaret? Have I ravished Miss Walton?[1] For I lay in your house all last winter, and I am lately informed there is not in this earth so terrible a monster of iniquity as your servant. That I have had criminal correspondence with my old nurse of seventy, I have seen in print. What may not be dreaded from such a youth? I assure you, one you well know has taken the alarm upon it. But of these, when fate permits, and when I have the pleasure to tell you that I am, my lord, your sincere, obliged every way, and faithful servant.

To give my heartiest wishes for Lady Oxford's and Lady Margaret's happy new years is tautology, at the same time that I so much wish yours.

87. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

THURSDAY, *Jan.* 29, 1729-30.

MY LORD,—This day I intended you a long letter, but sickness interposed, and I could only send my waterman[2] to enquire of yourself and my Lady Oxford. On Monday I will be with you certainly, if I live, move, and have my being; for I know no better use of it than to pass the few days we are allotted here, in the company of such as your lordship. Do not force me to join you with the other branch of the company who has done ignominiously the other day in your house.[3] I am, with sincere esteem, a word not to be profaned, your lordship's and Lady Oxford's most obedient, most faithful servant.

Pray impose silence on Mrs. Cæsar.

[1] Probably the governess of Lady Margaret.

[2] Pope's messenger is always his waterman, as the cheapest mode of communication between Twickenham and London was in those days by boat.

[3] An allusion, perhaps, to some tipsy scene. When it was a common custom to go to the verge of intoxication guests inevitably often crossed the boundary. Those who did not get drunk after dinner were seldom quite sober. Pope's sentence seems to be a request that when he visits Lord Oxford on Monday the offender may not be present. His objection must have been less to convivial excesses than to the special behaviour of the individual.

88. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

April 16, 1730.

MY LORD,—The enclosed will show you how desirous I am, because my friend is, that your lordship would attend Lady Howard's cause.[1] I cannot leave this place this week, but hope by the beginning of the next to see you with that pleasure I always wait on you. I beg my Lady Oxford's acceptance of my services, and can only add with what truth I ever am, my lord, your most obliged and most affectionate faithful servant.

89. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

April 24, 1730.

MY LORD,—Your letter is perfectly kind, and implies your knowledge how much in my heart is what the dean our friend desires. I am heartily glad of two things, that a worthy clergyman, a very scarce thing, is easy; and that a prig and flatterer clergyman, no scarce thing, is disappointed.[2] I hope to wait on your lordship in a few days. Till then, may what you merit befall you, that is, may health, happiness, and all prosperity be yours. I am ever sincerely, with respect and with love, your lordship's faithful servant.

90. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

SUNDAY, *May* 17, 1730.

MY LORD,—I shall with great pleasure see your lordship to-morrow, the sooner the better, and we will dine at two.

[1] An application to vote for Lady Howard in judicial proceedings before the House of Lords. Mr. Thoms informs me that there is no reference to the case in the records of the house, and I am unable to state what was the point at issue, or the particular Lady Howard who was in question.

[2] The "worthy clergyman" was Mr. Whaley; the "flatterer clergyman" Dr. Daniel, and Pope is speaking of the suit to determine which of the two had the legal right to an Irish living. The case had come on appeal before the House of Lords, and Mr. Whaley, whose cause was warmly advocated by Swift, carried the day.

And pray bring everyone with you that you like. I am sure to like them, too. I am ever sincerely, and with all true respect, your lordship's faithful servant.

I have just now seen the Grub Street Journal, and disapprove it.[1] My faithful services to my lady.

91. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

May, 1730.

MY LORD,—Being seized by two ladies before nine, I was transported to Parson's Green,[2] and thence home, so that I could not carry even my lamprey along with me. I send the waterman for it, but much more to desire your lordship to make your next riding to Twitnam. I am, with unfeigned respect, and sincere obligation, ever, my lord, your most faithful servant.

92. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

June 2, 1730.

MY LORD,—I hear with pleasure that yourself, Lady Oxford, and Lady Margaret are arrived well at Oxford.[3] It pleased me to see two such fine and temperate days as you made your journey in. It will please me greatly to hear your health and pleasure continue, which is all I can say at present, being myself very sick; and if you write no more to me than these few lines, it will yet be a great satisfaction to one so sincerely yours as, my dear lord, your most obliged, obedient, and real servant.

[1] The Grub Street Journal was commenced Jan. 8, 1730, and was published every Thursday. The chief conductors were two physicians, Dr. Richard Russel, and Dr. Martyn, afterwards the Professor of Botany, at Cambridge. The paper was set up in Pope's interest, and as Mr. Moy Thomas states in his edition of Lady M. W. Montagu's Letters, he was "suspected of having projected it, and was at least a frequent contributor." The affectation of ignorance and disapprobation was to conceal that he was the inspirer, and frequently the author, of the attacks and defences on his own behalf.

[2] Lord Peterborough lived there.

[3] Dr. Middleton accompanied them. They left on June 6.

I hope Dr. Middleton will not forget me, especially when he sees Hearne.[1] I remembered him to-day over one whom I took to be Dr. Bentley.

93. LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

June 8, 1730.

SIR,—I am obliged to you for your kind letter, but am sorry you have been so much out of order. I cannot give you at present a particular account of our progress, only this, that we have seen Rousham, where Mr. Dormer received us very kindly. This I place to your account. I think the place extremely pretty. We have been at Stowe. The ladies are much pleased with both these places, which I think is doing themselves and their sex much honour. My wife, Peggy, and the doctor[2] are much your servants, and send their compli-

[1] They visited Hearne on June 4. He resided at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, where he died, June 10, 1735, aged 57. The son of a parish clerk in Berkshire, he was taken while a boy into the service of Mr. Cherry, and employed to clean knives, and help in the kitchen. He neglected his menial duties for books, which brought him into discredit with his fellow-servants, and got him the favour of his master, who sent him to school and college. He was singularly uncouth in his person and manners, his countenance was dull, and he was not a man of powerful intellect. But his industry was unbounded, his passion for poring over classical and mediæval manuscripts intense, and he rendered considerable service to literature by printing the text of many valuable works. Having become a roman catholic and nonjuror through independent inquiry, he sacrificed his pecuniary interests to his principles, and had a claim to respect for his integrity even more than for his learning. He was ridiculed in the Dunciad, and the sight of him was to call up the remembrance of Pope from antagonism, and not from fellowship. Similar hostile associations brought Middleton to mind when Pope saw the person that he "took to be Dr. Bentley." Middleton and Bentley had come into collision at the university, and Middleton, a disingenuous and vindictive controversialist, wrote some intemperate pamphlets against Bentley, in which he descended to his usual shift of misrepresenting persons and things. Bentley, a more sagacious and vigorous gladiator, found opportunities of humbling Middleton, who was on one occasion reduced to ask his pardon that he might escape a worse punishment from the Court of King's Bench. The proximity of Wimpole to Cambridge brought Lord Oxford into intimate relations with some of the leading academicians, and Middleton, among others, frequented his house. They were close companions for a year or two, but the friendship did not continue.

[2] Dr. Middleton.

ments to you. I am, with great truth, sir, your most affectionate, humble servant.

My wife's and my humble service to Mrs. Pope.

94. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

July 2, 1730.

MY LORD,—I am much rejoiced at the news of your arrival in town, in perfect safety. *Post varios casus*,—I do not mean after many *falls*, but variable accidents. I must come and trouble you with my joys in a few days, when I can suppose you are settled. I hope, my lord, the pleasing memory of so many agreeable places and parties will not render you utterly disdainful of the Thames and Twitenham. I heard with real concern, since you were gone, of our friend Mrs. Cæsar's illness. I should be very sorry to lose so good a mediatrix, and hope my Lady Oxford will recollect she owes the water-nymphs some honours, yet unpaid this season. My mother is your faithful servant, and drank all your healths, as I hope you will all do each other's, on her birthday in the ninetieth year of her age. I am truly, and with constant esteem, my lord, your most obliged and most faithful servant.

95. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

SATURDAY, *July* 18, 1730.

MY LORD,—I hold it most unfortunate that your lordship could not give me a day's foreknowledge when you could come hither, since I am promised to Lord Bathurst, whose chaise I every minute expect, to go to Riskins. This frets me to the heart, and I can think of no remedy but your appointing forthwith another day. I shall return to-morrow evening. I have thought of another thing. If you can be here before one, I will stay and disappoint Lord B. till night, and keep his horses till then in expectation. I am, with the greatest esteem and sincerity, my lord, your faithful, humble servant.

96. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

MONDAY MORNING, *July* 20, 1730.

MY LORD,—I thank you for yours and my lady's obliging message, by which, since I see you remember me, I hope you also do your promise to pass a day here. On Wednesday I am obliged to be abroad, and on Thursday morning in London. I hope to see your lordship that night, and to attend you back hither the first day you can after. Or if to-morrow would do, you would vastly oblige me, who shall not stir out the whole day. I beg my mother's and my faithful services may be acceptable to yourself, my Lady Oxford, and Lady Margaret. I need not repeat how unlucky I thought myself the other day, when I dined alone after one, it being too late, as I thought, for Lord Bathurst's dinner, and lost you into the bargain, though he stayed for us. I got thither at four, and he sends you his service. I am just come home, and in all places ever, my lord, your most obliged and real humble servant.

97. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

MONDAY, *Aug.* 3, 1730.

MY LORD,—This is only to thank your lordship for yours, and to tell you I shall impatiently expect the honour you promise me, to-morrow. If this finds you at home, I beg one line that I may know your receipt of it, it not coming by my own waterman. I am ever, my lord, your most obedient faithful servant.

98. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

[1730.]

MY LORD,—I attended you from stage to stage by the accounts I had from your faithful porter. I thought you would stay longer at that most agreeable place, Down Hall, than you first proposed; and as soon as I imagine you at your journey's end, Wimpole, I send to welcome you. I put myself in the

place of one of your woodmen or stewards, or rather of the whole country and university, to hail your arrival. I will fancy I am standing on the stone steps at the great door to receive you, and that I have just been setting the bells a ringing in your parish church. I am impatient to follow you to the new roofed library, and see what fine new lodgings the ancients are to have. I salute the little gods and antiquities in my way in the anteroom, wishing them joy of the new temples they are to be enshrined in, and I admonish that Prior's lamp be set in a private corner. I advise, that two poets' heads, which I see in another room, be always kept together, as being both odd-headed fellows, Cleveland and another, and kept at a convenient distance from the library, not to be of ill example to those who shall come to study there.[1] I wish a small cellar of strong beer were somewhere under the library, as a proper brown study for the country gentlemen, while the Cantabrigians are employed above, unless any of the latter, for change and amusement, shall choose to descend to the former and De-*sip*-ere in loco, as Bentley's Horace has it.[2] I hope, my lord, you use exercise and bowl daily, that Homer's saying may be fulfilled,

Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή,

[1] John Cleveland, the royalist poet, was born in 1613, and died in 1658. Fuller says that "his lofty fancy seemed to stride from the top of one mountain to another, thereby making to itself a constant level of continued elevation;" and Phillips, the nephew of Milton, says that he had heard him pronounced "the best of English poets, in regard his conceits were out of the common road, and wittily far-fetched." The remark of Phillips explains the contemporary popularity of Cleveland. His generation judged poetry upon an erroneous principle, and schooled their minds into the belief that originality and invention consisted in ideas which were remote from nature and truth. Nothing false and fantastic endures. The "far-fetched conceits" of Cleveland are forgotten, and he chiefly lives through his well-known satirical couplet:

Had Cain been Scot, God had reversed his doom,
Not sent him wand'ring, but confined him home.

The second poet's head was evidently Pope's own. I presume that these heads were the only portraits of poets at Wimpole, and that Pope did not intend to assert that there was a special resemblance between Cleveland and himself, when there was none, except that both were writers of verse, but merely meant that any portraits whatever of poets might have the ill effect of diverting men from study to poetry. Lord Oxford's collection of portraits was divided between his various houses.

[2] Pope had formed a very humble

and that Lady Margaret rides, because Martial says,

Ride si sapis, o puella, ride.

This advice is the best I can give, being perfectly classical and Cantabrigian. I must be forced to tell Lady Oxford in plain English that I wish her all health and pleasure, and that I am while I live, my lord, your lordship's most obliged, faithful servant, A. Pun.

Mrs. Gibbs and Wooton have been with me as you see.[1]

99. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Oct. 1, 1730.

MY LORD,—I heartily thank you for yours, as I always shall, let them be ever so short, provided they tell me what that letter did, that you are all in perfect health. My old woman is wonderfully well. If the decline of the year does not make itself too soon felt, I shall hope she may last one year more amongst us. My own health is bad enough to make me wish for no more years than I shall be able to bear, which sure cannot be many. I never have lain in town but one night since you went, nor have I seen it one day; for I got thither but at ten in the evening, and went away by eight next morning, to take leave of Mr. Morice.[2] I have a long letter from the dean,[3] who says he has sent another to your lordship. He has promised me some verses, not to be printed, which, however, may increase the collection in the Harley library, where I

conception of what constituted a pun. The phrase, "as Bentley's Horace has it," was designed for a sarcasm upon the emendations of this unrivalled scholar, which are sometimes extravagant, sometimes superfluous, and sometimes incomparable. Many of his readings which would not be received give pleasure from their ingenuity, and the specious acuteness with which they are supported. There is in all his writings a delightful revelry of classical power.

[1] Wooton was the painter, and Mrs. Gibbs was probably the wife of the architect. Pope means that he had heard from them the state of the new building at Wimpole.

[2] He was the son-in-law of Atterbury, and left England in Sept. 1730, on one of his periodical visits to the exiled bishop.

[3] This letter from Swift was not published by Pope.

look upon all good papers to have a sure retreat, safe from all present and future Curlls. I rejoice at the finishing your new room, the palace of learning. I wish my head had as good right to be with the authors there, as my heart has to be with the master, to whom, by right hereditary, acquired, and elected, I entirely belong, and am ever to be, in the fullest and truest sense of the words, his most faithful, obliged, and obedient servant.

I am always Lady Oxford's humble servant, and Lady Margaret's humble chamber fellow; I think at Cambridge you call it chum.

100. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWITNAM, *Nov.* 3, 1730.

MY LORD,—A very unhappy accident which befell my mother, of a fall into the fire, from which however, it pleased God she has escaped without more hurt than her back bruised, and now well, and her clothes burnt off, has kept me many days from writing to your lordship, and acknowledging your kind memory of me, which I will not say is shown by the kind present of brawn, it is shown so many hundred ways. I am sensible of the particular providence of God, as well of his general, on this occasion, and I flatter myself, that after my long care and attendance,—which is no more than duty however, and gratitude,—upon her infirm condition, he would not suffer her to end tragically.

I wish sincerely all felicity to your lordship and family, and have nothing to say, but that I beg you and my Lady Oxford to know me for what I am. That, indeed, as the world goes, and as its censure and rash judgment goes, is almost an unreasonable request; but I take you to be of the charitable and just part of that world, and so I expect and hope it.

I have a petition to your lordship which you would extremely oblige me in. My friend Cleland[1] has a son, student in Christ-

[1] This was Pope's "man William." The son was Henry Cleland, who had been on the foundation at Westminster School, and was elected to Christchurch in 1728. Lord Oxford had himself been a member of the college,

church, Oxon, whose well-doing is of great importance to his father. He apprehends he may fall into mean company, unless some experienced worthy man would countenance and have an eye over him, or recommend him to proper companions. If your lordship would favour Cleland, that is me, with your recommendatory letter to any such worthy men of his college, with whom it is my own fancy you have interest, it would be a means of doing my friend a great service in so tender a part as his favourite son, and I need not tell so good a parent as yourself what that is.

I was not a little concerned to hear your coach was this day to go empty back to Wimpole. Had not this unhappy accident befallen my mother, I had infallibly put myself into it. My lord, I am with truth your most affectionate and most obliged humble servant.

My mother is yet your servant.

101. LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

WIMPOLE, *Nov.* 10, 1730.

I DARE say, dear sir, you will believe me when I tell you that I was very sensibly touched when I read the account of the accident that befell your mother. It is a great happiness it was not worse. I will take the liberty to say I feel for you, and am very much affected when ever I think what you must feel, and when ever it pleases God to remove her from you by taking her more to Himself, your comfort and consolation must arise from your having paid a constant duty, and from your own virtue. You may be assured I should have been very glad to have seen you. My wife desires in particular to be remembered to you and to Mrs. Pope. Peggy does the same. I am Mrs. Pope's humble servant. I am very busy about my new room.[1] There I hope to spend some days with you, and there I hope to be free from the impertinence, to give it no

and Pope took for granted that he was on friendly terms with some of the authorities.

[1] The library at Wimpole.

other name, of this world. I am about some plantations. Dr. Middleton is here with me, and desires you will accept of his most humble service. I am with true respect and esteem, sir, your most obliged and most faithful, humble servant.

I will write to you about the major's son in a little time.[1]

102. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Nov. 16, 1730.

MY LORD,—I am growing, your lordship will find, a troublesome correspondent, and solicitor, who have no sooner asked you a favour for one young man, but must ask something for another. It happens, that a nephew of mine,[2] who for his parents' sins, and not his own, was born a papist, is just coming, after nine or ten years study[3] and hard service under an attorney, to practise in the law. Upon this depends his whole wellbeing and fortune in the world and the hopes of his parents in his education, all which must inevitably be frustrated by the severity of a late opinion of the judges, who, for the major part, have agreed to admit no attorney to be sworn the usual oath which qualifies them to practise, unless they also give them the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. This has been occasioned solely by the care they take to inforce an act of parliament in the last session but one, against fraudulent practices of attornies, and to prevent men not duly qualified for attornies from practising as such.[4] It is very evident that the intent of the act is no way levelled at papists, nor any way demands their being excluded from practising more than they were formerly. Therefore I hope the favour of a judge may be procured so far as to admit him to take the usual attorney's oath, without requiring the religious one. I am told, having fully informed myself of this, that if possibly one of the judges will be goodnatured enough to do this, it would be Judge

[1] He dropped the subject, and evidently felt embarrassed by the request.

[2] Robert Rackett.

[3] Pope says "fourteen years" in his letter to Caryll, Dec. 1730.

[4] An act for the better regulation of attornies and solicitors received the royal assent in May, 1729.

Price,[1] with whom I think your lordship has good interest; and I have tried in vain every other means. In one word, the poor lad will be utterly undone in this case if this connivance cannot be obtained in his behalf. I know your charity and humane consideration will endeavour it, and I have no other possibility of bringing such a thing about for him, which is all I need say to so good a man, and so good a friend. What further troubles me is that I am told it will be too late unless this admission be procured this present month, and I was ignorant of the whole till now. Surely your lordship will believe me I am more heartily vexed to be obliged to trouble you thus than you can be to be so troubled. But to be obliged to you would be as great a pleasure to me, as it would even to you to do me the good. I can say no more, and if your lordship finds the thing impracticable, my best consolation will be that you endeavoured at least to assist me. I have but just room for my sincerest respects to Lady Oxford, and Lady Margaret. My truest and best wishes, my memory and my gratitude, attend you always. I am, my lord, your most obliged and most affectionate humble servant.

My mother is a little better, and faithfully your servant.

103. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Dec. 1730.

MY LORD,—I have great reason to thank you for the ready favour you did me, in recommending my nephew to Mr. Baron C.[2] He showed him what possible regard he could, and

[1] Robert Price, a Welshman, was born Jan. 14, 1653, and died a justice of the common pleas, Feb. 2, 1733. He had been thirty-one years on the bench. His character for independence, uprightness, and mercy stood very high. Uvedale Price, the well-known writer on the Picturesque, was his great-grandson.

[2] There were two Baron C.'s in 1730—Baron Carter, and the celebrated lawyer, Baron Comyns, who was later Lord Chief Baron. Finding that the judges could not dispense with the oath, Pope endeavoured to get his nephew appointed steward to a nobleman. At the period of his death in 1779, Robert Rackett resided in Devonshire Street, London, and had "clerks" in his employment. He had, therefore, managed to make his way in some line of business.

lamented his inability to admit any in that circumstance, as it really is a case of compassion. I fear there is no remedy for it without some particular sanction of parliament, but my sense of your lordship's intention is the same as if it could have succeeded. It is a whole education lost, and one of those miseries which individuals are subject to from the too general distribution of laws.

Delirant optimates, plectantur populi.

I know it will please you, my lord, to hear that the painful part of my mother's accident is over and that she lives at least out of torment. Her condition is now half sleep, half quiet awake, and the decays are gradual. I hope when the time comes her dissolution will be, in the scripture phrase, a sleep in the Lord.

And fall, like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
E'en wondered at, because it dropped no sooner.

You are busy about your new room to lodge books in, and I am as busy about a book to lodge in it,—very unworthy indeed of such company, but not wholly unworthy it will be, because it will consist of nothing but such doctrines as are inoffensive, and consistent with the truest divinity and morality.[1] What it will want in spirit, it will make up in truth. It is with both that I affirm myself, from love and long experience, my dear lord, your ever obliged and affectionate servant.

Pray forget not Cleland's son. It is certainly an honest desire in a parent to save a youth of his own bringing into the world from the perils of it. Lady Oxford and Lady Margaret will know me for their real servant. My mother's prayers will do you and them no harm. Will you never come to London?

[1] The book was the Essay on Man. Pope believed that the articles of natural religion he versified were nearly common to all the creeds, deistical and christian, then prevailing in England. He supposed his "doctrines were inoffensive, and consistent with the truest divinity and morality," because he fancied he had preserved the "great truths," and avoided the "points" which breed "disputes." In a few years he was glad to escape from his first tenets by accepting imaginary interpretations of his meaning.

104. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

THURSDAY EVENING, *Feb.* 11, 1730–1.

MY LORD,—Till this day the violent pain of the rheumatism in my left arm was such that I could not bring it near enough to a table to write with my other hand. I am like to be confined many days, and am more disappointed in not being able to wait on your lordship than in any other circumstance of my confinement. Lord Bathurst was here yesterday and found me not fit to be seen; but he promised me to believe, that notwithstanding the wry faces I made, I should possess myself stoically enough in two or three days to deserve another visit, and that he would ask you, my lord, to accompany him and dine here. If you can pass a day out of town, when nothing invites you but charity, for God's sake do on Sunday or Monday or Tuesday next. To entertain you I will show you, as I promised him, a phenomenon worth seeing and hearing, Old Jacob Tonson, who is the perfect image and likeness of Bayle's Dictionary; so full of matter, secret history, and wit and spirit, at almost fourscore.[1]

[1] Tonson is believed to have been about 80 years old at his death in 1736. He published for Dryden, who, provoked by his illiberality, once sent him a triplet describing his bull-head, red hair, leering look, and ungainly walk. His mind, like his body, was coarse, and Dryden one day, hearing him come in, said to St. John, "You will take care not to depart before he goes away, for I have not completed the sheet which I promised him, and if you leave me unprotected I shall suffer all the rudeness to which his resentment can prompt his tongue." He was shrewd in his business, which he had the luck to commence when the sale of books was increasing, and before the price of copyrights had risen in proportion. His speculations in Law's Mississippi scheme completed his prosperity. "He has got 40,000*l.*," Robert Arbuthnot wrote from Rouen, Sept. 28, 1719, "and I hear is to drop Thuanus that he was to print. Riches will make people forget their trade as well as themselves." He transferred the trade to his nephew, and withdrew to an estate he had purchased at Ledbury in Herefordshire. Although unrefined and uncourtly, he had lived much with celebrities, and was secretary to the distinguished society of whigs who formed the Kit-cat club. Time had probably softened his original roughness, or if not, a retired man of fortune, listened to as an oracle by a new generation curious to hear his anecdotes of the eminent dead, would be seen under a widely different aspect from the young and eager trader who rated Dryden in the style of a scurrilous master scolding a servant.

I have felt so much that pain is an evil, that I hope there neither is, nor will be, any in your family. My sincerest wishes are ever for their health and I have a heart every day telling me what I beg leave to tell your lordship, that I am wholly, my lord, your most obliged, affectionate faithful servant.

If your lordship can comply with this extravagant desire, pray let me know time enough to send for Jacob. There is no depending on Lord Bathurst's being punctual in a message.

105. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

One o'clock. Feb. 15, 1730–1.

MY LORD,—I will not say that our letters cross each other; but, what is a more pleasing turn of thinking, I will rather say we think of each other mutually at the same times. I am much obliged for your lordship's kind enquiries; my arm is out of pain, but not yet useful to me. I am much concerned you could not find a day to pass here: the weather is so inviting, and I so desirous, and, which is most rare, Lord Bathurst as settled as the weather itself. My lord, I am to you all a most faithful, and obedient humble servant.

My mother's prayers never fail you and Lady Oxford and Lady Margaret.

106. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TUESDAY MORNING, *March* 2, 1730–1.

MY LORD,—Mr. Gay tells me of a very kind design of your lordship's to dine here on Friday, and to bring him and some others with you. Pray do so; it will be the greatest joy I can receive. I am much more at ease, though not able, I fear, a long time to go from home, partly for fear of cold, partly from inability of my arm.[1] Your answer by the bearer will ex-

[1] "About a fortnight since," says Gay to Swift, March 20, 1731, "I wrote to you from Twickenham for Mr. Pope and myself. He was then disabled from writing by a severe rheumatic pain in his arm."

tremely oblige, my dear lord, your ever sincerely obliged, faithful servant.

Lady Oxford will accept my faithfullest respects.

107. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

March 3, 1730–1.

MY LORD,—I will with great joy expect you. Pray come early. Your ever faithful.

108. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

March 5, 1730–1.

MY DEAR LORD,—After asking and hoping, that you got well home, though sorry you made so short a day of it, (for it was almost the only day I could count of so many that I have lived, either in pain, or without pleasure,) I recollect that you were inquisitive to procure this pamphlet. Pray save yourself the trouble and accept of this.[1]

I think you will not be displeased at my phenomenon, and when I am able we will go together to see it again.[2] I doubt not my room[3] will be well aired, when I tell your lordship I hope to inhabit it in five days, if I grow no worse again; for this very evening I am in some pain. I am, my lord, with sincere esteem and gratefulness, your most affectionate faithful servant.

[1] Lord Oxford looked at books and manuscripts with the longing eyes of a collector. He had no doubt seen in Pope's possession some pamphlet of former days, which could only be picked up casually at second-hand shops.

[2] They went on March 19, and Gay, on March 20, says to Swift, "Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, Pope, and I dined together yesterday at Barnes with old Jacob Tonson, where we drank your health." Tonson had a villa at Barn-Elms, six miles from London. Every member of the kit-cat club presented his portrait to the secretary, and the collection was kept at the Barnes house. The party on March 19 would have sat surrounded by these associates, all men of renown in their day for position or talent. With the pictures to kindle old Jacob's recollections the dinner should have been memorable.

[3] At Lord Oxford's house in Dover Street.

109. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

SATURDAY, *March* 13, 1730-1.

MY LORD,—I hoped to have seen you this day, but could find no convenient vehicle to carry me, without apprehension of cold or accidents. I know the unmerited care your lordship has of me, and beg your pardon for the trouble which I believe airing my apartment, &c. has given your good family. I will some way or other have the pleasure of being yours and my lady's domestic in two days. I am in the meantime with the sincerest esteem, her ladyship's, and my lord, your most obliged faithful servant.

110. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

April 3, 1731.

MY LORD,—I arrived better than I expected, and am much less in pain by day; but in the nights a little fever and great headache returns. I am taking sweats, which I fear weaken too much; but there is no help for it. I will keep within doors and wish to see you. It vexes me to have better days without you, reflecting how uneasy I made your lordship, as well as felt myself.[1] Instead of writing yesterday a letter I resolved to equip my manuscript to set forward this day. But I depend on your lordship's not showing it to any one. You will lock it up, and when you are weary of Hearne and the author of Virgilius the magician's Life, then cast an eye over it. In the blank leaves after Mr. Morice's letters, I wish the discourse about Iapis were transcribed at leisure.[2] You will see a memoir in a strange hand at the beginning of

[1] Pope had just returned to Twickenham from his visit to Lord Oxford. Gay in his letter of March 20 to Swift says, "Pope is pretty well again, and at present in town." He must immediately have relapsed and continued ill during the remainder of his stay.

[2] The manuscript Pope sent Lord Oxford was a portion of Atterbury's correspondence. The discourse was an Essay by the bishop to prove that the physician Iapis who attends the wounded Æneas in the twelfth Æneid was meant for Antonius Musa, the physician of Augustus. The argument is shallow, and the lengthy criticism on the beauties of the passage in Virgil is wordy and trivial.

your manuscript, which mentions some original letters not yet in your lordship's library; but they are ready.

I humbly desire Lady Oxford and Lady Margaret to accept my thanks, the one for her humanity and assistance during my illness, the other for her obliging, sweet, and Thisbean conversation through the wainscot wall.

I hope, my lord, you will bring Mr. Thomas when you can come this way. It is better travelling hither even now than when he set out for Wales last winter. My mother is pretty well, and to all your worthy family, as I am, an ever faithful, humble servant.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Oxford, with a book.

111. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

April 22, 1731.

MY LORD,—I shall be very much obliged to your lordship in letting this poem be fairly transcribed in a folio paper, about lines in a page.[1] I am daily drinking asses' milk, which will confine me from rambling further than betwixt this place and my dam's pasture, which is four miles off. I lie there and come hither daily; then go to suck at night again. I hope your lordship and the ladies are in perfect health. One of the best uses I can make of mine, when I have confirmed it a little more, will be to wait on you again. I am, with truth and respect, my lord, your most faithful and obliged servant.

112. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

April 27, 1731.

I WISH my Lord Oxford would dine at Twitnam next Sunday, or fix any day after it. Witness my hand.

If you bring none but Mr. Thomas, I dare show you many

[1] The number of lines is left blank in the original. The poem was probably one of his Moral Essays.

of my papers,[1] and I will take this as a visit only to my said papers, and expect another to myself, with what company your lordship pleases.

113. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

May 2, 1731.

MY LORD,—An accident falls out that will engage me on Wednesday, so I hope it was not the day you thought of passing here, and pray fix any other. Why not Thursday? I am, with truth, and, my lord, as you see, without ceremony, your faithful, affectionate, and obliged servant.

114. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

DAWLEY, *May* 21, 1731.

MY LORD,—I was not unmindful of the command you laid upon me in relation to further particulars of the story I told you from Lord B[olingbroke] concerning your lordship's father and himself. The persons present at that meeting, where they consulted about violence to their persons, were most of those at that time called the junto,—the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Sunderland, Lord Wharton, Earl of Orford, &c. Prince Eugene in particular, was the person who advised it should be done, as either the treasurer or secretary went home in an evening, so as to have the air of a quarrel or rencounter, which they thought more practicable on the latter than the former, who kept more regular hours abroad.[2]

[1] Either the letters he was preparing for Lord Oxford's library, or some portions of the Moral Essays, and the Essay on Man.

[2] Prince Eugene reached London, Jan. 5, 1712. In the beginning of March the conspirators, according to Swift, were preparing the way for the assassination, which was to be preceded by street broils that it might appear to be the effect of chance. Gangs, called Mohocks, consisting entirely of whigs, attacked passengers by night, and "a great lady" warned Swift to be "careful, for she heard they had malicious intentions against the ministers and their friends." Fabulous stories of slashed faces and other horrible outrages were circulated, and gained general belief. The real acts of violence were insignificant, and when the offenders were apprehended, they turned out to be common thieves.

Monsr. Buys, the envoy of Holland, in my Lord Bolingbroke's hearing, received the whole story from your father with the utmost silence and confusion, and afterwards confessed it to Lord Bolingbroke in France.[1]

Swift himself was obliged to admit that they were "obscure ruffians." The whig gangs, with their stabbings and slashings, were pure invention. "The society of Mohocks," says Lord Chesterfield, "never existed."

[1] "The historical part," observes Lord Chesterfield of Swift's Four Last Years of the Queen, "is a party pamphlet, founded on the lie of the day, which, as Lord. Bolingbroke, who had read it, often assured me, was coined and delivered out to him, to write Examiners and other political papers upon." Among the lies, Lord Chesterfield specifies the story that Prince Eugene advised the assassination of Lord Oxford. Swift acknowledges that the accusation will be thought "fitter for a libel than history" unless he can support it by good evidence, and the evidence he produces is that the "account was given by more than one person who was at the meeting," and "confirmed past all contradiction by several intercepted letters and papers." He does not name the persons who gave the account, nor the persons to whom it was given; he does not say who wrote the "letters and papers," nor to whom they were written; he does not quote them, nor pretend to have seen them, nor does he mention a soul who had. His evidence was none at all. His story, destitute of every particularity which could authenticate it, teemed with improbabilities too monstrous for any belief which was not founded upon the credulity of party passion. A number of English gentlemen, high in rank, agreed without a dissentient voice to commit a murder. Regardless of the ignominy, more than one of the company afterwards talked of the atrocious crime they had planned. Some or all of the conspirators recorded it at the time in "several letters and papers," and transmitted them with so little caution that they were "intercepted." Continuing their infatuation, the Marlboroughs, Sunderlands, and Orfords put themselves in the power of inferior agents who were to do the deed, or get it done, and who might any day consign their employers to infamy and the gallows. Such was the recklessness and contempt of secresy, that at the first whisper of an outrage in the streets it was known to the tories that the whigs were the criminals, and "had malicious intentions against the ministers." The crazy imprudence of the noble miscreants was hardly more remarkable than the reticence of the ministers who were marked out for destruction. They possessed indisputable evidence of the plot, and throughout the most furious heats of faction never ventured to accuse their would-be murderers in public. Lord Oxford is only represented to have reduced a guilty Dutchman to confusion in private, and not even in private did he then, or afterwards, relate the extraordinary incident to his son, who manifestly heard it for the first time from Pope. Neither did Bolingbroke, Pope's informant, allude to it in his printed retrospect of the period. He kept the startling tale for the ear of his companions, and his version differed from the statement of Swift in a way to destroy all faith in the accuracy of either. For Swift, though he lived in the closest intimacy with the two ministers, knew nothing of the design

I am uncertain when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you in town, which made me write you this; but whenever Lady Oxford and yourself can afford me a day at Twitnam, I will pay the duty of a night to you on the water[1] after this present week. I am, with truth, her ladyship's, and, my lord, your most obliged, affectionate servant.

115. LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

DOWN HALL, *Aug.* 10, 1731.

SIR,—It is a very long time since I have heard from you. I trouble you to ask how you do, and how good Mrs. Pope does? I have stayed here much longer than I designed, but

to assassinate Bolingbroke, which was a new element of incredibility. A single death might possibly pass for an accident, but when the leader of the government in the House of Commons, and the leader of the government in the House of Lords, were both stabbed in the streets, the whole of England would have concluded that there had been foul play. The report of the meditated murder was set about, Lord Chesterfield says, "to inflame the mob of London," who, tired of the pecuniary burthens of the war, were impatient for peace. The actual perpetration of the double murder, which was avowedly contrived to stop the peace, would have raised the kingdom against the war-leaders, and annihilated their chance of a return to power. And this scheme of self-destruction, as foolish as it was wicked, was, we are told, approved by the Duke of Marlborough, the least hasty and the most sagacious man in Europe. From Swift's ignorance of the fabled intention to murder Bolingbroke we may infer with certainty that it did not form part of the original falsehood. It was the after-product of Bolingbroke's vanity, who to exaggerate his importance, and the dangers he braved, had a mind in later years to be one of the heroes of the tale. Bolingbroke, on his side, says nothing of the "intercepted letters and papers" which "confirmed" the plot "past all contradiction." They could not have been unknown to him, and his silence is an acknowledgment that their existence was a fiction. The inconvenient questions of his hearers respecting these documents might have obliged him to commit himself to rash particulars, and he prudently limited his authority to the safe confession of a foreign ambassador who had long disappeared from the scene. Thus Swift and Bolingbroke each bear testimony to the invention which is fatal to the story of the other. That Bolingbroke should have seasoned his talk with the infamous fabrication is not surprising. Lord Chesterfield, no unfriendly witness, has never been suspected of slander when he professes to have often heard from him that it was a regular practice to "deliver out lies" to Swift, and the coiners of the lies could not have had the faintest scruple in reaffirming them.

[1] Lady Oxford sometimes spent a whole summer's night on the Thames.

found the air so agreeable, and the quiet of the place, that I have in some degree laid aside all thoughts of London but that I hear there is nobody in town; and as I have some hopes of seeing you there, I shall, I believe, be tempted to see it soon, but not sooner than a letter from you will reach this place. My compliments to your good mother. My wife and Peggy desire the same to her and to you. Lord Dupplin and Dr. Middleton desire you will accept of their humble services. I am, with true respect and esteem, sir, your most faithful, humble servant.

116. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Aug. 15, 1731.

MY LORD,—Your lordship's letter gave me great pleasure, and the greater as it was a mere deed of goodness without my merit, so a proof of your partiality to me as well as favour. The true reason of my silence was expectation every day of your return, which at length was driven so far off, that, in despair of you, I ran away to Lord Cobham's at a single day's warning. I was transported hither by the impetuous spirit of the Brigadier Dormer, and am to be hurried back by a reflux of the same violent tide in two days. I hope to find your lordship in town on Thursday: if I do, all the happiness which that place can give me will be mine, and if I do not see you I will not see it this whole season. I desire Lady Oxford to know I am much her servant; and, as a proof, I have the happiness to give her the good news of Faustina's health and safe delivery, which my Lady Cobham just now received under her own hand, but not in her own name,[1] but that of Madame Hasse, the person she has married.[2] I presume it will not be

[1] By "her own name" Pope means her maiden name.

[2] Faustina Bordoni, an opera singer, married in 1730 the musical composer Hasse. She was born at Venice, and died there in 1783, aged ninety. She came to London in 1726, and left in 1728. Before her appearance in this country the recognised prima donna was Cuzzoni. Bordoni had the superiority in face, in form, in youth, in voice, in execution, and in skill as an actress. Cuzzoni was unwilling to relinquish her supremacy, and many ladies of rank upheld her claims. The rival singers came to blows, their respective supporters shared their passions, and Faustina

long before Lady Oxford has it notified to her in like manner. For we here are of opinion, that these two ladies will be pitched upon, to the envy of all the other ladies of Great Britain, Italy, and Germany, to stand godmothers. Moreover the said Faustina, alias Mrs. Hasse, has sent to Lady Cobham divers notes of music and new airs, which those that can play and sing shall communicate to the less deserving who are mere auditors and auditoresses. Pray let Lord Dupplin remember me as his most humble servant, and believe me, my lord, my head must have lost its sense, and my hand its cunning, if I am not always glad to feel myself, and proud to call and write myself, your most obliged and most faithful servant.

Lord Cobham desires your acceptance of his real service. Lady Cobham has charged me with hers to my lady. I shall never meet Dr. Middleton any other way than with my services.

117. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

MONDAY, *Aug.* 30, 1731.

MY LORD,—I have re-examined the waterman about the book, who is positive he had it not, and indeed I never saw it after it lay on the table in your lordship's room. I have been careful to return this, which I took to read, but could not, it is so silly; and I send Persius with it. You will please to give him the folio.

I once more wish you, my lord, and my lady and Lady

Bordoni, the victor in the competition, enjoyed for the hour the factitious importance which attends upon the triumphant heroine of a party. "She in a manner invented," says Dr. Burney, "a new kind of singing, by running divisions with a neatness and velocity which astonished all who heard her. She had the art of sustaining a note longer, in the opinion of the public, than any other singer, by taking her breath imperceptibly. Her beats and trills were strong and rapid; her intonation perfect; and her professional perfections were enhanced by a beautiful face, a symmetric figure, though of small stature, and a countenance and gesture on the stage which indicated an entire intelligence, and possession of the several parts she had to represent."

Margaret a good journey, and a pleasant evening of this season. I was so sick when I left you that I was ashamed to be seen, or I had paid my respects to Lady Oxford. May every good and pleasure attend you all. And pray remember sometimes a man of little other merit than that of being with constant sincerity and respect, my lord, your most faithful and ever obliged servant.

118. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

MONDAY NIGHT, *Oct.* 31, 1731.

MY LORD,—The desire which is constant in me to wait upon your lordship, made me readily agree to dine with you on Wednesday, as I wished it the first day I could, without reflecting that I have been pre-engaged that day to Mr. Fazakerley, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Noel, in Lincoln's Inn.[1] I beg you to excuse me, as knowing these are men not to be disappointed, and who command the time of much greater folks than myself. Any day after, I shall with the sincerest pleasure obey your summons, and hope in the meantime to come and ask you. No man alive is, with more truth and obligation, your lordship's ever faithful servant.

119. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Nov. 7, 1731.

MY LORD,—Whether your lordship or I desire most, and are most impatient, to know of the other's welfare, may be determined by the need one has of the other, and the good one does to the other. Wherefore, I presume, in common interest, you must allow me to be the person most concerned to hear it. I beg to be acquainted in your own hand, more particularly than your porter can satisfy my longing, what you do, how

[1] All three were leading counsel. Murray was the great Lord Mansfield. Nicholas Fazakerley, who died 1767, though called by Horace Walpole "a tiresome jacobite lawyer," was in high repute and extensive practice. William Noel, born 1695, was made a Justice of the Common Pleas in 1757, and died in 1762. Horace Walpole speaks of him in his usual strain, and says that he was "a pompous man of little solidity."

you do, where you are, and where you will be? How stands the library, which, since the loss of the Cottonian, is the greatest care of the republic of learning?[1] Has not B[entle]y done great things for literature, in publishing his own papers, and burning those?[2] That public calamity has happened under this tyrant, while he was fiddling upon Milton and Manilius.[3]

I can give your lordship so bad an account of my own studies, that I ought not to condemn another man's; though bad as my verses are, I dare say such verbal critics as may follow B[entle]y's track can make them worse if they attempt to correct them.[4] However, I have made some little leisurely

[1] On Oct. 23, 1731, a fire broke out at Ashburnham House, Westminster, where the Cottonian MSS. were deposited. The collection consisted of 958 volumes, and 212 were burnt or damaged. Many of the injured MSS. were restored at the time, and many more have been renovated since. Upon the whole about 50 volumes perished. Pope speaks as if the entire library had been consumed.

[2] Bentley was head librarian. Pope charges him with being the author of the fire, and Lord Oxford, in writing to Hearne, said that it occurred "through the villany of that monster in nature, Bentley." A parliamentary committee enquired into the cause of the fire, and not the slightest blame was attached to Bentley, who had always been zealous in the discharge of his duties. The evidence upon which Pope and Lord Oxford spoke was their own animosity. The frantic language of Lord Oxford was probably imbibed from Middleton, and countenanced by Pope, and Pope's hostility is believed to have had its origin in Bentley's opinion of the translation of the Iliad. "I talked against his Homer," said Bentley, "and the portentous cub never forgives."

[3] The Manilius of Bentley, one of his early works, was not printed till 1739, some forty-five years after the notes were written. His Milton came out in Jan. 1732.

[4] As the Milton was not yet published, Pope's contemptuous mention of Bentley's corrections must be meant of his classical emendations. The mistakes in the early editions of Shakespeare must have taught Pope how readily corruptions creep into works in their transmission through one or two manuscript copies, or from the careless revision of proofs. He must have perceived how multiplied was the risk of blunders in a classic when copy succeeded to copy during centuries, and when the transcribers were often imperfectly acquainted with the language of their authors. He could not doubt that the errors were numerous, and he must have allowed that scholars should aspire to exact learning, and not be indolently satisfied with a vitiated text. He had, indeed, admitted the necessity for conjectural readings in his Shakespeare, and his little success in restoring a native author was a practical proof how great must be the acumen which can effect the immeasurably more difficult task of correcting Greek and Latin writers. To have merited scorn Bentley must have been incompetent to the office he as-

progress, and taken the liberty to call at your door in my way to moral virtue,[1] as you will see when we meet. That it may be soon is what I heartily wish; and that it may be in the utmost good health, of yourself, Lady Oxford, and Lady Margaret. I am sure it will be in the utmost good humour. My sincere services and respects are theirs, and ever, *dum spiritus hos reget artus*, my lord, yours.

My mother and I drink your healths often. She is pretty well still.

120. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Nov. 20, 1731.

MY LORD,—I came yesterday to town, and enquired at your house of the welfare of your family. I was most extremely surprised to hear that Lady Margaret has been dangerously ill, and still, though in a fair way of recovery, confined to her chamber. My drunken sot of a waterman has thrice told me all your lordship's family were well; and the concern this has given me is what I really feel more than can be expressed. I partly feel what you yourself must have felt, and what Lady Oxford must have felt on this occasion. Such an experience of the errors of servants, and the dissatisfaction of such accounts to a man who is truly concerned for you, makes me urgently beg a line from your own hands of the state of Lady Margaret's health. I am more than I can tell you, my lord, your sincere, obliged, affectionate servant.

I have just received a collar of brawn, for which my mother and I heartily thank you.

sumed, and he was far away the most brilliant emendator that ever lived. The choicest specimens of his critical sagacity cannot be read without a flush of gratification and surprise. The worst which can be said is that his fertility of conjecture led him to luxuriate in his faculty, and push it to excess, and this was a harmless failing.

[1] In the third Moral Essay, where Pope addressing Lord Bathurst says,

Who copies yours, or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppressed, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There English bounty yet awhile may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

121. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWICKENHAM, *Jan.* 22, 1731–2.

MY LORD,—I have heard a sort of rumour, though I found your servants in town did not know of any such thing, as if Lady Margaret were again indisposed. I hope in God it is only the rebound of the news of her former illness; but what gives me the more apprehension is, that you stay so long in the country, which my fears interpret to be on her account, if her health be not perfectly established. I beg the favour of one line from your lordship on this. For the rest I have little to say, but that, which I hope to you and to Lady Oxford is needless tautology—that I am most respectfully and, what is more, most cordially hers and your lordship's servant. I cannot help this style to my betters, when they are such as will make me love as well as honour them, though I have been much blamed by the formalists of the town for subscribing my letter in print to Lord Burlington with "your faithful affectionate servant."[1] The noise which malice has raised about that epistle has caused me to suppress a much better concerning the Use of Riches, in which I had paid some respect, and done some justice to the Duke of Chandos. I thought it a great proof of both, when the celebration of him was joined with one of you and of my Lord Bathurst.[2] But, to print it now would be interpreted by malice (and I find it is malice I am to expect from the world,[3] not thanks, for my

[1] A prose letter which he prefixed to the third edition of his poetical Epistle to Lord Burlington, now the fourth Moral Essay. The object of the letter was to remove the impression that Timon was the Duke of Chandos.

[2] For the line in the Epistle to Lord Bathurst,

Who copies yours or Oxford's better part?

one reading in Pope's MS. was,

Chandos and Oxford, acting God's own part,
Relieve th' oppressed, and glad the orphan's heart.

[3] Pope allowed that he would have deserved the severest censure if the Duke of Chandos had been described under the character of Timon, and the malice of which he complained was the general belief that he had the duke in his mind. His denials are not even in the lowest degree of evidence, and the shuffling form of the disclaimers he published actually contribute to confirm the charge. Instead of calling out against the malice of the world he should have blamed his own lurking malice towards the duke.

writings) as if I had done it in atonement, or through some apprehension, or sensibility of having meant that duke an abuse, which I am sure was far from my thought. The comfort is that his grace from the first assured me of his opinion of my innocence, and confirmed it in the strongest, as well as most humane terms, by letter to me.[1]

I had almost forgot to thank you for two collars of brawn, which have prolonged my Christmas till now. As also to wish your lordship, Dr. Middleton, and Dr. Colbatch[2] joy of

[1] The letter has not been preserved, but from the account of Johnson, who had evidently seen it, we know that Pope gave a wrong epitome of its contents: "Pope wrote an exculpatory letter to the duke which was answered with great magnanimity, as by a man who accepted his excuse without believing his professions. He said that to have ridiculed his taste or his buildings had been an indifferent action in another man; but that in Pope, after the reciprocal kindness that had been exchanged between them, it had been less easily excused." Had the letter been written in the absolute tone of acquittal which Pope pretended, he would have printed it at once as his answer to the outcry, and spared the evasive letters to Lord Burlington and Gay.

[2] Dr. John Colbatch was a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and was a conspicuous actor in the exciting warfare which raged for full five and thirty years under the dictatorial mastership of the invincible Bentley. Colbatch was "a particular friend" of Whiston, who testifies that he was "a person of great learning, and of the strictest virtue, though that virtue seemed to have somewhat of the disagreeable." For several years he was on the side of the master. He then went over to the opposition, and was "at length," says Whiston, "so offended at Bentley's conduct that he was at the head of a party in the college that prosecuted the master in order to his expulsion, though to no purpose, in which prosecution he told me he had expended near 1000*l*." The suit was proceeding when the Milton appeared, and Pope anticipated that Bentley's antagonists would rejoice over a work which lowered his reputation. He had undertaken it at the request of Queen Caroline, who wished to see the skill he had exerted on the ancients applied to a writer she could understand. The project was inconsiderate. Bentley's mind was saturated with the authors of antiquity. Their turn of thought, their style of expression, the niceties of their language had been his untiring study from boyhood onwards. To the imaginative poets of England he was a stranger. He was neither accustomed to their ways of thinking, nor their modes of expression, and coming fresh to them when he was close upon seventy he tried them by a standard very unlike their own. An aged, unpliant, haughty novice, it was much too late to qualify himself for the commission he had received. Without an attempt at preparation he dashed off his notes, which are full of bad emendations and arrogant cavils. Unversed in the kind of literature, and writing with the rapid confidence which he brought from his familiar classical pursuits, his acuteness often triumphed over every dis-

Bentley's Milton. I am, with all truth and all esteem, my lord, your most obliged and faithful servant.

My mother has been very ill. If Lord Dupplin be with you, I hope he will accept my services.

122. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

March 16, 1731–2.

MY LORD,—It was a great joy to me to see a few lines in your hand, which I had long wished, in regard to the state of Lady Margaret's health, of which I heard different accounts, and could not collect much from what your own servants told me from week to week. Dr. Mead I went to enquire of, who, but three weeks ago, told me she was not perfectly recovered, but had again been lately ill. I hope all your fears are over on that account, for indeed, my lord, your own fears and concerns are shared by me with the sincerest tenderness. My affections and concerns at home I can hardly expect any one should partake with me. It is scarce reasonable to wish myself, much less to think another should, the longer life of a person past ninety. The trouble which I have received from abroad, on the news of the death of that much-injured man,[1] could only be mitigated by the reflection your lordship suggests to me, his own happiness, and return into his best country, where only honesty and virtue are sure of their reward. I long to see you. Why must I not know when? I will end like the schoolboys,

Nil mihi rescribas ; attamen ipse veni.

My dear lord, your ever obliged, ever affectionate, faithful servant.

advantage, and he detected many unquestionable flaws, and, in the act of stating his objections, laid open the meaning of many intricate passages. The force of his best comments was recognised by Pope, who wrote against them in the margin of his copy, "rectè, benè, pulchrè, etc." "Pope appears," says Bishop Newton, "to have been a very candid reader, and to have approved more than really merits approbation."

[1] Atterbury, who died at Paris, Feb. 15, 1732. In calling him "much-injured," Pope assumed that he was innocent of the treason for which he was banished. He was guilty, and his sentence was singularly lenient.

Thursday, the 16th.—I write in such haste not to omit this post, that you will forgive the want of forms and services, from your A. POPE.

I forgot to tell you I have had a fever in the country; but recovered in four days at your house,[1] though I wanted the best physicians, your lordship and my lady.

123. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

April 28, 1732.

MY LORD,—Absence makes some minds forget, and quickens the memory of others, in regard of those we value. I assure you mine is of the latter kind, and I promise myself yours is so too. Your house, my lord, which I inhabit when in town, is merely like a tomb; it serves now only to put me in mind of what I have lost. The ghosts of yourself, Lady Oxford, and Lady Margaret haunt me there, and will not let me rest in the quiet and pleasurable situation I once enjoyed in that place. Will you not only disappoint me from month to month, but not so much as give me a hope, a glimpse of a joyful resurrection, where we may all meet again? When will the time come for the kingdom of the just upon earth? This whole year has seemed the expiration of the reign of the wicked. By its enormities one would think their measure was full.[2] I remember your lordship's father loved

[1] In London.

[2] "The hopes of a division among the whigs," says Coxe, speaking of the session of parliament which ended May, 1730, "gave energy to the leaders of the opposition, but the ill-success of their exertions, and the uninterrupted quiet and prosperity of the country during the two succeeding years, render the domestic history barren of events." Bolingbroke, who had put forth his utmost strength in bitter invectives, recognised that the efforts of himself and his allies had been altogether abortive. He wrote despairingly to Swift in Aug. 1731, and said there "was nothing else to do but to let the ship drive till she is cast away, or till the storm is over." This submission of the public to Walpole, and their disregard to the opposition, was the evil which Pope called "the reign of the wicked." Prosperity and contentment were deadly symptoms in the eyes of men whose expectations were built upon disaster and irritation. Pope repeated the language he was accustomed to hear. He had little independent care for politics, and he was reflecting the feelings of his mortified associates.

a town summer. I hope you will *patrissare* in this sense too, and I may receive some reward at last for taking care of your leavings, that abandoned house, and books and pictures in Dover Street. For want of other society Lion and I are grown as intimate as Androclus, or Androgeus, I have forgot which, was with his namesake.[1]

In casting my eye over what I have written, I find some expressions which might, were I of the clergy, render me suspected to my brethren, and I might probably, were this letter like Dr. Middleton's, directed to any clergyman, be treated as ill as he;[2] for a phrase or a misnomer to that genus irritabile is

[1] Androclus, a slave, ran away from his master in Africa, and while sitting in a cave, a lion, with a thorn in his foot, came to him and held up the injured paw. The slave pulled out the thorn, and he and his grateful patient continued to board and lodge together, till growing tired of wild-beast life, Androclus left the cave, and was captured and carried to Rome. The same fate befell the lion. He too was caught, and conveyed to the capital. The runaway was condemned to be torn to pieces by a wild beast in the circus, and, as good luck would have it, his old comrade of the cave was selected for executioner. He immediately recognised, and fawned upon the criminal, who told the story, received his pardon, was presented with the lion, and might often afterwards be seen walking with his friend through the streets. The romance was first related by Aulus Gellius, has been incorporated from time immemorial into nursery literature, and has sometimes been gravely repeated in books for adults.

[2] Waterland published in 1730 an answer to Tindal's Christianity as old as the Creation. Middleton in 1731 came out with an anonymous Letter to Waterland, and it is of this which Pope speaks. The purport of Middleton's Letter was to demonstrate the fallacy of Waterland's arguments, and though he did not formally profess infidelity, his obvious intention was to aid and abet it. There has rarely been a writer with less respect for truth than Middleton. Whatever his subject, his practice was to misrepresent. Pearce, who was subsequently bishop of Rochester, published a reply to his Letter, "setting forth the many falsehoods both in the quotations and historical facts." After another pamphlet on each side, Middleton, finding that he was known, and that the public did not admire infidelity in a minister of religion, protested his belief in christianity, and was heard with general mistrust. To his intimates he openly avowed his profligacy. "Though," he says in a letter to Lord Hervey, Sept. 13, 1736, "there are many things in the church that I wholly dislike, yet, whilst I am content to acquiesce in the ill, I should be glad to taste a little of the good, and to have some amends' for that 'ugly assent and consent' which no man of sense can approve of. We read of some of the earliest disciples of Christ, who followed him, not for his works, but his loaves. These are certainly blameable because they saw his miracles; but to us, who had not the happiness to see the one, it may be allowable to have some inclination to the other.

unpardonable. But you, who are a lay lord, will understand my meaning; see, it has no ill tendency upon the whole, and remain in charity with me, though not in communion.[1] No poet is always, and in every word, an inspired person; it is only when he sings, and not when he says, that this is his prerogative.

My lord, I love you, I honour you. I have put you into my heart, I will put you into my poems. Will either of them do you any good? I fear not. Pray remember me, write to me, and come to me. If I could, I would come to you. Indeed I would if there were no such thing as duty to hinder me. I am sincerely and with respect, my lord, your faithful, obliged, humble servant.

My mother is every day weaker, but yet remembers you and Lady Oxford.

124.[2] POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

September 22, 1732.

MY LORD,—It was a great grief to me not to be able to snatch one day more to be happy with you, before you left the town; and it added to the vexation, when I found myself,

Your lordship knows a certain prelate who, with a very low notion of the church's sacred bread, has a very high relish for, and a very large share of, the temporal. My appetite to each is equally moderate, and would be satisfied almost with anything but mere emptiness." The prelate was Bishop Hoadley, and the "low notion" refers to his Plain Account of the Sacrament. William Law wrote a masterly refutation of it.

[1] Lord Oxford had more moderation in politics than Lord Bolingbroke and other hot partisans whose tone Pope adopted. This occasioned Pope's qualifying appendage. The theological phraseology he had employed was the hint for his comparison between clerical intolerance, and the candour of laymen. His description of Walpole's measures was not a favourable example of the boasted lay liberality. The passions of churchmen and politicians were directed to dissimilar objects, and the layman was an uncandid zealot on questions which interested him deeply. Pope also appears to be apologising to Lord Oxford for having used sacred language in speaking of secular topics. The excuse of meaning well does not meet the objection. When modes of speech which are appropriated to the most solemn ideas are applied to lesser things, the discordant alliance is a profanation to reverent minds.

[2] From the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. Published in the Additions to Pope's Works.

within a week after, obliged to do that for business which I could not for pleasure, for I was kept four days there, *multa gemens*. I am extremely sensible, my lord, of the many great distinctions you have shown me, the original of all which I attributed to your piety to your father, for whom my respect was too sincere to be expressed in poetry:[1] and if, from the continuance of your good opinion I may derive some imagination that you thought me not a worse man than a poet, it is a greater obligation to me personally than even the other. I hope my having taken an opportunity, the only way my poor abilities can, of telling all men I no less esteem and love the son, will not be ungrateful to you, or quite displeasing. If any objection to the manner of it occur to your lordship, I depend on you, both as a friend and a judge, to tell me so,[2] otherwise I will interpret your silence as a consent to let me acquaint everybody that I am, what I truly feel myself, my lord, your ever affectionate and obliged humble servant.

My lady and Lady Margaret do not know how much I am theirs, unless your lordship will tell them you believe it of me; and my poor old woman heartily, though feebly, expresses her service to you all.

125. LORD OXFORD TO POPE.

WIMPOLE, *Oct.* 23, 1732.

SIR,—I return you many thanks for your obliging letter. I am ashamed I have not made you the return I should. I have been much from home. We have had a ramble into Norfolk, which was very pleasant. We saw a great many fine places. I wished for your company. I think you never was in that county. It is much different from any that I ever saw, and I am sure you would be pleased with some places. What you

[1] As he actually celebrated the father in a poetical epistle, the sense of this enigmatical passage may be that, notwithstanding he wrote in verse, the sincerity of his respect would not permit him to employ poetical embellishments. He kept to plain truth.

[2] Pope had enclosed the lines which commemorated Lord Oxford in the Essay on Riches.

are so indulging to me to mention, and in the manner you do, I must leave it entirely to yourself to do as you shall judge proper. I am so conscious of myself, that I know I do not deserve it, and if any thing could raise my opinion of myself it must be the notice you take of me. This I will say that nothing can make me more an affectionate humble servant of yours than I am at present, and must always continue so. My wife and Peggy desire you will accept of their compliments, and to present them to your good mother. I desire mine. I desire you will be so kind as to let me know when Mr. Fenton died, where, and where buried. This is for an antiquary of my acquaintance. I am with true respect and esteem, sir, your most faithful, and most humble servant.

Lord Dupplin is your most humble servant.

126. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Oct. 29, 1732.

MY LORD,—I am greatly obliged by your very kind letter, and in particular for the privilege you allow me of mentioning the son, in my mean way, as well as the father. One alteration in that place you must permit me to make, which is, not to join with your name any others for whom I have less affection, and therefore you must stand single in that verse which before mentioned the Duke of [Chando]s.[1] As to your lordship's query of Mr. Fenton, he died at Easthampstead in Berkshire, at a seat of Sir William Trumbull's, to whose son he was tutor, and is buried in the church of that parish, in [July,] 173[0,] where the inscription I wrote is set over him. Whoever mentions Mr. Fenton, ought to do as much justice to his integrity of manners, equality of temper, and moderation of mind, as to his learning and genius.

I am particularly obliged to your lordship and Lady Oxford's regard for my poor mother, who is your faithful servant, and

[1] In his letter of Jan. 22, 1732, Pope gave a different reason for omitting the name of the Duke of Chandos. His motive then was the conviction that the praise would be misinterpreted by malice.

in a supportable condition of life, I thank God, at present. I have seen your house twice and lamented your absence. I hope at my next visit to find all in it that renders it delightful to him, who is with true respect and warm affection, my dear lord, your ever faithful, and most humble servant.

My Lord Dupplin has my most humble services, and my envy for enjoying you so constantly.[1] I take it ill of Lady Margaret that she will not love London as much as all other young women do.

127. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Dec. 1, 1732.

MY LORD,—I ought sooner to have enquired of your health this way, if I was not so fortunate as by lodging in your house to hear of it daily. And as it is not with ceremony but sincerity that I am yours, there would be a sort of falseness in but seeming to be a common well-wisher in the forms. But I wish often that I had any thing to tell your lordship which

[1] He chiefly resided with his uncle. His father, Lord Kinnoul, was Turkish ambassador. This wretched profligate left his wife and children destitute, and they were dependents on the bounty of Lord Oxford. Lady Kinnoul wrote to Lady Sundon, Sept. 8, 1735, begging her intercession with the queen for some provision. "I have six daughters," she said, "all grown up, except one, and not wherewith to maintain them. The queen is a most tender mother of many children; she knows how a mother can love, and consequently what a mother may suffer." Lady Oxford enforced the application. "I believe," she said, "you know me enough to be sufficiently convinced that if my circumstances could have permitted my continuing to relieve them I would have chosen that method sooner than to have made myself a petitioner." The request appears to have been unavailing, for Lewis, ignorant of Lord Oxford's own embarrassments, wrote to Swift, June 20, 1737, "God Almighty has given Lord Oxford both the power and the will to support the numerous family of his sister, which has been brought to ruin by that unworthy man, Lord Kinnoul." Lord Dupplin was endeavouring to obtain a place under government, and for a long time was not more successful in his solicitations to the minister than his mother in her appeals to the crown. "He has not yet got an employment," Lord Oxford wrote to Swift, June 19, 1735, "but lives upon hopes and promises." He was returned for Cambridge in 1741, and his importance increasing with his vote, he was immediately appointed a commissioner of the revenues in Ireland.

you might call either good or entertaining. If so, my letters would be a weekly paper, and keep pace with Fog,[1] and the Journals. There are more politics in those than in all the courts of Europe, and more verses in them too than in half the booksellers' shops. Speaking of verses, my lord, those of mine which I lately showed you will come out just at the same time with the bell-man's,[2] and, I hope, salute you with them in town, where I earnestly long to see you, and where nothing shall make me stay a whole week, but your coming. I entreat my Lady Oxford, Lady Margaret, and Lord Dupplin's acceptance of my services. I am, with all truth and esteem, my lord, your ever faithful and obedient servant.

The collar of brawn is worth a collar of SS. in the opinion of Dr. Arbuthnot and myself.

128. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

April 17, 1733.

MY LORD,—I am just going with Lord Burlington to Chiswick, and beg your lordship to send me King Henry's Prayer Book, unless you would keep it longer. I hope in a few days to see your lordship again. I thank you for a thousand things and wish you a thousand blessings. Ever, your lordship's faithful servant.

129. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

FRIDAY MORNING, *May* 25, 1733.

MY LORD,—The honour you did me in remembering, what everyone here, and myself forgot, my birthday,[3] ought to make

[1] Nathaniel Mist, a printer, started a tory paper, Dec. 1716, which he called after his own name, Mist's Weekly Journal. He carried his politics to the point of treason, and fled the country to escape punishment in 1728. His newspaper stopped, and was recommenced under the title of Fog's Journal that the public might know it to be a continuation of the anti-ministerial Mist.

[2] At Christmas. The Essay on Riches was published in Jan. 1733.

[3] May 21, 1688.

me happy and vain. And that Lady Margaret should be the person to record so inconsiderable a thing in her memory, if possible, would make me vainer. But all I can do, is to assure you all, that whatever was the day of my birth, the whole life is at the service of your lordship and your family. I hope to wait on you in a few days, and to acknowledge this favour in particular. My mother has an urgent desire to thank my Lady Oxford and Lady Margaret in person for this great honour done her son. I am sincerely and respectfully theirs, and, my lord, your ever faithful servant.

130. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWICKENHAM, *Aug.* 16, 1733.

MY LORD,—The sooner we go, the better for me, but if you can lie here on Friday night, though not on this night, it will be the easier. If you cannot, I will be ready for you here to-morrow morning, whether you come or not, by seven o'clock; and so I will the next day also.[1] Take your choice. Believe me, my lord, no man can be more sincerely and more respectfully your faithful servant, and obliged companion in all ways.

131. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

SUNDAY, *Aug.* 21,[2] 1733.

MY LORD,—If I had not thought of returning sooner, your lordship had been troubled with a remembrance of me before.

[1] Pope's mother died June 7, 1733. On Aug. 9, he wrote to Bethell, "My home is uneasy to me still, and am therefore wandering about all this summer. I have been a fortnight in Essex, and am now at Dawley, and going to Cirencester to Lord Bathurst." He may have first branched off to Stowe, and Lord Oxford may have accompanied him there, for in July of the next year, Pope says to Lord Oxford, "My Lord Cobham hopes we shall once more see that place together."

[2] I suspect that this letter belongs to the preceding month, and is wrongly dated through a slip of Pope's pen. He tells Bethell on Aug. 9, that he had been a fortnight in Essex, and the announcement—"I have seen Morley's image at Halstead"—in the postscript to the present letter, shows it was written when he was fresh from his Essex

My thoughts often fly to you, and indeed I think my body's following them of little consequence, it is so infirm and troublesome an one. I am never well enough when I am with those I value to show them enough how I value them, or to enjoy with them even those hours they kindly allow me. I hope yourself, my lady, and Lady Margaret enjoy all the health I sincerely wish, and I have nothing to add, but that next week, toward the end of it, I hope to assure them how truly I am theirs, and your lordship's most faithful, and obliged humble servant.

I have seen Morley's image at Halstead.

132. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.[1]

October 20, 1733.

MY LORD,—I am returned a week since from my Lord Peterborough,[2] with whom I passed three weeks as agreeably and as healthfully as I ever did in my life. I was not a little disappointed [not] to find your lordship in London, though, considering the fine weather, and how late in the season you enjoyed it, I ought not to lament an absence which must both give you health and pleasure. Your house I found totally at my service, and took up my choice, like a young and ambitious man, in no room of it but Lady Margaret's. How much might I say upon that subject, were I a poet, but the misfortune of being what seldom consists with that character, a bashful and backward man, keeps me silent. I shall be little in town, if at all, till your return, and, in truth, since I came home, I have had my health so ill that I must in a manner live by myself; and think I must either lead such a life as I did at Southampton, which is inconsistent with a town life,[3] or lock myself

trip. The opening sentence, again, implies that he had not written to Lord Oxford for some time, but if the date of the previous letter is correct, they were in communication on Aug. 16, and were arranging a trip either for Aug. 17, or the day following.

[1] From the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. First published in the Additions to Pope's Works.

[2] In his letter of Aug. 9 to Bethell, Pope says that after his visit to Lord Bathurst at Cirencester "he shall see Southampton with Lord Peterborough."

[3] That is, free from the turmoil of visitors.

up from all conversable hours while I am in town. I beg to have a line of your satisfactions and amusements, for of your state of health I am daily informed by your honest porter: but the other he knows not, and I am not quite contented without it. That all enjoyments may be yours, and all good things attend your whole worthy family, is the sincere prayer always of, my lord, your faithfullest servant.

133. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.[1]

December 26, 1733.

MY LORD,—I sincerely wish yourself, Lady Oxford, and Lady Margaret, the happiest new years to come. I have so many things to tell you, that I can tell you none, and therefore I am inclined not to write at all.[2] Whatever I can say of my zealous desires for your felicity is short of the truth; and, as to the rest, it is too long a story to begin till I have the pleasure to meet your lordship, and can at the same time make an end of it.

Jan. 7, 1733[-4].

This I writ a week ago, and having nothing more material to say, was ashamed to send it. But seeing they cannot tell me when you return to town, I was resolved not to let the season pass without sending you all this poor wish at least. I hope my Lady Oxford is perfectly well, though I heard she has not been so, notwithstanding your porter has often told me all was well at Wimpole. Believe me to be with the truest esteem and unalterable sincerity, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, affectionate, and obliged servant.

If Lord Dupplin be with you, I hope he will accept my humble services.

[1] From the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, and first published in the Additions to Pope's Works.

[2] Pope grudged writing anything which was not ultimately to go to the printer, and his letters in consequence were either epistolary essays intended for future publication, or letters of business and compliment. He seldom sat down to fill a sheet with familiar gossip.

134. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

CIRENCESTER, *July* 2, 1734.

MY LORD,—I have deferred giving your lordship any account of myself, till I could send you a better, than my ill health for the first ten days allowed me to do. And my letter will now have something in it more worthy your acceptance than my own services, when I can assure you of those of my Lord Cobham and Lord Bathurst, who both of them drink your health, and wish with me all prosperity to you and yours. I made your compliments to Mr. Dormer, with whom and the general,[1] I passed five days, partly at Rousham, partly at Stowe. My Lord Cobham hopes we shall once more see that place together,—it is I that have most reason to hope that—but he knows you were at present better employed. Whether you have been at Wimpole, as the news says, or not, whether Lady Margaret be married on Thursday,[2] as the news says, or not, I do most heartily wish you happy in all places, and her happy at all times, and as many days as she lives. I could say a finer or a prettier thing, upon a marriage, and so could my Lord Hervey,[3] who yet cannot wish anybody half so well as a

[1] General Dormer.

[2] Lady Margaret Harley was married on July 11, 1734, to William, Duke of Portland, grandson to the friend of William III. "The whole affair," Lord Oxford wrote to Swift, Aug. 8, 1734, "was conducted with as much care and consideration as we were capable of. When we looked over and weighed the many offers that had been proposed to us, and what sort of creatures they were composed of, this person we have now chosen had the fairest and most unexceptionable character. As he is free from the prevailing qualifications of the present set of young people of quality, such as gaming, sharping, pilfering, lying, etc., so, on the contrary, he is endowed with qualifications they are trangers to, such as justice, honour, excellent temper both of body and mind, affability, living well with his own family." The event justified the choice. "The Duke of Portland," Lord Oxford wrote again to Swift, April 7, 1737, "so far answers our expectations that indeed he exceeds them; for he makes the best husband, the best father, and the best son. These qualities are, I assure you, very rare in this age." Hearne says he was "reported to be the handsomest man in England." Although Lady Margaret was an amiable, intelligent woman, who did not need the recommendation of a great fortune, the crowd of suitors were attracted by the large estates of her mother. It was not yet known how much they had been wasted by Lord Oxford.

[3] On March 14, 1734, the Princess Royal was married to the Prince of

plainer man can. But it is such a lessening to a good heart to be hunting about for fine words, that I am content to say no more. I am with all sincerity and respect, my Lady Oxford's and your lordship's ever faithful and obliged humble servant.

Pray desire Lady Margaret to make my excuses to Mrs. Cæsar for writing no verses on her wedding.[1]

135. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

MOUNT BEVIS, *Aug.* 4, 1734.

MY LORD,—I arrived three days since at this place, where we have had much agreeable talk of your lordship and your family. Though I congratulated with your lordship upon a presumption of the marriage, I cannot but do it once more upon the accomplishment. Yet I half condole with you the loss of so loved a companion, and so deserving to be loved, as Lady Margaret was. And now she is to be known by that name no more, if the Duke of Portland is not the happiest man in the world, the devil must be in him, which is very contrary to the character I have heard of his grace. I hope she will find him all the world says he is, and they will be the richest couple in England, whether they had any money or not. I beg Lady Oxford to accept my compliments and congratulation on this happy occasion. I really share in the joy, though not in the show of it, by the misfortune of my absence. Believe me with my whole heart, my lord, your most faithful, obliged, and affectionate servant.

Orange. Lord Hervey was vice-chamberlain, and had the whole arrangement of the ceremony. His official connection with the recent royal marriage, joined to his reputation as an accomplished speaker and courtier, was, I imagine, the pretext for Pope's sneer at the studied wedding compliments of his antagonist, and not any congratulations he had paid, or was expected to pay, on the marriage of Lady Margaret.

[1] Not the wedding of Mrs. Cæsar, but of Lady Margaret. Mrs. Cæsar had no doubt expressed an opinion that Pope ought to celebrate the event in verse. Such conventional rhymes were in poetry what the fulsome dedications were in prose, and Pope wisely refused to follow the fashion.

136. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Sept. 1, 1734.

MY LORD,—If I had known where I was, or was to be, I would have acquainted your lordship. Last week I thought it would have been at London at your house. This week I find it will be still at Bevis Mount, and that it will be a fortnight before I can hope to see you. I hope your lordship will not be gone to Bath or elsewhere so soon. The good lord, as well as lady, of this house are very sensible of your obliging compliments, and the lord in particular has a request to your lordship,—if Dr. Swift's Miscellanies are yet delivered you from Dublin,[1] that you will please to send one copy to him, by the Southampton coach which goes out at certain days from the Black Bear, in Piccadilly. I am glad you writ him a long letter. I ought to do the same, and speedily will. You cannot think how happy we are here. I wish, my lord, you saw it. If you did, you would be very well pleased, very well fed, and very merry, if I am not very much mistaken. We have the best sea fish and river fish in the world, much tranquillity, some reading, no politics, admirable melons, an excellent bowling green and ninepin alley, besides the amusement of a witch in the parish. I have an incomparable story to tell you on the last of these, but it would fill two sheets of paper. I have been at the ruins of the finest abbey and castle I ever saw,[2] within five miles of this place, which I am surprised to find Camden take no notice of. I have nothing to add, but

[1] The first four volumes of Swift's works, revised by himself, and published by Faulkner.

[2] Netley. Horace Walpole, who saw it twenty years later, thus describes it in a letter to Richard Bentley, Sept. 18, 1755: "The ruins are vast, and retain fragments of beautiful fretted roofs pendent in the air, with all variety of Gothic patterns of windows wrapped round and round with ivy. Many trees are sprouted up amongst the walls. A hill rises above the abbey, encircled with wood; the fort remains with two small platforms. This little castle is buried from the abbey in a wood, in the very centre, on the edge of the hill: on each side breaks in the view of the Southampton sea, deep blue, glistening with silver and vessels. Oh! the purple abbots, what a spot had they chosen to slumber in! The scene is so beautifully tranquil, yet so lively, that they seem only to have retired into the world."

my sincere joy on the settlement of Lady Margaret so much to your satisfaction, as you are pleased to express, and my humblest services to Lady Oxford. I am inviolably and entirely, my lord, your ever obliged, faithful humble servant.

137. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWITENHAM, *Nov.* 10, 1734.

MY LORD,—I am angry at myself when I think how much a stranger I am become to you. Yet sincerely it is not my fault, but wholly fortune's; for within two days after I got home I went to London in the sole hope of finding your lordship there, and then I tried a week after with no better success. I stayed six days complete, because your porter told me he expected you at a day's warning. At last I returned hither disconsolate, where I have been ever since. I had sent my complaints after you to Bulstrode,[1] but in the daily hope of your return. I see it is hard for a good parent and a good child to part;[2] it must be the greatest of joys to you to see her happy, as I doubt not you do, and in the midst of that pleasure I wonder not that your lordship should forget all meaner ones, especially the remembrance of one of so little value, though indeed full of so much affection and esteem for you, as he who will put you in mind of him by the name of A. Pope.

I would tell the Duchess of Portland the same story, if I had any opportunity, of the miserable man that now sighs all alone in the upper room in Dover Street.

[1] Bulstrode, in Buckinghamshire, had belonged to the notorious Judge Jeffreys, whose son-in-law sold it to Lord Portland. The house, while the Portland family owned the place, was the large mansion built by Jeffreys in 1686, and which is said by Horace Walpole to have been gloomy. It has since been pulled down, and a new house erected. Repton, the landscape-gardener, thought the park "one of the most beautiful in England" and the pleasure ground "perfect." The third Duke of Portland sold Bulstrode to the Duke of Somerset in 1807, and the present duke resides there.

[2] Because Lord Oxford prolonged his visit to his daughter.

138. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWITNAM, *Dec.* 30, 1734.

MY LORD,—Two things retarded my writing to your lordship, —the one was, that I must have told you what your humanity would have been displeased to hear, that I continued ill, indeed was worse; the other, that I hoped to have had interest enough with my negligent bookseller to have procured a copy of the Epistle to Dr. A[rbuthnot] to accompany my letter.[1] I doubt whether I shall do it yet? One obstacle would not be sufficient to hinder me of so great a pleasure as is offered me, that of paying my respects to Bulstrode; but both sickness, and this insupportable weather, are too hard for me. My spirit is ready, but my flesh is weak. I humbly beg the Duchess of Portland to beg the duke to accept my thanks and services. Through her hands they may seem of some value. Your lordship need not be told, how much, and with what good reason, I am, my lord, your ever obliged, ever faithful servant.

I am Lord Dupplin's humble servant. I hope he will defend me from the imputation which all the town I hear lay upon me, of having writ that impudent satire.[2]

[1] The Epistle to Arbuthnot, or Prologue to the Satires, was published in Jan. 1735.

[2] The Sober Advice from Horace as delivered in his Second Sermon. Pope's proceeding was dishonourable. However loudly he might choose to disclaim the work, he could not engage a second person to defend him from the imputation, on the faith of his false assurance, without compromising his deputed sponsor. When the truth became known, Lord Dupplin would appear to have been either his dupe or his accomplice, and in either case his tool. His own denial to Caryll was hardy. "There is a piece of poetry from Horace come out," he wrote Dec. 31, 1734, "which I warn you not to take for mine, though some people are willing to fix it on me. In truth I should think it a very indecent Sermon after the Essay on Man. But in a week or so you will have a thing which is mine, and I hope not unworthy an honest man," etc. Actions often contradict principles, not because the professions are insincere, but because self-control is feeble. The contrast between his moral and immoral essay will not admit of this apology. No one truly imbued with the vein of sentiment in the Essay on Man, would have composed, printed, and published the Sober Advice, and it

139. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWITNAM, *March* 3, 1734-5.

MY LORD,—I stayed to the latest hour I could, to have bid your lordship adieu before I went. Many melancholy circumstances to me, have detained me of late from being so long and often happy as I hoped, in your conversation,—the death and the sickness of friends particularly.[1] My own health is really bad, and I am harassed out, both in body and mind, by it. I beg your lordship to give the bearer, my waterman, the bound book of copies of letters, which I want to inspect for a day or two.[2] I fear it will be yet some days ere I can wait on you. My sincerest services attend you ever, and my truest affections.

140. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

June 17, 1735.

MY LORD,—I was sorry to miss of you both morning and evening, the last I was in town, when I hoped you would have fixed some day, to make me happy this week at Twitnam. I wish it were the first you can give me, and make it as long an one as you can. Since I saw you, I have learned of an excellent machine of Curll's or rather his director's,[3] to ingraft a lie upon, to make me seem more concerned than I was in the affair of the letters. It is so artful an one, that I longed to tell it you. Not that I will enter into any controversy with such a dog, or make myself a public antagonist to a T——m

completes the callousness that Pope should plead the inconsistency to prove that he could not have been guilty of so gross a contradiction.

[1] The dead friend was Arbuthnot. He died Feb. 27, 1735. The sick friend was Lord Peterborough. "He lays very ill," Pope says to Caryll, May 12, 1735, "at a lodging at Kensington, where I generally pass half my time."

[2] The "bound book" is no longer among the Oxford papers, and was probably never returned. The purpose for which Pope wanted it was seen in May, when the P. T. volume of letters appeared.

[3] Which director was Pope himself. The "excellent machine" of the director was, as the sequel of the letter reveals, some contrivance which would be an excuse to Pope for bringing out a fresh batch of letters.

Tu——man. But I believe it will occasion a thing you will not be sorry for, relating to the Bishop of Rochester's letters and papers. I recollect that your lordship has still in your custody the brouillons of verses and some letters of Wycherley, I think in a red leather cover with your arms upon it. I beg also that I may have it. Much I have to say to you, much I have to thank you for, much to wish and pray for you. My lord, I am entirely and ever yours.

141. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWITNAM, MONDAY, *July*, 1735.

MY LORD,—It is with more impatience than usual with one who has been sick so often, that I complain of my frequent headaches of late, which have made me afraid of town hours so much, that I durst not stay a day or two there, purely to enjoy you a few hours in each. I am still in daily hopes of the duchess's happy hour,[1] both for her sake, your sake, and my own, since I have hopes, and, what you never broke, promises, that I then shall see your lordship an entire day here. I have much too to say to you, and advice to ask about a book which you will see advertised.[2] I beg a line, to be more assured of your lordship's, Lady Oxford's, and the duchess's welfare, than I can by my drunken messenger, the waterman. Believe me with the truest esteem and sincere obligation, my lord, your ever faithful servant.

142. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

MONDAY, *Aug.* 18, 1735.

MY LORD,—I was very unfortunate in your lordship's excursion to Down Hall last week, though I hoped this week would have repaired my loss of the day you was so good as to

[1] She gave birth to a daughter, July 27.

[2] Pope advertised in July that he would publish a genuine edition of his letters "with all convenient speed."

promise me with my lady, and who else you and she liked. Yet I am now justly grieved it was put off, because my Lord Peterborough has sent to summon me to what will be to me a melancholy scene, the parting of him and his friends at Southampton. He goes by the end of the month to France. I cannot refuse this, which my mind forebodes will be the last office I shall pay him, and am to set out the first day I can. May I find you, my lord, at my return, in such a state of health as to raise my spirits again, and bless God for the friend he yet preserves to me in you. I am with a due sense of the obligation, and with all truth, my lord, ever yours.

143. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

Aug. 27, 1735.

MY LORD,—As I am sure both yourself and Lady Oxford take part in your concerns for my Lord and Lady Peterborough, I cannot be here without giving you some account of him. His lordship, you will be certain, verifies the saying of the Scripture, that his spirit is prompt though the body weak, but I find him not in so bad a way as I apprehended, and think it possible he may perform his intended journey to France. He is indeed twice or thrice a day in pain, by the effects of the wound, and the necessary consequences of being dressed and probed so often, and has something of a fever with it; but he eats and sleeps more tolerably than before. He is carried daily in his chair into the garden, and is moderately cheerful, incompassed with company,[1] and full of conversation by fits. The lady is indeed fully employed, and has a thousand cares to discharge; but I think virtue can enable people to work miracles above the natural constitution, and surely God assists her that she is so well as she is. I was sorry to be gone from Twitnam before I could see your lordship, either there or at your house; and I heard Lady Oxford was there. I hope to

[1] "He has with him day after day," Pope wrote to Martha Blount, "not only all his relations, but every creature of the town of Southampton that pleases. He lies on his couch and receives them, though he says little."

see you the moment I return, if I have but a day before I go for Stowe. I wish I had the same company thither I once (twice) had. My stay will not be long, but my fear is it will be longer than your lordship's in town. Thus passes day after day, and we do with the men we esteem, as we do with the virtues we esteem,—think we can reach them another time, and so live and die without the possession of them. I have nothing to add, but that in all places and at all times I am mindful of your lordship, and wishing to approve myself what I truly am, my lord, your ever obliged and ever faithful humble servant.

I suppose I need not tell you that Lord Peterborough has owned his marriage to all his relations here assembled,[1] and that Lady Peterborough desires my Lady Oxford's acceptance of her sincere humble services.

144. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

MR. ALLEN'S, AT BATH, *Dec.* 25, 1739.[2]

MY LORD,—It is so long since I lived in London (where I have not stayed a week together these seven months), and my

[1] His pride would not permit him to acknowledge that he had married an opera singer, till Dr. Alured Clarke convinced him in his last illness that it was a duty he owed to his wife.

[2] There is a gap of more than four years between this and the preceding letter, and again a cessation of correspondence from Dec. 1739, to the period of Lord Oxford's death, an interval of a year and a half. Some letters probably passed which have not been preserved, but Pope's increasing ill-heath, and the altered circumstances of Lord Oxford, may have relaxed the intercourse without diminishing the good-will. The embarrassments of Lord Oxford, which had long been accumulating, reached a crisis in 1738. "Is it not shocking," Barber wrote to Swift on March 13, "that that noble lord who has no vices, except buying manuscripts and curiosities may be called so, has not a guinea in his pocket, and is selling a great part of his estate to pay his debts? And that estate of his produces near 20,000*l.* a-year. I say, is it not shocking?" "I believe I told you," Barber once more wrote on July 2, "he is selling Wimpole to pay off a debt of 100,000*l.* That a man without any vice should run out such a sum is monstrous. It must be owing to the roguery of his stewards, and his indolency, which is vice enough." The purchaser of Wimpole was Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, who bought it in 1740. The

ill-fortune in missing you, twice in thrice that I have endeavoured to wait on your lordship,—which was every time that I was in town,—has been such, that being still detained

sale did not remove Lord Oxford's difficulties, and he sank into a deplorable state of despondency. Vertue, the engraver, says on June 2, 1741, that "his affairs had for some years mortified his mind," and that latterly he had grown more "heavy and pensive," which "manifestly appeared in his change of complexion; his face fallen; his colour and eyes turned yellow to a great degree; his stomach wasted and gone." His palliative was to drown care in wine. "He has of late," wrote Mrs. Pendarves, on the day of his death, "been so entirely given up to drinking that his life has been no pleasure to him, or satisfaction to his friends. He has had no enjoyment of the world since his mismanagement of his affairs." Lady Mary W. Montagu, after mentioning that she had received a "particular account" of his last hours "from a very good hand," says that "he advanced his end by choice, refusing all remedies till it was too late to make use of them." His refusal, perhaps, arose as much from a consciousness that he was past cure as from weariness of life. Vexation, and the inebriating draughts which allayed it, had undermined his constitution. "His whole mass of blood," said Mrs. Pendarves, "is corrupted, and one leg is mortified." Exaggerated reports of his wastefulness were circulated. "His lady," wrote Lord Orrery to Swift, "brought him five hundred thousand pounds, four [hundred thousand] of which have been sacrificed to indolence, good-nature, and want of worldly wisdom, and there will still remain, after proper sales and right management, 5000*l.* a-year for his widow." She must have had more than double. She spent freely, and at her death bequeathed to her only child, the Duchess of Portland, estates worth 12,000*l.* a-year, besides 30,000*l.* and an estate of a 1000*l.* a-year to the duchess's second son. The debts of Lord Oxford are easily explained. He had five houses,—the London house, Down Hall, Wimpole, Welbeck, and Brampton. He had a fondness for building and landscape gardening. He was an omnivorous collector of books, manuscripts, medals, and miscellaneous curiosities, which he usually bought at prices much beyond their worth. He was beneficent to the needy, and, far costlier, a prey to flatterers and sharpers. "Notwithstanding the many reasons Lady Oxford had to complain of him, I always thought," says Lady Mary W. Montagu, "that there was more weakness than dishonesty in his actions," and she considered him to be a confirmation of the truth of Rochefoucauld's maxim, "that a fool has not stuff enough in him to be honest." His simplicity of understanding, not unmixed with vanity, undoubtedly often converted his good-nature into a vice. But his kindness was genuine, and his own necessities did not diminish his consideration for the wants of others. "Through all his afflictions," says Vertue, "I am, from many reasons and circumstances, sensible of his goodness and generosity to those about him that deserved his favour;" and in recording his death, Vertue adds, "A friend noble, generous, good, and amiable; to me, above all men, a true friend; the loss not to be expressed." He was born June 2, 1688, the same year with Pope, and died June 16, 1741.

at Bath, I cannot but write to assure you with what true esteem I continue, and shall continue every new year I live, to be yours; and with what real zeal I wish you joy of every year that is added to you. I hope your lordship will not find the increase of them so burdensome, as I do; but more and more peaceful and enjoyable, and that every additional comfort will yearly be growing round you in your family, to all whose prosperity there is not a more sincere, though there may be many more loud and officious, well-wisher, than, my lord, your most obliged, most affectionate, faithful servant.

145.[1] POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

MY LORD,—I have only time to embrace with joy the kind proposal you are so obliging as to make, of dining here on Thursday. Be pleased to tell the messenger your hour, and believe me impatiently to expect it. I am, my lord, your most faithful and obedient servant.

My sincerest respects wait on my Lady Oxford, and Lady Margaret.

146. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWICKENHAM, *June* 15.

MY LORD,—I am truly obliged for your lordship's very kind inquiries after me. I have been once more at Dawley, where my lameness left me in two days, and am now returned home, which I like as well as any place, since I have a hope to see you and Lady Oxford here. You will be so good to bring whom you like with you. I suppose you will not forget Lady

[1] The undated letters which follow are placed at the end from want of indications to fix their true place in the series. Those in which Pope speaks of his mother must be prior to June, 1733, when she died, and those in which he mentions Lady Margaret Harley must be earlier than July, 1734, when she married.

Margaret. I am both theirs and, my lord, with the sincerest respect, your ever faithful obliged humble servant.

I believe Sunday is the only day I am engaged from hence.

147. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

MY LORD,—I have much ado to write a word: I have indeed suffered much pain and do not know when I shall be able to stir. I dreamt I was with you. I wish I were. But when, God knows. Believe me truly sensible of your friendship, and if ever you can, my lord, let me see you with anyone you like to bring. The weather mends I hope and I am not quite so bad to-day. Our faithfullest services to you all. My lord, affectionately, and with all respect yours.

148. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

MY LORD,—I send to know of the state of Lady Oxford's health, for which I have a true concern.[1] I cannot but thank

[1] Lady Oxford, who was frequently ill, and never quite well, survived till Dec. 7, 1755, when she died of apoplexy. She was stiff and formal in her manners, and young people, her daughter included, thought her "ceremonials" wearisome. Older people esteemed her for her plain sense, and her goodness. The letters which Lady Mary W. Montagu wrote to her overflow with affectionate admiration, and when Lady Oxford was no longer living, Lady Mary continued to speak of her as "my ever honoured friend." At the death of her husband she retired to Welbeck, where she spent 40,000*l.* in improvements. The park then, as now, was noted for its majestic oaks, even after Lord Oxford had cut down 100,000*l.* worth to feed his extravagancies. The walls of the house were covered with ancestral portraits, and Horace Walpole says, she "passed the whole of her widowhood in doing ten thousand right and just things;" in arranging these portraits, and attaching inscriptions to them; and in gathering together all the other memorials she could discover of the various "great families which centered in herself." She retained few of her husband's treasures. The miscellaneous curiosities, with the coins and medals, were sold by auction in March, 1742, and the books were bought the same year by Osborne the bookseller, for 13,000*l.*, which was several thousand pounds less than the cost of the binding. He was long in disposing of them, and Johnson told Boswell that little was made by the bargain.

your lordship for the great indulgence and liberty you gave me, in my variety of negotiations at your house, in my irregular entrances and exits, in my unseasonable suppers and separate breakfasts, and in all my ways.[1] I hope a day will come when I may be allowed, merely as a curiosity, to show you, my lord, that I can be five or six hours in one place. This will be, whenever you can pass a day here, or whenever next you will command me to go to town for a better cause than business, namely for your company. I am with the

That the manuscripts might not be dispersed Lady Oxford parted with them in 1753 to the nation for the insignificant sum of 10,000*l*. She acted wisely in not keeping a vast assemblage of articles which were fitter for a public museum than a private house. They were too numerous and diversified for family use, and if not injured by neglect they would at least have been nearly lost to the world. Lord Oxford, who was eager to accumulate, did not study them, nor is a student often a universal collector, for his wants are limited to his capacities for research, and he seldom covets what he cannot employ.

[1] The indulgence and accommodation which his sickness required had taught him all the unpleasing and unsocial qualities of a valetudinary man. He expected that everything should give way to his ease or humour, as a child, whose parents will not hear her cry, has unresisted dominion in the nursery. When he wanted to sleep he "nodded in company," and once slumbered at his own table while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry. The reputation which his friendship gave procured him many invitations; but he was a very troublesome inmate. He brought no servant, and had so many wants that a numerous attendance was scarcely able to supply them. Wherever he was he left no room for another, because he exacted the attention and employed the activity of the whole family. His errands were so frequent and frivolous that the footmen in time avoided and neglected him; and the Earl of Oxford discharged some of the servants for their resolute refusal of his messages. The maids when they neglected their business alleged that they had been employed by Mr. Pope. One of his constant demands was of coffee in the night, and to the woman that waited on him in his chamber he was very burthensome; but he was careful to recompense her want of sleep, and Lord Oxford's servant declared that in a house where her business was to answer his call she would not ask for wages.—JOHNSON.

Mr. Croker remarks that Pope's own letter is "an unsuspicious corroboration of Johnson's account." Mrs. Thrale received a similar description of Pope's habits from Mrs. Fermor, niece to Belinda, and Prioress of the English Austin Friars at Paris. "His numberless caprices would have employed ten servants to wait on him, and he gave one, she said, no amends by his talk neither, for he only sat dozing all day when the sweet wine was out, and made his verses chiefly in the night, during which season he kept himself awake by drinking coffee, which it was one of the maids' business to make for him, and they took it by turns."

sincerest esteem, and most pleasing obligation, my lord, yours.

You will be so good as to send my mother a little saffron.

149. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWITNAM, WEDNESDAY.

MY LORD,—I may just once more bid you adieu, and wish you every felicity where you are going. I found my mother in want of saffron,[1] and I know you would not leave us in want of anything. She is truly your lordship's and my Lady Oxford's servant. If her prayers will do you good, you have them. My wishes of you, and for you, will be as lasting as my life. My lord, your ever obliged faithful servant.

150. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TWITENHAM, *Oct.* 17.

MY LORD,—The humanity your lordship has upon all occasions shown me, (and I know it to be natural to you, when you think another sincere in his concerns and affections, to partake them) give me the assurance of telling you that my mother is something better, or at least we hope so, for the first time. She is sensible of yours and my Lady Oxford's favours every way; and begs, while she lives, to be thought your servant. I do not know why I trouble you with the inclosed to Dean Swift, unless in a kind of hope of rewarding his kind letter to me with something better than my own, in a line of your lordship's, if you have leisure. You will be so good as

[1] Saffron, an aromatic possessed of slight stimulating properties, was thought formerly to have many medicinal virtues with which it is no longer accredited, and was used for hysteria, low spirits, bad breathing, indigestion, jaundice, etc. Charles II. fancied that a mixture of brandy and saffron was an infallible cure for ague. The domestic manufacture of medicines was a general practice in Pope's day, and he sent to Lord Oxford for saffron because the plant was cultivated in his physic garden, and the drug prepared in his still-room. The part employed was the stigma of the flower.

to forward it; and to believe no man is with more esteem, truth, and obligation, your lordship's most faithful humble servant.

151. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

YOUR lordship gave me hopes that you would take up with a poor dinner at Twitnam in your way to Bulstrode, some day this week. I am just going thither,[1] and beg to know the day most convenient to you. I am ever, my lord, your most sincere and obliged humble servant.

152. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

MY LORD,—First to the first. I find here[2] two red lead pencils, one of which I presume is for me, and therefore I have taken it away, for it writes well,[3] leaving on the table a gold ring, and seal, and a silver standish untouched. Secondly, I sat up last night till I fell asleep in hopes to see your lordship,[4] and am gone home with Lord Burlington, who inspects my portico this day by appointment. Thirdly, I beg your lordship to send by some sober man who can swear upon occasion, the letter to Curll, which I promised Sir W. Wyndham to do,[5] and now cannot, being to stay many days in the country.[6] I shall

[1] To Twitnam, not Bulstrode. The visit of Lord Oxford was to his daughter, and the letter must be subsequent to her marriage in 1734.

[2] At the house of Lord Oxford in Dover-street.

[3] The words, "for it writes well," are, in the original, written with the red pencil.

[4] He sat up in Lord Oxford's house, expecting him to arrive that night in London. The letter must therefore have been written after March 1729, when Pope first asked permission to make the house in Dover-street his town lodging.

[5] I conclude that Curll had talked of publishing some correspondence, or other papers of Sir William Wyndham, and that the letter was to warn him he would be proceeded against if he persisted. The transaction must have occurred before the summer of 1740, which saw the termination of Sir William's life.

[6] Probably either with Lord Burlington at Chiswick, or at his own villa in Twickenham, which he often calls "the country."

think it a particular obligation. He must read the contents, that he may testify it to be the same paper. Fourthly, I beg you to believe, I am ever mindful of all your favours, wherever I am; and ever, with the sincerest truth and respect, my lord, yours.

153. POPE TO LORD OXFORD.

TUESDAY MORNING, *July.*

MY LORD,—I am sorry you cannot lie here on Wednesday night, where your broth should be prepared by your own instructions. I will be ready by seven on Thursday morning. If your lordship would have me sooner, you will please to send a line by to-night's post. As to the guide, I will take care. I congratulate myself upon this pleasure which I shall give my Lord Cobham,[1] and take myself in seeing you pleased. I am ever, my lord, your most sincerely obliged faithful servant.

I find I must not think of going farther, and Lord C.'s memorandum of my crazy condition is too true.[2]

[1] Pope in his letter to Lord Oxford, Aug. 27, 1735, reminds him that they had twice visited Stowe in company, and the letter probably refers to one of these two occasions.

[2] The latest indication of Pope's intercourse with Lord Oxford is in half-a-dozen lines which are preserved among the Oxford papers:

"July 14, 1740. After 9 at night, dining with Lord and Lady Oxford that day.

O all accomplished Cæsar! on thy shelf
Is room for all Pope's works, and Pope himself.

'Tis true, great bard, thou on my shelf shalt lie,
With Oxford, Cowper, noble Strafford by,
But for thy Windsor, a new fabric raise
And there triumphant sing thy sovereign's praise."

Much point cannot be expected in verses improvised after dinner. They would seem to have arisen from some talk of the king's neglect of Pope. The "all-accomplished Cæsar" is irony in allusion to the distaste of George II. for literature, and the remark that there is room on the library shelf for the poet himself as well as for his works, is an intimation that the unlettered king did not possess books enough to fill it. The king answers that he permits the "bard's" works to have a place in a library adorned with portraits of Oxford, Cowper, and Strafford — all politicians whom he honours more than authors,—but that he has no desire to see Pope in person, and his Windsor must be a second poetical fabric of his own raising, similar to the Windsor Forest in which he sang the praises of Queen Anne.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE AND LORD BATHURST.

FROM 1718 TO 1741.

THE first letter of Pope to Lord Bathurst is from a copy among the Bathurst papers. The rest are from the autographs. Some of his letters to Lord Bathurst have been dispersed, and many more than are printed here may still exist. The letters preserved in the Bathurst collection were transcribed for Mr. Croker by an inaccurate amanuensis. Mr. Henry Reeve, who had access to the autographs, did me the favour, in the midst of his important pursuits, to compare the copies with the originals, and correct the numerous errors.

1.[1] POPE TO LORD BATHURST.[2]

LONDON, *July* 5, [1718].

MY LORD,—To say a word in praise either of your wood or you, would be alike impertinent, each being in its kind the finest thing I know, and the most agreeable. I can only tell you very honestly, without a word of the high timber of the

[1] From a copy in the Bathurst papers.

[2] Lord Bathurst was born Nov. 16, 1684, and died Sept. 16, 1775, aged 91. He was among the twelve peers created by Harley in Dec., 1711, to secure a majority in the House of Lords. He was an active politician, cultivated the society of authors, mixed largely in fashionable life, was long noted for his gallantries, and was an enthusiastic builder and planter. His kindliness of disposition, his constant good humour, his easy hospitality, and his unflagging hilarity, combined to render him a general favourite. So marked was his benignant, genial courtesy, that the quality by which Burke characterised him, when describing the growth of American greatness during his single lifetime, was that he possessed "the virtues which made him one of the most amiable men of his age." So buoyant was his temperament that Pope writes to Martha Blount, "My

one, or the high qualities of the other, that I thought it the best company I ever knew and the best place to enjoy it in.

I came hither but this day, where I find as much business as I left pleasure. I wish it would last as short a time that I might return to you before you quit Cirencester, but I really see no prospect of ending what I must necessarily do, in less than a fortnight. Mr. Gay is as zealously carried to the bower by the force of imagination as ever Don Quixote was to an enchanted castle. The wood is to him the cave of Montesinos.[1] He has already planted it with myrtles and peopled it with nymphs. The old woman of the pheasantry appears already an Urganda;[2] and there wants nothing but a crystal rivulet to purl through the shades which might be large enough to allay Mr. Lewis's great thirst after water.[3] But, my lord, I beg you to be comforted. Gay promises that whatever may be said by the prosemen of this age, posterity shall believe there was water in Oakley wood; and, to speak boldly, wood also.

> A wood! quoth Lewis; and with that
> He laughed and shook his sides so fat:
> His tongue, with eye that masked his cunning,
> Thus fell a reas'ning, not a running.
> Woods are, not to be too prolix,
> Collective bodies of straight sticks;

lord is too much for me; he walks and is in spirits all day long:" and Lord Lansdowne, in a letter to Mrs. Pendarves, says, "Lord Bathurst can best describe to you the ineffable joys of that country, where happiness only reigns: he is a native of it, but it has always been a *terra incognita* to me." His intrinsic vivacity was the exuberance of animal spirits; the gaiety of wit, which he tried to engraft upon his natural cheerfulness, was often forced and insipid. In politics, the frequent part he took in debates, and an occasional happy sarcasm, did not raise him above the rank of a subaltern, as appeared when the opposition to which he belonged triumphed in 1742, and, at the age of 58, he was thought entitled to no more imposing office than captain of the band of gentlemen pensioners. He retained his elasticity to the end. Two years before he died, he was sitting late with a convivial circle he had assembled at his country house. His son retired after delivering the admonition "that health and long life were best secured by regularity," and as he shut the door, the father, who had certainly not been cut off in his youth, said to his guests, "Come, my good friends, since the old gentleman is gone to bed, I think we may venture to crack another bottle."

[1] That is, suggested as many romantic fancies to his mind as Don Quixote conjured up in the cave.

[2] The name of the fairy in Amadis de Gaul.

[3] Thinking that no landscape was complete without it.

It is, my lord, a mere conundrum
To call things woods for what grows und'r 'em,
For shrubs, when nothing else at top is,
Can only constitute a coppice.
But if you will not take my word,
See anno quart. of Edward third;
And that they're coppice called, when docked,
Witness ann : prim : of Henry oct.[1]
If this a wood you will maintain
Merely because it is no plain,
Holland, for all that I can see,
Might e'en as well be termed the sea;
And Coningsby[2] be fair harangued
An honest man, because not hanged.

The rest of Mr. Lewis's arguments I have forgotten, for as I am determined to live in the wood, I am likewise resolved to hear no reasons against it. I have made a *coup de maître* upon my mother, in persuading her to pass a month or two at Stanton Harcourt,[3] in order to facilitate my journies to her

[1] This, I suppose, was a mere haphazard pleasantry. There is no mention of the distinction between woods and coppices in 4 Edw. III., but the statute 46 Edw. III., c. 3, does draw the line in the enactment, that underwood should be titheable, and that great wood of twenty years, or upwards, should not. So, also, there is nothing about woods or coppices 1 Hen. VIII., but there is 38 Hen. VIII.—CROKER.

[2] Thomas Coningsby, who died in 1729, was created an Irish baron in 1692, an English baron in 1716, and an Earl in 1719. In 1690, being then member for Leominster, he went over with William III. to Ireland, in the post of paymaster-general. He was afterwards appointed one of the lords justices, and used his power to gratify his covetousness. He embezzled the stores of the government, appropriated the estates of the rebels, sold pardons, and engaged in illicit trade. The charges brought against him in the English parliament compelled his recall in 1693. He remained a violent politician, and moved the impeachment of Lord Oxford in 1715. The rancour with which he pursued the fallen minister rendered him obnoxious to Lewis, and other friends of Lord Oxford. Lord Macaulay allows that he was "a busy, unscrupulous whig."

[3] Lord Harcourt resided at Cokethorpe. Stanton Harcourt was but imperfectly furnished, and he lent it to Pope as a hermitage to work in.—CROKER.

Pope took possession of Stanton Harcourt in June, 1718. "I was necessitated to come hither," he wrote to Caryll, Aug. 11, "to continue my translation of Homer, for at my own house I have no peace from visitants, and appointments of continual parties of pleasure. There will be no stirring for me from the country hereabouts till I have done this whole volume. I am quite in a desert, incognito from my neighbours, by the help of a noble lord, who has consigned a lone house to me for this very purpose. I could not lie at his own, because I love his company too well to mind anything else when it is in my way to enjoy

from Cirencester. And I will not fail to be with you, whatever time you shall pass there in August. I beg to [be] informed when your lordship comes to Riskins[1] by the first message you send to London directed to Jervas's. I have only to add my most faithful services to the ladies;[2] to desire Mr. Lewis to think as well of me as he can of a man that writes verses half the year;[3] and to beg your lordship to believe I love you so very well as to be ashamed to find no better expression for myself than that of, my lord, your most obedient, and most humble servant.

2.[4] LORD BATHURST TO POPE.

Aug. 14, 1718.

DEAR SIR,—I hope my last came to your hands in which I advised you to take the opportunity of this warm weather to inhabit the silvan seat I mentioned to you, at the same time

that." At first his mother, from whom, he said, "he could not long be absent," remained behind at Chiswick, and Pope went to and fro till she joined him at Stanton Harcourt. On his removing to Cirencester he told the Blounts that he should not "leave her seven days together."

[1] Riskins, near Colnbrook, in Buckinghamshire, and about 17 miles from London, was sold by Lord Bathurst to Lord Hartford in 1739. Lady Hartford, describing it to Lady Pomfret, says, the grounds "come nearer to my idea of a scene in Arcadia than any place I ever saw." The paddock, as she calls it, surrounding the house was a mile and a half in circumference, and "was laid out in the manner of a French park, interspersed with woods and lawns." To stud the grass with groups of trees would appear, from her account, to have been unusual in England at this time, and invested the place with a superiority in her eyes which would be thought exaggerated now that the intermixture is common. Another distinction was "an old covered bench, with many remains of the wit of my Lord Bathurst's visitors, who inscribed verses upon it. Here is the writing of Addison, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Gay, and, what he esteemed no less, of several fine ladies. I cannot say that the verses answered my expectation from such authors." She copies the lines which "she thinks as good as any of them," and bad indeed are the best:

> Who set the trees shall he remember
> That is in haste to fell the timber?
> What then shall of thy woods remain
> Except the box that threw the main?

[2] Lady Bathurst and her daughters.

[3] Lewis, it seems, despised versifiers, which gives more point to Lord Bathurst's phrase, that "Prior was his verseman, and Lewis his proseman."—CROKER.

[4] From the Oxford papers.

that I could not have the happiness of meeting you in the country till towards Michaelmas. You may then be assured that it can be no manner of inconvenience to me to have my house at Cirencester made use of.[1] On the contrary it affords me a real satisfaction that any thing of mine can be of service to you, but it will destroy the pleasure if I perceive that you are not as free with it as if it were entirely your own. You know there is nothing in it can be spoilt, and I trust to you to give an account how it comes to be so oddly bad. I must now return my thanks to Mr. Gay and you for your melancholy novel you sent me of the two unhappy lovers; but why unhappy after all? A great deal may be said to prove the contrary, but for fear of ill constructions (I being in the bonds of matrimony, and you two loose,[2]) I will only say that their names would never have been recorded to posterity but for this accident, and therefore I may conclude them *fortunati ambo si quid carmina possunt.* We have had nothing of this kind in our neighbourhood. I have only been disturbed with the noise of saws and hammers, which has no other ill effect whatsoever attending it but only that it is apt to melt money sometimes. It may be proper for you to consider of the phenomenon against you begin to employ those engines about your *palazzotto* at London.[3] Neither Aristotle nor Descartes can find a method to hinder the noise from having that effect, and though the one should tell you that there was an occult quality in those machines[4] which operated in that manner[5] upon gold and silver, and the other should say that

[1] Lord Bathurst had invited Pope to occupy the house in his absence.

[2] Lady Mary W. Montagu, in a letter to Pope, pronounced the lovers fortunate, both for the reason at which Lord Bathurst hinted, and for the reason he expressed. Before they had been married a twelvemonth they might have "jointly cursed the marriage chain;

Now they are happy in their doom;
For Pope has wrote upon their tomb."

[3] From Pope's letter to Caryll of June, 1718, it appears that before he purchased his villa at Twickenham he had determined to build a house in London.

[4] The saws and hammers.

[5] In causing them "to melt money." "The Aristotelians," says Sir Isaac Newton, "gave the name of occult qualities, not to manifest qualities, but to such qualities only as they supposed to lie hid in bodies, and to be the unknown causes of manifest effects. Such occult qualities put a stop to the improvement of natural philosophy, and therefore of late years have been rejected. To tell us that every species of things

there were certain atoms which flow from them adapted to the pores of those metals,[1] it would be of no manner of use to you towards preserving the coin; but we that lay out our money in the country have the sanction of Horace upon our prudence who says,

Vos sapere et solos aio bene vivere, quorum
Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.

I have consulted Dr. Bentley and I find that he is of opinion that *fundata pecunia* means money which was in the funds.[2] But now since I am got into Horace give me leave to tell you that I am just going to dinner, and

Excepto quod non simul esses, cætera lætus.

3.[3] POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

[1718].

MY LORD,—I had the best kind of honor, the pleasure of both your letters. I never was more earnest for any innocent thing than to enjoy the silvan bower this season. One desire only overcame it, which was that of having you a witness of the pleasure I should take in it. The moment I find myself disappointed of the hope, I fly thither[4]; accordingly we[5] lie there to-night.

is endowed with an occult specific quality by which it acts and produces manifest effects is to tell us nothing." The term "occult quality" was suitable to denote that the cause of the effects was beyond our cognisance, but was pernicious and deceptive when the expression of ignorance was mistaken for knowledge.

[1] The Cartesians said that *aqua fortis*, for instance, dissolved silver, because the particles of the liquid entered into the pores of the metal and cleft it asunder, but was incapable of dissolving gold, because the pores of gold being smaller than those of silver, the liquid could not enter, or being larger, as others contended, the particles of the *aqua fortis* were too diminutive to exert a strain.

[2] This pointless ridicule of Bentley's novel interpretations recalls the ingenious pun of Moore,

That Horace, as clearly as words could express it,
Was for taxing the fund-holders ages ago,
When he wrote thus,—"Quodcunque in *fund is assess it.*"

[Quodcunque infundis, acescit].

[3] From the draught in the Homer MS.

[4] The first form of the sentence in Pope's draught gives the sense more clearly: "I never had a warmer desire of anything than of enjoying the silvan bower at this season; accordingly I go thither the moment I find my staying awhile will give me no hope of your company there."

[5] Gay had been with Pope at Stanton Harcourt, and accompanied him to Cirencester.

I cannot tell you in what a manner I am affected by everything you say to me. I begin to wish I desired more things to give you the pleasure of gratifying me in them. The ladies I talked of have disappointed me, that is disappointed you, in taking away my expectation of seeing them.[1] I will not say a word more, for fear of writing like those that mean nothing, that is, writing in all the terms of respect and gratitude; for the rogues, as Montaigne says, have got all those expressions in their possession, and have left no honest man wherewithal to speak his mind unsuspectedly. I would rather send you anything else, as you will see by the pains I have prevailed upon Mr. Gay to take in the inclosed, who is, as I am, with the truest esteem, yours.

4.[2] POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

September 23, [1719].

I BELIEVE you are by this time immersed in your vast wood; and one may address to you as to a very abstracted person, like Alexander Selkirk, or the self-taught philosopher.[3] I should be very curious to know what sort of contemplations employ you. I remember the latter of those I mentioned, gave himself up to a devout exercise of making his head

[1] The ladies were Martha and Teresa Blount, who were at this time in London. Pope says in a letter to them, "The minute I find there is no hope of you I fly to the wood. It is as fit for me to prefer a wood to any acquaintance or company, as for you to prefer any cousin, even the gravest relation you have, to a wood." The language to "the ladies" indicates that Pope had requested them to go with him and Gay to "the wood," and the disappointment Lord Bathurst was expected to feel at their refusal of the invitation implies that it was intended they should not leave Cirencester till after his return. Or perhaps the phrase they "have disappointed me, that is, disappointed you," was Pope's way of saying that whatever detracted from his pleasure would be a vexation to his friend.

[2] First published in the quarto of 1737, where the name of the person to whom the letter was addressed is omitted. Curll in his reprint filled up the blank with the name of Lord Bathurst, which Warburton confirms. The internal evidence would be authority enough.

[3] The title of an Arabic treatise of the Life of Hai Ebn Yocktan.—POPE.

Written to explain and recommend the mystic theology of the Mahometans.—WARBURTON.

giddy with various circumrotations, to imitate the motions of the celestial bodies. I do not think it at all impossible that Mr. L[ewis] may be far advanced in that exercise, by frequent turns towards the several aspects of the heavens, to which you may have been pleased to direct him in search of prospects and new avenues. He will be tractable in time, as birds are tamed by being whirled about; and doubtless come not to despise the meanest shrubs or coppice wood, though naturally he seems more inclined to admire God in his greater works, the tall timber: for, as Virgil has it, *Non omnes arbusta juvant, humilesque myricæ.* I wish myself with you both, whether you are in peace or at war, in violent argumentation or smooth consent, over gazettes in the morning, or over plans in the evening. In that last article, I am of opinion your lordship has a loss of me; for generally after the debate of a whole day, we acquiesced at night in the best conclusion of which human reason seems capable in all great matters, to fall fast asleep! And so we ended, unless immediate revelation (which ever must overcome human reason) suggested some new lights to us by a vision in bed. But laying aside theory, I am told, you are going directly to practice. Alas, what a fall will that be! A new building is like a new church; when once it is set up you must maintain it in all the forms, and with all the inconveniences; then cease the pleasant luminous days of inspiration, and there is an end of miracles at once.

That this letter may be all of a piece, I will fill the rest with an account of a consultation lately held in my neighbourhood about designing a princely garden.[1] Several critics were of several opinions: one declared he would not have too much art in it; for my notion, said he, of gardening is, that it is only sweeping nature:[2] another told them that gravel-walks were not of a good taste, for all the finest abroad were of loose sand: a third advised peremptorily there should not be one lime-tree in the whole plantation: a fourth made the same exclusive clause extend to horse-chesnuts, which he affirmed not to be trees but weeds: Dutch elms were con-

[1] The garden of the Prince of Wales at Richmond. He rented the house and grounds in 1718, and purchased them in 1719.

[2] An expression of Sir Thomas Hanmer.—WARBURTON.

demned by a fifth; and thus about half the trees were proscribed, contrary to the paradise of God's own planting, which is expressly said to be planted with all trees. There were some who could not bear evergreens, and called them never-greens; some who were angry at them only when cut into shapes, and gave the modern gardeners the name of ever-green tailors; some who had no dislike to cones and cubes, but would have them cut in forest trees; and some who were in a passion against any thing in shape, even against clipped hedges, which they called green walls.[1] These, my lord, are our men of taste, who pretend to prove it by tasting little or nothing. Sure such a taste is like such a stomach, not a good one, but a weak one. We have the same sort of critics in poetry; one is fond of nothing but heroics, another cannot relish tragedies, another hates pastorals; all little wits delight in epigrams. Will you give me leave to add, there are the same in divinity; where many leading critics are for rooting up more than they plant, and would leave the Lord's vineyard either very thinly furnished, or very oddly trimmed.

I have lately been with my Lord * *, who is a zealous yet a charitable planter, and has so bad a taste as to like all that is good. He has a disposition to wait on you in his way to the Bath, and if he can go and return to London in eight or ten days, I am not without a hope of seeing your lordship with the delight I always see you. Everywhere I think of you, and everywhere I wish for you. I am, etc.

5.[2] LORD BATHURST TO POPE.

CIRENCESTER, *Oct.* 21, 1723.

DEAR SIR,—I am heartily sorry to find by yours that you have been troubled with a new complaint, but I hope by this

[1] Many of these observations are certainly very just: we must allow for Pope's colouring. The objection to limes and horse-chesnuts is the very short duration of their beauty; they are the first trees that fade, and none are more mournful in their discolouration, and decay of leaves. The calling ever-greens, never-greens, is something like Mr. Knight's substitution of lump, taking off the first letter, for clump.—BOWLES.

[2] From the Oxford papers.

time you are free from it, and all its consequences. I have not been tainted with this general looseness which has spread itself so much about the metropolis. My disorder has been a particular giddiness, which though perhaps you that have been for a long time acquainted with me may fancy you have often seen symptoms of, yet I do assure you I never had it, in this manner at least, to my knowledge before. I have been blooded, vomited, and purged one day after another, and every one of those days visited my plantations either on foot or horseback, which I took to be the most effectual remedy of all, and it has succeeded accordingly; for I am now got well again. I set out this week to visit Sir William Wyndham in the lower end of Somersetshire,[1] and as soon as I can return from thence I shall be moving southwards, so that I hope to see you at Riskins according to your promise, about the 4th or 5th of November. You shall be sure to hear from me as soon as I come there, and for an encouragement to you, I must let you know that the scheme I am at present upon is what you will like, for I am resolved to begin with the alteration of my wood house,[2] and some little baubling works about it, which you shall direct as you will. I have tired myself with computations and designs of things which cannot be completed in my own time, and I am now resolved to follow the rules of Horace, who in one place says,

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam;

and in another,

Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

This, or something like it, he says, though some allowance must be made for the times in which he lived, which were not

[1] Orchard Wyndham, the family seat of Sir William.

[2] The wood house seems to have been a common cottage, which Lord Bathurst was bent on converting into a picturesque object. Mrs. Pendarves writes to Swift, Oct. 24, 1733, "He has greatly improved the wood house which you may remember but a cottage, not a bit better than an Irish cabin. It is now a venerable castle, and has been taken by an antiquarian for one of king Arthur's 'with thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,'" which means that Lord Bathurst built a sham ruin.

so settled and composed as ours at present are, and therefore there is not the same occasion now for a rapidity in executing of projects. Adieu. We shall have more time at Riskins I hope.

6.[1] LORD BATHURST TO POPE.

[*June*, 1725].

SIR,—I will not fail to attend Mrs. Howard upon Marble Hill next Tuesday,[2] but Lady Bathurst is not able to come at this time, which is no small mortification to her. I hope I shall persuade John Gay and you to come hither to me, for I really think such a wintry summer as this should be passed altogether in society by a chimney corner, but I believe I should not lie if I assured you that I would quit the finest walk on the finest day in the finest garden, to have your company at any time. This is saying a great deal more than is commonly understood by it. I am your most faithful, humble servant.

7.[3] LORD BATHURST TO POPE.

RISKINS, FRIDAY NIGHT [1727].

DEAR SIR,—Whether this will find you at Twickenham or London is uncertain, but I have ordered my servant to try at both places. You gave me hopes that you would come over to me these holidays, and since Lord Bolingbroke has promised to come to me on Sunday next I hope it will not be inconvenient to you to meet him that day. My servant shall return to me to-morrow night, and if you will have my coach sent to Twickenham it shall be with you early on Sunday morning.

[1] From the Homer MS.

[2] Lord Bathurst in 1725 paid assiduous court to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and under the mask of espousing their party in politics was, as Lady Mary W. Montagu conjectured, cultivating a friendship with Mrs. Howard "that bordered upon the tender." The Prince soon arrived at the same conclusion, and gave Mrs. Howard to understand that she must make her election between him and Lord Bathurst. "Upon which," says Lady Mary, "the good lord was dismissed, and has not attended in the drawing-room since."

[3] From the Oxford papers.

If you are at London, I will send it to attend you at Brentford at the time and place you shall appoint. Thus with the punctuality of a true prose man I endeavour to fix you; but there are some volatile spirits that no art nor care can ever fix, and whilst I am writing this I despair of its success. If John Gay is not very busy with his new play[1] you may possibly prevail upon him to come with you. I have never seen him since he made a proselyte of Will Shippen. Adieu. Come if you can and be assured you can go nowhere else, and find a more sincere and faithful servant.

8. POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

TWITENHAM, *Nov.* 7, [1728].

MY LORD,—I have long intended to write to you, to know from yourself what I now only hear by your porter that your lordship, and all yours are in health. I am sure no man alive more sincerely wishes it; and really it ever has been a sort of satisfaction to me, to know that those I love are happier this way than myself. I do not think I ever shall enjoy any health four days together, for the remaining sand I have to run. The Bath was tried, after all other remedies, as a last remedy, and that has proved totally ineffectual.[2] I never had more long or more violent headaches, etc., than three fits since my return. I hope, my lord, you find other fruits of the Bath, and are now a sound man on the hills of Gloucestershire. I could wish I were fit to be anywhere but in the chimney corner, and then I know what place and whose company I could most wish to be in at this time. Without flattery I have so often found myself so perfectly easy, and my heart so

[1] The Beggar's Opera.

[2] The year had been more unpropitious than usual to the sickly constitution of Pope. "I have been in a worse condition of health than ever," he wrote to Swift Feb. 1728, and on May 7, Martha Blount informed the dean, that he "was much out of order," and had been "told that nothing was so likely to do him good" as a visit to Bath. He went in September, and before leaving, he says to Swift, "I have passed six weeks in quest of health, and found it not." He had now got back to Twickenham, and as yet there was no diminution of his ailments.

much at rest with you, that I could not take it into my head I could be troublesome to you, even though I have been often sick. I vow I have found myself happier in sickness with you than in health with some who are not thought bad or disagreeable company. I have been but once at London since I saw you, where you were inquired after by all that I call my friends. The Duchess of Buckingham is at Leighs wishing, she tells me, to execute your lordship's schemes,[1] but believing they must be left to the duke's and your own riper judgment seven years hence. The writing to my mother and me she has signed. You will rejoice I know with me that what you so warmly solicited and contributed to, for my future ease, is accomplished. If I live these hundred years I shall never fancy even in my jealous old age, that I live too long upon you and her.[2] And if I live but one year it would better please me to think an obelisk might be added to your garden, or a pond to hers with my money, than such an hospital as Guy's to the city, or such a monument as Prior's to Westminster.[3]

Lord Bolingbroke and I commemorated you in our cups one day at Dawley,—farm I should say, and accordingly there are all the insignia and instruments of husbandry painted now in the hall, that one could wish to see in the fields of the most industrious farmer in christendom.[4] He is gone with my lady to London, who is rather better.

[1] For the improvement of the property. The duke was a minor, and Lord Bathurst was one of his trustees. The duchess thought that the "schemes" should be postponed till her son was of age.

[2] This evidently alludes to an annuity which Pope had bought from the duchess and Lord Bathurst for the lives of himself and his mother. The value on two such lives could not have been considerable, and he talks as if he were favoured in the bargain.—CROKER.

[3] The obelisk and the pond might be put on the same level with the monument, but it was not in his better moments that Pope could have had more pleasure in picturing his money expended after he was dead on such poor superfluities than in alleviating human misery. The sum Guy devoted to building and endowing his noble hospital was nearly 240,000*l.*

[4] Pope tells Swift, June 28, 1728, that he heard Lord Bolingbroke the day before commission the painter to cover the walls of the hall with representations of rakes, forks, spades, &c. They were executed in black crayons, probably by a common house-painter, and must have been dismal objects, attesting that Bolingbroke's taste in decoration was on a par with his zeal for agriculture.

I have one pleasure left which I am now pursuing, and that is planting, if making salad beds can be so called. It passes away half my day; the rest I eat and sleep, for read I cannot, my eyes, since I was at Bath, being worse than ordinary. I want a book or two in your lordship's library, but how to get at them I know not. I beg to hear at your leisure a word or two, and particularly if there be any probability of your making any excursion this way, in which case I beg to meet you either at London or Riskins. My mother joins in her most humble services with mine to my Lady Bathurst, and the young ladies. And be pleased to believe me with entire affection and true esteem always, my lord, yours faithfully.

9.[1] POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

Sept. 11, 1730.

MY LORD,—If you have read in any newspaper that I am dead, there are many reports spread that way which are false, and I could have wished you had inquired whether this were so or not. If you have only forgot I was alive, I can the better account for your forgetfulness about a month before you left this neighbourhood, when I was daily in hopes to have waited on you at the summons you promised me. It is observed of very aged people, and such whose memories long life and much business have worn away, that they better recollect things long since past than those which are nearer. I therefore hope, my lord, you may have yet some glimpse of remembrance that there was at the latter end of Queen Anne's reign a poet of the name of Pope, to whom you sometimes afforded an hour of conversation as well as reading, though indeed the former was the lesser task of the two, for his works were much longer than his visits. You sometimes also in those days, and even to the middle or latter end of the reign of George I., honoured him with your letters. I know the succeeding reign, as it was a time of greater actions and designs, and a busier scene, both at home and abroad, did much engross your lordship's thoughts and hours, and hurried

[1] From the Bathurst papers.

you, like all other true patriots, to the public paths of glory from the private ones of friendship, amusement, and social life. I also am sensible that many great and noble works, worthy a large mind and fortune, have employed your cares and time; such as enclosing a province with walls of stone, planting a whole country with clumps of firs, digging wells, (which were extremely wanted in those parts for the very necessities of life) as deep as to the centre, erecting palaces, raising mounts, undermining highways, and making communications by bridges, not to enumerate those many and various studies which possess your lordship's mind, in which it may suffice to say everything has place except polemic divinity, but chiefly and principally natural philosophy, and the art of medicine, witness those instructions which physicians instead of giving, receive from you, even while you are their patient. They come to feel your pulse and prescribe you physic. Presumptuous men! They return with their own pulses examined, and their own bodies purged, vomited, or blooded. Among all these employments how can I expect to be remembered. I am more reasonable, my lord. I only expect to be thought of when you see my hand or person. I ask and hope no more than to be thought what I merit to be thought, and to be remembered for what I merit to be remembered, your true well wisher, client, lover, friend, and to the last of my life, my lord, your faithful servant.

Sanders sometimes tells me, how yourself, my lady, and your family do. He knows I once lived much with you, and has not forgot me, though he is a lord's porter, and I think elder than his lord. Old David too, who is old enough to be your grandfather, has some notion of me.

10.[1] LORD BATHURST TO POPE.

CIRENCESTER, *Sept.* 19, 1730.

DEAR SIR,—It was no small satisfaction to me to find you are alive, for I had great reason to believe you were either

[1] From the Oxford papers.

dead or transported. I could not conceive that for so long a time I should not have had one line from you. You knew where I was to be found, but you are perpetually roving, and one must shoot flying, to speak in the language of the country, to hit you. Besides there is another reason why I should expect that you should write first. You know I never have any pen, ink or paper in the way, and you have them always by you at home, and are always calling for them abroad, witness that you put me to the charge of buying a tin standish for you at Riskins. I may truly say with one of the ancients,

Toto non quater anno
Membranam posco.

Why then should you expect to hear from me? But by some flying reports, which have pierced even through Oakley wood, I have reason to believe you have some great projects on foot, and cannot have leisure to turn your thoughts to the mean consideration of preserving an old useless friendship, or of enquiring after a man who is out of the *grand monde*. One who is sent for to court in a hurry, and kept there all night,[1] despises a poor country gentleman, and looks upon him as a creature of a different species. Know then that I am still a man according to the true definition, *animal implume bipes*. As to the heterodox notion of *animal rationale* I disclaim it, for it would certainly have excluded the whole race of versemen from the beginning of the world to this day. Being then your fellow creature and not one of the fowls of the air, why would you mortify me so much as to make me think you had totally forgot me? I have often seen you write in your sleep, nay and to my knowledge you translated half Homer when you were scarce awake.[2] How easy then would it have been for you to have writ me half a dozen lines in all this time. Now you see I do not thank you for writing to me now, but am angry you did not write sooner. Patty Blount has been ill,

[1] Pope went with Lord Burlington to Windsor in Aug. 1730. His visit was ostensibly to Mrs. Howard, but it is clear from her letter of Aug. 22 to Gay that neither she, nor any one else, had sent for him.

[2] His sleepy temperament was notorious, and it probably arose from the broken rest occasioned by his bodily infirmities.

IZ RUZIC 94

h I am very sorry for. Why did not you send me
? The newspapers say Lady Mary is very ill.
ter her in your own name and mine. We
r humble admirers at different times. I am
s you; I think of her now as I always did.[1]
here all the next month at least. If you
e up the quarrel I have with you, you
e. Your curricle can bring you with a
Abingdon. My chaise shall meet you
dinner the next day. I will meet you
e you hither for the security of your
you stay but one day with me, you cannot be much tired with the place or the company. I will cut you off some little corner of my park,—500 or 1000 acres,—which you shall do what you will with, and I will immediately assign over to you 3 or 4 millions of plants out of my nursery to amuse yourself with. If you refuse coming I will immediately send one of my wood carts and bring away your whole house and gardens, and stick it in the midst of Oakley wood, where it will never be heard of any more, unless some of the children find it out in nutting season and take possession of it, thinking I have made it for them. I beg of you, if it be possible, let me see you here, you know that I love and esteem you most heartily and sincerely. My service to Mrs. Pope, Patty Blount, Mrs. Howard, and Captain Gray.[2] These you see often.

11.[3] POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

October 1, [1730].

My Lord,—I am sorry to find one I took for a just patriot so tyrannical and oppressive in his disposition, as to think of

[1] Lord Bathurst and Lady Mary W. Montagu were intimate enough to have frequent ephemeral quarrels without any injury to their permanent friendship. Writing to her sister, Lady Mar, in 1725, she mentions him as "the vivacious Lord Bathurst, with whom I have been well and ill ten times within these two months: we now hardly speak to one another."

[2] Captain Gray had property at Twickenham, and resided there.

[3] From the Bathurst papers.

taking from another his house and lands only because they are less than his own. At this rate, your lordship's poor neighbours will fare ill, and all be swallowed in Oakley wood. I hoped at least my distance from you might have secured me from those terrible designs of the greater upon the less. But if your cart does come and carry away my buildings and gardens, it shall carry me too a-top of them, that I may be sure of a tight and safe roof at least to lie under, better than that to which you were once pleased to commit the best brains of the nation, I mean Swift's.[1] In good earnest, my lord, I wish I were your tenant in the wood on any terms, if I were not certain you would run away from me as soon as I was settled. My Lord Bolingbroke and I hope, since you say you shall not stir this month or two, that you are already on the road hither, and I doubt not if I meet you at Abingdon,[2] it will be to return to London. I could tell you something from court that would bring you up. You have had at least three good words spoken of you by a great person, only I make a scruple of telling them to you for fear you should depend upon them.[3] You stand fair by what I also hear from Dr. Burton,[4] to be made an honorary physician to her majesty,

[1] A passage in a letter of Mrs. Pendarves to Swift, Oct. 24, 1733, explains this allusion. "My Lord Bathurst talks with great delight of the pleasure you once gave him by surprising him in his wood, and showed me the house where you lodged. It has been rebuilt, for the day you left it, it fell to the ground. Conscious of the honour it had received by entertaining so illustrious a guest, it burst with pride." Swift himself, speaking of a visit he had paid in years gone by to Cirencester, says to Lord Bathurst, Oct. 21, 1735, "Mr. Pope, poor John Gay, and I, were forced to lodge at one of your farmers, and walk two miles to dinner, with your 2500 acres of garden, and not a codling to eat." The extensive alterations which Lord Bathurst carried on in his house sometimes left him with but scanty accommodation.

[2] As was proposed by Lord Bathurst, that he might drive Pope back to Cirencester. Pope says that if he accepts the invitation he will find at Abingdon that he has to return the road he came, for that Lord Bathurst will have arrived there on his way to London. They accused each other of restlessness, and it had a natural cause in both. Lord Bathurst had a physical energy which chafed under inaction, and Pope a feeble constitution which craved the diversion of change.

[3] The "great person" was the queen, who was accused of dealing largely in flattering words which meant nothing.

[4] Simon Burton, the physician, was about the same age as Pope. He attended him in his last illness, and died himself twelve days afterwards, June 11, 1744.

and, as I take it, your ambition would be gratified by that, more than any other way. I have compliments to you from a lady there, and from a lady here,[1]—not Lady Mary, who wished you and all of us at the devil last week, because she thought of going to him herself, but is now recovered, and cares not a pin for you, or any man of honour in christendom.[2] Mrs. Patty has always a partiality for you, notwithstanding your eternal neglect, of which she thinks there cannot be a greater proof than your never proposing to put her among your other things in the cart. She cannot be so humble as not to imagine her person might be as much an ornament to your wood as a leaden statue. She says she could look after the children that you resolve to give my house to, and for my part I assure your lordship, I should think myself not so much disgraced by the company you assign me, but be proud to pass my time with the only honest and unprejudiced part of the nation,—those children, my lord, who may come to assert what their fathers have given up. I know you think this does not concern you;[3] no more it does; but, however, I have a wish left to be revenged on you by. May your own children come to assert what you have asserted, but with so much better success, as to eclipse their father's fame, and leave posterity nothing to say for him but that he wished and laboured to do the same thing which they accomplished. I hear Mr. Bathurst is coming over?[4] Is it true? Are you in perfect health? Is my lady so, and all yours? Captain Gray's boat is in my custody, ready equipped with sails, flags, pennons, etc. What shall be done with it? though I can keep it in my boathouse all the winter if you please.[5] Lady Bolingbroke I

[1] Probably Mrs. Howard and Martha Blount.

[2] This is the language of Pope's hatred, and not the report of anything which had been said by Lady Mary.

[3] That is, he was not among the dishonest politicians who had "given up" the privileges or principles which are the latent subject of Pope's declamation. Vague rant was the usual strain of the opposition at that period, and not a hint does Pope drop of what it was that had been "given up."

[4] To the political views of the opposition. He was only nineteen, and after the common practice of lads had been asserting his independence by dissenting from the opinions of his father.

[5] Apparently Captain Gray was from home, and had lent his Thames boat to Lord Bathurst.

hear is expected this week. Will you not come to dispute with her for her health? On any terms I wish to see you or to hear from you. Other people of my rank may respect you, and so do I, but I love you so much more, that I forget many degrees of that respect. Indeed, my lord, I am to all intents entirely your lordship's ever obliged, affectionate servant.

Oct. 1st.—The dean, Lewis, Gay, Cleland, at all times ask of you. I remember something you spoke of about buying English elms at a nursery in Isleworth, which Gray told you of. Can I do any thing in it?

12.[1] LORD BOLINGBROKE TO LORD BATHURST.

D[AWLEY] FARM, *Oct.* 8, 1730.

WHEN I came out of Somersetshire,[2] I heard your lordship was to be in town very soon. Since that time I have been told that you may probably continue most of the winter on the bleak plains of Gloucestershire. Which of these accounts is true, my dear lord? Let me know it, if you know it. Friendship makes a sort of partnership in life and they who are joined in it have a right to be acquainted with the motions and measures too of one another. Are you planting? Are you levelling? What are you doing? Essex,[3] thinks like me, that the marriage of the great line of the great park with the house is practicable, but that it requires the phlegm he is master of, rather than your lordship's impetuosity to contrive.[4] I expect to see Pope to-morrow, for my servant says he is at home, in which case I shall dine with him. You will not be forgot by us, for though we are at present deep in

[1] From the Bathurst papers. This letter is inserted on account of the allusion to the metaphysics which were the basis of the Essay on Man.

[2] Where he had been on a visit to Sir W. Wyndham.

[3] I suppose this Essex was the father of the more celebrated gothic architect.—CROKER.

The father of James Essex, the architect, was a carpenter at Cambridge. Lord Bolingbroke had more probably been conversing with the Earl of Essex, whose first wife was sister to the Duchess of Queensberry and Lord Cornbury.

[4] The house did not look down the avenue, and the object was to effect this.

metaphysics, there will be some gay scenes interspersed, which will of course lead us to your lordship, and give Pope occasion to ask your informations and corrections.

I know your good nature will render you curious to know how the poor woman in France is.[1] She is in France still, and I fear will continue there, though she has set two or three days successively for her departure. By the last letters the fever seemed to strengthen upon her. I am impatient for the next. Wyndham has got his son at home. He is pleased with him, and with reason. I hope he will not keep him at home.[2] Constantinopolitan Fawkener[3] called here the other day, and we drank your health. I take very much to him. He has much and useful knowledge, and is of an admirable temper. Adieu, my dear lord. I embrace you with all my heart, and am a very humble servant to all yours.

13.[4] POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

TWITNAM, *Saturday*, [1731].

MY LORD,—There was a man in the land of Twitnam, called Pope. He was a servant of the Lord Bathurst of those days, a patriarch of great eminence, for getting children at home and abroad. But his care for his family and his love for strange women, caused the said lord to forget all his friends of the male sex, insomuch that he knew not, nor once remembered, there was such a man in the land of Twitnam as aforesaid. It were to be wished he would come and see; or if nothing else will move him, there are certain handmaids belonging to the said Pope which are comely in their goings, yea, which go comelily. If he will not vouchsafe to visit either his servant, or his handmaids, let him, as the patriarchs anciently did, send flocks of sheep and presents in his stead;

[1] Lady Bolingbroke.

[2] He thought they would not long agree together, — that the father would endeavour to exercise control, and that the son would insist upon freedom.

[3] Everard Fawkener, afterwards Sir Everard, who had travelled in the East. In August, 1735, he was appointed ambassador to Turkey.

[4] From the Bathurst papers.

for the grass of Marble Hill springeth, yea, it springeth exceedingly, and waits for the lambs of the mountains, meaning Riskins, to crop the same.

> Till then all Mrs. Howard's swains
> Must feed no flocks, upon no plains.[1]

My dear lord, adieu, if adieu be not too impertinent pretending a word, where one has never once met. I am faithfully your most real servant.

My hearty service to all your wives and daughters.

14.[2] POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

July 9, [1732].

MY DEAR LORD,—I hope you now feel all the pleasure which if I did not greatly love you, I would envy, in the sight of your own improvements—those certain improvements which time bestows only on things inanimate, and which will flourish when we are gone. Does not that look like a stroke of envy? No, it is a reflexion arising from tenderness both to our friends and ourselves, and draws with it a sigh for both. I would not wish myself immortal, unless I could make my friends so too; and then indeed to outlive an oak would be a thing desirable. Speaking of oaks poor Mr. Lewis is not such timber as I could wish (though about the girth he is according to the statute),[3] for he has been dangerously ill, and continues very much so. He is at a place called Pishobury,[4] near Sawbridgeworth in Hertfordshire, whither I wish you writ to him. You can hardly think how pleased you have made Cleland in expressing your memory of him in venison, though

[1] Borrowed from Gay's contribution to one of the rhyming invitations sent by the Scriblerus club to Lord Oxford. Pope, Swift, Parnell, Arbuthnot, and Gay, each contributed a couplet on the occasion, signed with the name of its author, and Gay's couplet was an allusion to his Pastorals, and his poverty:

> Leave courts, and hie to simple swains,
> Who feed no flocks, upon no plains.

[2] From the Bathurst papers.

[3] Lewis was corpulent.

[4] Pishobury was an Elizabethan manor house in the parish of Sawbridgeworth.

to do him justice, it is the memory and not the venison that delights him so much. But the venison too was good and I eat thereof. He intends to invite the doctor[1] to the haunch and next week he is to be here *en famille*, for seven days, where he will find no venison. I intend to carry them one day to Riskins with a cold dinner, purely to propagate the fame of your gardens here, while you desert them; and we are to see the royal works at our leisure afterwards. Lord Bolingbroke bids me to wish you all the joys of Nebuchadnezzar, all the pensile gardens, the proud pyramids, the Ninevehs and Babels, to aggrandize and ornament your territories; and that at length you may be turned into a happy beast, loose among a thousand females to grass. There is one woman at least that I think you will never run after, of whom the town rings with a hundred stories, why she run, and whither she is run.[2] Her sober friends are sorry for her, and truly so am I, whom she cut off from the number of them three years ago. She has dealt as mysteriously with you as with me formerly,[3] both which are proofs that we are both less mad, than is requisite for her to think quite well of us. I am told in town she is sending her son to Oxford, and if you, whose gallantry is to make her amends for your defects in politics,[4] intend to see him there, I hope, my lord, you will bestow a few steps more of your galloping horse, to make these parts a visit, in which case I would lug my crazy carcase ten miles to meet you at Riskins, London, or wherever you will hereabouts. It is a great truth that I often wish for Fortunatus's hat to be with you, and yet I think that even that hat should have wings

[1] Arbuthnot.

[2] The Duchess of Buckingham, who went off suddenly to France. She wrote a letter from Boulogne to Sir Robert Walpole, June 6, 1732, assuring him that the purpose of her journey was to sell a house she had at Paris, and to settle her pecuniary accounts with Robert Arbuthnot. Some persons thought that she had fled out of an apprehension that her jacobite intrigues were detected; others that her object was to secure any criminatory documents which might be found among the papers of the late Bishop Atterbury; and others, like Pope, that it was vain to seek for rational motives in the conduct of a foolish, eccentric woman.

[3] Lord Bathurst, as one of her son's trustees, was necessarily much mixed up with her affairs.

[4] The "defect in politics" was that he supported the reigning family against the pretender.

like Mercury's to make me sure of finding you any where. I hope I shall be happier when I am a separated spirit, and find at last a vehicle active enough for such souls as ours to keep pace with each other. I assure you, my lord, I am taking pains to arrive at such a vehicle by such methods as will speedily destroy my present crust in all probability. I have no news to tell, but desire to hear the best, I mean that of your lordship's, my Lady Bathurst's, and all your family's health and pleasure, which a few words from your hand will make me happy in. It is a sincere truth I have few wishes equal, and no one wish superior, to those I shall always make for your happiness to which my own is attached so many ways as hardly leaves me any merit in them. Adieu, my dear lord, and think I want you never more than when I have no worldly interests for you to take care of, and particularly at this very time. My mother is as usual and my own health rather worse, but partly through my own fault.

15.[1] LORD BATHURST TO POPE.

July 20,[2] [1732.]

DEAR SIR,—I return you a thousand thanks for your agreeable letter, and for the kind expressions in it, but what method you are in to hasten the demolition of that little tenement of yours, which was not designed by nature to bear any proportion of duration with the works of its partner, I am at a loss to guess. You say you are taking pains about it. Believe me there is no occasion to try any new method. You were sufficiently irregular before, and you need be under no apprehension of exceeding the age of your mother. But admitting that long life is not so desirable as the generality of mankind reckon, is health to be despised? and for God's sake what are you doing to make yours worse than it was? I am provoked at you to the last degree. I positively insist upon your coming down to me that I may put you into a new regimen. What the d— ails you? Is it not enough to have

[1] From the Oxford papers.

[2] The day of the month is from the post-mark.

the headache four days in the week, and to be as breeding woman the other three? I shall come very soon to meet the little duke,[1] and I beg it of most earnest manner, that you will contrive to meet and come back with me. I will give you due notice. If you can come half the way, which you may easily do with a pair of horses, and your curricle, you shall have my chaise to meet you. I long to see you excessively, for I have now almost finished my hermitage in the wood, and it is better than you can imagine, and many other things are done that you have no idea of. However there is enough remaining to employ you for a week at least, and occasion the consumption of a quire of paper in draughts.[2] I will venture to assert that all Europe cannot show such a pretty little plain work in the Brobdingnag style as what I have executed here. If you have any curiosity, come; if you have any regard for me, come; if you have any value for your own health, come. In short I will never forgive you if you do not come. I send half a buck for Mr. and Mrs. Cleland by the coach this night, which will be left at the Red Lion at Brentford to-morrow, and I hope it will be in your house before this comes to your hands. Adieu. Let me hear from you by the next post, and frame no excuses about this journey, for I will not admit of any, let them appear never so reasonable.

16.[3] LORD BATHURST TO POPE.

CIRENCESTER, *Sept.* 9, 1732.

DEAR SIR,—I believe I am indebted to you for a letter, but really I am under such a scarcity of thought at present that I cannot find any matter to furnish out ten lines. I think of

[1] The Duke of Buckingham.

[2] Lord Bathurst, in a letter to Lady Suffolk, July, 1734, touches upon Pope's fondness for sketching rough designs of the miniature temples, &c., which in those days were thought an ornament to parks and pleasure grounds. "Pope endeavours to find faults here, but cannot; and instead of admiring, as he ought to do, what is already executed, he is every day drawing me a plan for some new building or other, and then is violently angry that it is not set up the next morning."

[3] From the Oxford papers.

nothing out of my own circle, and though it is a large one, it only furnishes two ideas,—wood without timber, and land without water. But as my lot is cast here I must make the best of it, and I find employment from one day to another. My charitable vanity or folly supplies bread to many industrious labourers,[1] and therefore I would think no further. When your mind has shot through the flaming limits of the universe, send me some account of the new discoveries.[2] For my part I am grovelling upon this earth, and am contented with living in a state of indolence, doing a little good, and no mischief, to the best of my knowledge. When I come to town again, how I may be infected with bad company I know not, but I am sure at this time I am a most innocent creature. I may there think more wisely, and act more foolishly. Since you are resolved not to come to me I may freely own that I am in a perfect state of stupidity and should be the worst company in the world, but what alteration you might make in me I cannot tell. I have often thought myself the better for your company, though you have slept all the time you have been with me. The reflections I have made upon the soul at that time were of great use to me, to consider how your ideas were floating in it confused and loose, which at other times are so perfectly well ranged, and so ready to arise in their proper order. It was great consolation to me to think that there was no difference between you and I, but that I slept most,[3] and for the most part one is happier asleep than awake. I am now taking a sound nap till towards Christmas, and then the din and hurry of a parliament may make me give a loud yawn or two in your house, and I shall come back again here to rest. I remember Horace writes to somebody somewhere, something to this purpose:

[1] This is a reference to the unsound doctrine by which Pope justified, in his Epistle to Lord Burlington, extravagant expenditure upon tasteless magnificence:

Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The labourer bears: what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.

[2] An allusion to the Essay on Man which Pope was now preparing for publication.

[3] He means that his waking hours were but a kind of sleepy existence, untroubled by much activity and depth of thought.

Quid æternis minorem,
Consiliis animum fatigas?

I suppose it was to some metaphysical friend who he was afraid would wear out his body by letting his soul ride it too hard. I have some apprehensions this may be your case, but remember the Scripture says, the good man is merciful to his beast, therefore do not whip and spur perpetually, but give it some rest. Adieu. Let me hear from you. Rouse me if you can; but however unbent and languid I am, I shall always be ready to exert myself when you have any occasion for a faithful friend or humble servant.

17.[1] POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

August 6, 1735.

MY LORD,—I impatiently hoped to see you here as you promised me, but to-day Mr. Lyttelton tells me he doubts you will not come, and that it is possible you may leave London to-morrow. He and Mr. West[2] being here, I cannot come to you, which otherwise I would. I never leave you but I wish to say a hundred things to you, and when you go away for any time, I feel my sense of the loss of you tenfold, as men do of the loss of life, when near its end, though they never

[1] From the Bathurst papers.

[2] Gilbert West, who was born about 1700, and died in 1756, was the son of a clergyman, and was first cousin to Lyttelton. Their mothers were Miss Temples, the sisters of Lord Cobham. West was educated at Eton, and Oxford. His taste was for scholarship, literature, and theology, but his uncle, Lord Cobham, being a military man, induced him to enter the army. In a few years he resigned his commission, and devoted the rest of his life to the easy business of a subordinate government office, and the steady pursuit of his favourite studies. He has left some name in theology by his Observations on the Resurrection, and in poetry by his translation of Pindar, and his Imitations of Spenser. His writings in both kinds are the productions of a cultivated rather than of a vigorous mind, and the criticism of Coleridge on his poems exactly describes the general character of his works: "They have the merit of chaste and manly diction, but they are cold, and, if I may express it, only dead-coloured." Pope, in a letter to Lyttelton, Nov. 3, 1741, says, "Pray let Mr. West know I am alive, and while I am alive, warmly his;" and in his will, made two years later, Pope bequeathed him five pounds to buy a ring, and a reversionary legacy of two hundred pounds on the death of Martha Blount.

knew how to make a right use, or possess a full enjoyment of it. You cannot know how much I love you, and how gratefully I recollect all the good and obligation I owe to you for so many years. I really depend on no man so much in all my little distresses, or wish to live and share with no man so much in any joys or pleasures. I think myself a poor, unsupported, weak individual without you. I am afraid you do not love yourself so well. I am s[ure] not enough nor according to your deserts from me, from your family, from your friends, from the public. Pray, my lord, think seriously of your health, and consult with Dr. Burton before you go.[1] This will be the greatest kindness to me in the world, to keep yourself in it in what vigour and enjoyment you can, at least till I am out of it. If it were not very inconvenient I wish I could see you once. If not God prosper and protect you everywhere, and, if it is possible, pray tell me if there be any prospect of our meeting at Stowe or anywhere. Pray can you find anything about the Duchess of Buckingham's letters, or does she know what they are which that rascal Curll has advertised?[2] I cannot conceive the least of them.

My faithful services to Lady Bathurst. Why could you [not] come and dine on your way here?[3] I am quite troubled at your going so suddenly. I am for ever, my dear lord, yours entirely.

Pray write to me.

18.[4] POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

August 19, 1735.

MY LORD,—I received your kind letter the morning you left London. Everything you write, and everything you say, and everything you do, pleases or contents me. I am only sorry I

[1] From London into the country.

[2] On July 28, 1735, Curll advertised "the third volume of Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence, containing his letter to her grace the Duchess of Buckingham," etc. Curll said that the original was in his possession, and had been given him by a gentleman. It was the letter dated Jan. 27, 1720.

[3] At Twickenham on his way to Cirencester.

[4] From the Bathurst papers.

am out of your hands and out of your sight, for I am never so safe as with you,[1] or so happy. I hope in God you are in better health than I thought you when last we met, and that exercise, which generally mends you, has now that effect. Your head and your limbs are of so good a make that the more active the machine is made to play the better it works. With such weak ones as mine the least extraordinary motion puts them out of frame. My body agrees better therefore with rest than motion; my mind with conversation than study:[2] but at present I am in the way that suits me least. I want the conversation I most love, yours and Lord Bolingbroke's, and I am going to do the thing I am least able, take a journey alone. My Lord Peterborough has desired me to see him once more at Southampton before he parts, in all probability for ever, for France at the end of this month. I cannot refuse it though I have but just got up from a slight fever. He writes me three lines, the last of which is, "If you can persuade Lord Bathurst to repay me my visit, it will be the only trouble I may give him. Pray do if you can." In the opinion that riding[3] is physic and strength at once to your lordship, whereas to me it is sickness and pain, I hope this is not quite an unreasonable desire, that you would meet me there after the 24th till the 30th, which will be all the time I can stay, and to see the last of an old hero, the last sparks of such a noble flame. It will be a thing to dwell in our memory, and to talk of in our old age. I write this in great hurry, but the mere chance to see you makes me trouble you with this imperfect letter, for such it is when not full of expressions how great a part you deservedly have in my head and heart.[4] Mrs. Patty is yet here, and faithfully your servant. I beg Lady Bathurst to believe me hers, and I am eternally, my dear lord, yours.

[1] Because Lord Bathurst checked his imprudencies in eating and drinking.

[2] Yet he was perpetually in motion, and seldom entered with any spirit into conversation.

[3] The word was used with more latitude than at present, and was applied to travelling in vehicles. Pope had ceased to take long journeys on horseback.

[4] A theory which contributed to render Pope's letters artificial and monotonous. Johnson wrote to Boswell, that "at the beginning of every year he would tell him he very highly esteemed, and very cordially loved him, and why," he said, "should we trouble ourselves to tell or hear it oftener?"

19.[1] POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

October 8, 1735.

MY LORD,—I am just got home after a long train of peregrinations,[2] which I wish had concluded at Cirencester, as they often have done. I always found it a place of rest where my heart was at ease. But I begin to perceive myself old (I believe you have perceived me so before), and dare hardly hope to enliven any country retreat so late in the year, and so late in my life. The Abbé you have had with you I am told does wonders in the vivacious way,[3] and has not a little interrupted the sacred silence and deep contemplation of those groves where

> Cum uxore, et cum natis,
> Dulcè ambulas in pratis.

But, dull as I am, I wake a little at the thought of you. I dream of you still, and you are the object of my dotings. You animated my youth, my lord, comfort my age!

> Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
> But shade those laurels that were raised by you.[4]

[1] From the Bathurst papers.

[2] A letter written from Oxford by Spence to his mother, Sept. 4, 1735, gives us a glimpse of Pope during this autumn's "train of peregrinations." "Monday last, after dinner, a ragged boy of an ostler came in to me with a little scrap of paper not half an inch broad, which contained the following words, 'Mr. Pope would be very glad to see Mr. Spence at the Cross Inn just now.' There I found him, quite fatigued to death, with a thin face lengthened at least two inches beyond its usual appearance. He had been to take his last leave of Lord Peterborough, and came away in a chariot of his lordship's that holds but one person for quick travelling. When he was got within about three miles of Oxford, coming down a hill in Bagley wood, he saw two gentlemen and a lady sitting in distress by the way side. Near them lay a chaise overturned and half broken to pieces, in the fall of which the poor lady had her arm broke. Mr. Pope had the goodness to stop, and offer his chariot to carry her to Oxford for help, and so walked the three miles in the very midst of a close sultry day, and came in dreadfully fatigued. He set out in the evening, as he was obliged to do, for Colonel Dormer's, in his way to Lord Cobham's, which was to be the end of his journey."

[3] I have not met with any further mention of the "vivacious" Abbé who visited Lord Bathurst in 1735, and do not know who he was, or whence he came.

[4] Quoted, with the change of a

Do not think this a florid flame. It is the serious wish of my heart, to be loved, as much as you can, and to be protected by you. I feel the want of you in all my little distresses; if any other hurts me I am like a child that comes to complain to its best friend, who has humoured it always; and if I play the fool, I want to complain to you against myself. I know you to be so much a better friend to me than myself. I think I am in an abandoned state, if it is to be yet two months before you see the town. Your lordship is almost my only prop. Two of those with whom my soul rested, and leaned upon, are gone out of the kingdom this summer.[1] Every one that makes life enjoyable to me is absent now. The greatest pleasure I can have will be to have some glimpse opened of your more speedy return, of which if there be any prospect pray give it me.

I wished for you at Lord Cobham's, as I did everywhere. I passed three days at Oxford where I saw your image,[2] or, my lady's (I do not know which), very well pleased with a play-day which I procured him. I had a strong inclination to have gone to Cirencester from thence, but the rains fell violently and I was quite fatigued, so came home sick and sorrowful. My health is now pretty tolerable after a complaint which weakened me much at Oxford, and has been hereabouts epidemical. I was three days since surprised by a favour of his royal highness, an unexpected visit of four or five hours.[3] I ought not to omit telling you that on sight of your picture he spoke in high just terms of you, and expressed great personal affection; I thought so very remarkably, that I found it the best topic for me to make my court to him. I have nothing to add but that Mrs. Lewis is recovered of a stroke of

single expression, from Dryden's Epistle to Congreve:

Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
But shade those laurels which descend to you.

[1] Lord Bolingbroke who left England at the beginning of the summer, and Lord Peterborough who went away at the end of it.

[2] Either John, the third, or Allen, the fourth son of Lord Bathurst.

[3] "On Saturday evening," says the London Evening Post, Oct. 7, 1735, "his royal highness the Prince of Wales did Mr. Pope the honour of a visit at his house at Twickenham, and staid with him two or three hours."

the dead palsy. The Duchess of Queensberry stays all the winter abroad.[1] Lady Suffolk is gone to Lady Betty Germain's for a month.[2] I know nothing of the Dutch, French,

[1] She went to Spa for her health, and on Aug. 1, 1735, wrote to Lady Suffolk from Brussels, "I must set up my tent here one of these days, for every blade of grass grows exactly to my mind." She traversed the same ground the year before, and made herself conspicuous by some of those eccentricities of dress which she affected all her life. Her whim on the continent was to go habited in a species of male attire. "She has been called sir upon the road above twenty times," wrote her brother, Lord Cornbury.

[2] In July 1735, Lady Suffolk married George Berkeley, the brother of Lady Betty Germain. Lady Betty's seat was at Drayton, in Northamptonshire. She was the second daughter of Charles, second Earl of Berkeley, and the second wife of the notorious gambler, Sir John Germain. "Notwithstanding the great pride of the Berkeley family," writes the Duchess of Marlborough to Lord Stair, March 27, 1738, "she married an innkeeper's son. But indeed there was some reason for that; for she was ugly, without a portion, and in her youth had an unlucky accident with one of her father's servants; and by that match she got money to entertain herself all manner of ways. I tell you these things, which did not happen in your time of knowledge, which is a melancholy picture of what the world is come to." The "innkeeper's son" was a Dutch soldier of fortune, who settled in England, and first married Lady Mary Mordaunt, the divorced wife of Henry, seventh Duke of Norfolk, and sole heir of Henry Mordaunt, second Earl of Peterborough. At her death, Nov. 16, 1705, Sir John Germain succeeded to her estate at Drayton, and when he, in his turn, died Dec. 1718, he left the whole of his large possessions to his second wife, Lady Elizabeth. Sir John's defective morals were accompanied by a total want of education. Three astonishing instances of his ignorance rest upon the authority of Horace Walpole. The first, that he built a colonnade at Drayton, and mistaking the capitals for pedestals, ordered the pillars to be erected upside down. The second, that he believed St. Matthew's gospel to have been written by his countryman, Sir Matthew Decker, and from the good opinion he thence conceived of him, bequeathed him 200*l.* for distribution among the poor Dutch in London. The third, that by the recommendation of his wife, he took the sacrament in his last illness, supposing it to be a remedy for sickness, and afterwards complained with a sigh that it had not done him any good. Extreme peculiarities suggest ludicrous fabrications, and the last story is probably the perversion of a conversation which passed between Sir John, and the famous Samuel Clarke, who attended him on his death-bed. "Oh! what shall I do, doctor, what shall I do?" said the conscience-stricken sinner. "I am in great distress of mind; what shall I do? Shall I receive the sacrament, and do you think it will do me good to receive it? Tell me, I pray you, tell me what I must do in my present sad condition." Clarke did not think a paroxysm of despair was repentance, and informed the dying man that he was unable to encourage the hope that the sacrament could contribute to his final welfare. It was not administered. Lady Betty outlived the

or the emperor.[1] Mrs. P. Blount is your ever faithful servant. Curll has printed letters of Mr. Pope to Miss Blount, not one of which either I ever writ, or she ever received.[2] I hope in God something, but not any unpleasant thing, will bring your lordship hither, where you will make a happy man at any time of your ever faithful, ever affectionate servant.

20.[3] LORD BATHURST TO POPE.

CIRENCESTER, *Aug.* 14, 1736.

I THINK myself much obliged to you, dear sir, for your obliging letter, and to show you that I would not trespass too far upon your goodness, I will not insist upon your coming if it will be too fatiguing to you, but at the same time if you do intend to go this year to Lord Cobham's, one day's journey further will make but little odds. You will rest a day or two at Rousham, and then if my coach meets you half-way you may come hither to dinner. I cannot promise to meet you there myself, because I have a great deal of business upon my hands at this time, and am uncertain whether I may not be unavoidably detained at the time you appoint. But if you will appoint your day when my coach shall meet you at Bur-

irregularities of her youth, and was esteemed for her kindness and liberality. Horace Walpole visited her at Drayton in July 1763, and after calling her the "divine old mistress of the old mansion," he says, "If one could honour her more than one did before, it would be to see with what religion she keeps up the old dwelling and customs, as well as old servants, who you may imagine do not love her less than other people do." Swift, in early life, was chaplain to her father, then one of the lords justices in Ireland, and the occasional correspondence she kept up with him for many years is distinguished by sense, integrity, and independence.

[1] In the autumn of 1734 France, Spain, and Sardinia declared war against Austria. The pretext was the attempt of the emperor to supersede the newly elected King of Poland, and force his own nominee upon the people. The real, or at least the principal, object of the allies was to increase their dominions. Austria was worsted in the contest. Having vainly endeavoured to persuade the English and Dutch to join her in the war, she was finally compelled to sign a treaty of peace at Vienna, November 8, 1738.

[2] The letters translated from Voiture, and which Pope himself had probably sent to Curll.

[3] From the Oxford papers.

ford, I am sure it is not very far from Mr. Dormer's[1] to that place, and if you can persuade them[2] to come with you it will be a great pleasure to me. The general did make me a promise of a visit this last winter in town for some time this summer. Now to show you that I have a most manifest want of you at this present juncture I send you the enclosed plans.[3] That marked (*a*) was drawn first. Afterwards I had a mind to have a cupola on purpose to try the effect of the Cornish slate, which we can have from Bristol at a pretty easy rate. In the plan marked (*b*) the building is described and the ground plot. It must be of that shape because it is to answer three walks, and the materials must be the same as those with which the seat was built, because they are already brought to the place, and because I think that rough stone exceedingly pretty, and am ready to stand all the jokes of *Rusticus expectat*, etc.[4] N.B. This building will be backed with wood, so that nothing more can be seen but the three sides. I design the ribs of the cupola shall be done with lead, which I will gild or paint of gold colour, which being set off by the blue slate will look admirably well. I will certainly make the three arches like that in the plan marked (*a*), but I am in doubt how to settle the fascias and the cornice, etc. Now I leave it entirely to you either to come and settle this affair yourself or send the directions. Another building is to be erected afterwards to answer the other diagonal which will also overlook the lake, no contemptible body of water I can assure you. It will be at least as big as the canal at Riskins.[5] Besides this you will see that I have brought a great quantity of very good hewn stone from the old house at Saperton to the great centre in Oakley wood.[6] Nothing is wanting but your

[1] At Ronsham, near Woodstock.

[2] Mr. and General Dormer.

[3] One of the many debased imitations of classic temples, which were the fashion of the day.

[4] The rough stone was called rustic work. There was a want of water in the prospect at Cirencester, which from the sequel of the letter we see that Lord Bathurst was endeavouring to remedy, and the "joke" was a punning application or misapplication of a line from Horace. The "rusticus" of Horace waits for the stream to go, and the rustic work of Lord Bathurst waited for the stream to come.

[5] Which was 555 yards long.

[6] Saperton was an adjoining village, skirting Oakley wood on the

direction to set the work forward. I have also begun to level the hill before the house, and an obelisk shall rise upon your orders to terminate the view. I am sure you will not now make any feigned excuse, and I hope you will have no real one to prevent your coming. If you can go to Lord Cobham's you can certainly come here, and I will go back with you thither, for I have promised him to make him a visit this summer. If you are hindered from that expedition by any indisposition then I must lament my misfortune, and be content with your directions at a distance. Pray let me hear from you by next post, for I shall wait with great impatience. The foundation of the building, described in the enclosed plan, will be laid by that time, and one arch up; but I will do no more before you come, if by the next you tell me that you will be so good to your faithful servant.

21.[1] POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

Nov. 23, 1738.

MY LORD,—I had epistolized you sooner but that knowing you were yet in your worldly pilgrimage (I will not say your carnal one, though you have seen Madam la Touche[2]) I did not know how to write *at* you;[3] and even the post, all post haste as it is, cannot shoot you flying. Another reason was, my

west. The house pulled down by Lord Bathurst was a large manor house built of freestone.

[1] From the original in the possession of Mr. Murray.

[2] Warton, in a note to the Dunciad, calls her "the celebrated mistress" of the Duke of Kingston. She was reputed to be the illegitimate daughter of Samuel Bernard, a banker at Paris. The duke absconded with her in 1737; the friends of the girl proceeded against him in the French parliament, that is, in the French courts of law; and Louis XV. forbid the judges to entertain the cause. The mandate was no doubt procured through the corrupt influence of the profligate lover. Lord Bathurst could not perceive any charm in the mistress. He had a farm in Derbyshire, not far from the seat of the Duke of Kingston in Nottinghamshire, and he wrote to Swift, Dec. 6, 1737, "I want no foreign commodities; my neighbour, the Duke of Kingston, has imported one, but I do not think it worth the carriage."

[3] "I remember," says Swift to Lord Peterborough, "Lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, 'That not knowing where to write *to* you, they were forced to write *at* you.' It is so with me." The remark was current in Swift's circle, and Pope here alludes to it. Not knowing definitely

desire to satisfy your question about the affair of Dawley, which after many offers, is at last quite broke off, I think rather on the part of my lord than of Vanneck,[1] for he has been piqued so much at their dirty way of dabbling, rather than dealing, about it, that though the last offer came within 2000*l.* he will hear no more of them. The total was, that Vanneck expected the lands for 4*s.* per acre less than the tenants actually pay, the house for as little as the materials pulled down will bring, the furniture for 1000*l.* less than is offered by an upholsterer, the gardens and timber for nothing. My lord has sent for Burward to set the rents of what is yet unlet, and I believe will find a difference of near 2000*l.* value in the whole, above what he himself first computed, provided he will have patience to sell part of the lands separately, and improve the rest, and let the house stand awhile the chance of a separate bargain.

I have deferred writing these ten days, in hopes he would have joined in this letter, but he laughs at me for imagining any body can tell where you are, or send it after you. If your lordship has been only over England, I think there is a chance you are returned by this time to Cirencester, unless you have been in Scotland, or in the Prince's mines in Cornwall. I am

where a letter would find Lord Peterborough, they directed it to some place they thought he was likely to visit. The antithesis is ill expressed; for the phrase "to write *at* you," in contrast with "*to* you," does not bear the distinctive meaning which was intended to be conveyed.

[1] Joshua Vanneck was born at the Hague, where his ancestors appear upon record as magistrates for nearly three centuries. His father, Cornelius Vanneck, was paymaster of the land forces of the United Provinces, and had six sons, of whom he gave a mercantile education to two, Gerard and Joshua, who are said to have been the first of the family bred to trade. Gerard, the eldest, settled in England in 1718, and Joshua following him in 1722, they entered into partnership. Gerard died in 1750. Joshua was created a baronet Dec. 14, 1751, died March 5, 1777, and was considered one of the richest merchants in Europe. Gerard, his eldest son, became the second baronet, and dying without issue in 1791, was succeeded by his brother Joshua, who was created an Irish peer by the title of Lord Huntingfield, of Heveningham, in Suffolk, June 8, 1796.—NICHOLS.

The wealth of the two brothers who settled in England must have have very great, for Gerard at his death in 1750 left upwards of 100,000*l.* in legacies, and the residue of his property he bequeathed to Joshua. Bolingbroke came to England in 1738 for the express purpose of selling Dawley.

told his estate there is miserably neglected, to the annual loss of about 20,000*l.* You see, my lord, I acquaint myself a little with the value of estates; and it is no compliment to you to tell you, I am grieved extremely, when any friend of mine, or any good and beneficent man, even though he be a prince, loses too lightly his just rights and advantages, whereby the bounty of the greatest, and the quiet and independency of the meanest members of a community, is checked, if not destroyed; lessened, if not lost. So though I wish with you, my lord, that your labour and trouble were over, I do not wish your care so. Besides, as you are my financier, when you enrich yourself, you enrich and secure me,[1] who consider myself as one of your children, and I hope the poorest of them, but, however, one whom you have taken very good care of, these very many years.

The town has not been the less a desert, at least to me, for his majesty's return. I have lived here and at Dawley. Just now came Lord Cornbury from abroad,[2] to-morrow comes the duchess,[3] in a day or two more Lyttelton and Lord Chesterfield. Here is now all the good company I can wish, if you will but join it. Sure, you may and will before Lord B[olingbroke] goes, which cannot be till Christmas, your usual time. You would have a vast deal of health and a great flow of spirits did but a small proportion of the wine and punch we have drunk to your health, run into your veins. But a better proof of my sincere wishes for your welfare and prosperity I feel in my heart, which really longs to enjoy more of you than I can pretend to deserve or than is my share among so many as love and esteem you. But allow me, my dear lord, what you can, forgive me what you can, and love me as much as you can. It will be sufficient to make a very happy man of, my lord, your faithful, affectionate, ever obliged servant.

[1] On March 25, 1738, Pope lent Lord Bathurst £2000 at 4 per cent. Pope was glad of an investment for his savings, and Lord Bathurst must sometimes have wanted capital for his endless improvements. Before Pope's death in 1744 Lord Bathurst had repaid £1500 of the loan.

[2] Pope wrote to Lyttelton, Aug. 15, 1738, "Lord Cornbury yesterday set out for Spa, in a ticklish state of health, and extreme low spirits." His illness was only a passing malady.

[3] The Duchess of Queensberry, to her house at Petersham.

22.[1] POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

TWITNAM, *Tuesday* [*April* 28, 1741].

MY DEAR LORD,—I know this is a day when it is not to be expected you should think of any subjects but love and marriage, in both which you have succeeded so wonderfully. But nothwithstanding your youthful image will all this day dance before you, recollect your present, cooler age, of friendship and philosophy, and in that recollection remember one, who has out-lasted twenty, or twenty thousand, of your mistresses in affection, attachment, and gratitude to you. If you should leave this world (I mean this corrupt and corruptible world within the vortex of the court and city) without one sober visit, one spiritual retreat, to Twitnam and the grotto of friendship and liberty,[2] whatever you may hope to do with your electors,[3] you can never answer it to the muses. I allow you any extravagance this day; I shall drink and rejoice in it myself; but I should be ten times as glad, could I hope to live to see what sort of man a grandson of the Duke of Argyle[4] may make, in an age that will want men like him.

Pray look upon me as you go. Mr. Layng[5] will come with

[1] From the Bathurst papers.

[2] Pope, in his lines on the Grotto, treated the spot as sacred to liberty, because Bolingbroke, Marchmont, and Wyndham had talked their anti-ministerial politics there.

[3] The parliament was dissolved April 28, 1741. Lord Bathurst was energetic in exerting his influence at elections. Mrs. Pendarves visited him in Oct., 1733, when he was preparing for the election of 1734, and says, "My Lord Bathurst was in great spirits, and though surrounded by candidates and voters against next parliament, made himself agreeable in spite of their clamour."

[4] Lady Anne Campbell, second daughter of the Duke of Argyle, married the eldest son of the Earl of Strafford, April 28, 1741, and it is to this event that Pope's letter refers. The duke, whose versatile politics had always been regulated by his personal interests, joined the opposition in 1739, and his newborn ardour against the ministry assumed in Pope's eyes the appearance of patriotism. The grandson, who was to perpetuate the exalted spirit of the grandfather, was never born.

[5] The name is indistinctly written, and Mr. Reeve thinks that Layorg may perhaps be the true reading. Neither name is known to me in connection with Pope or Lord Bathurst.

you. Lyttelton has done so, and received my blessing before his expedition.[1] I have satisfied him his cloth is too short for his coat, and if you will give it to the bearer you will do an act of charity when no election is concerned and clothe the naked.[2] I am for ever faithfully your lordship's.

23.[3] POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

Dec. 18.

MY LORD,—I am no stranger to the manner in which your life is passed, the state of your health and the amusements and operations in your retirement, all which I have heard, as I never fail to inquire, of your friends or correspondents. In ... often think myself (it is all I can do) with your ... let me tell you my life in thought and imagina- ...ch superior to my life in action and reality as the ... be to the vilest body. I find the latter grows ...ich worse and more declining that I believe I shall ...e to carry it about to others; it will become almost ...nd as unpleasing as those which they say the spirits ...hen use for vehicles to frighten folks. My health is

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[3] From the original in the possession of Lord Houghton. I cannot fix the date of this, and the remaining letters, with certainty.

22.[1] POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

TWITNAM, *Tuesday* [*April* 28, 1741].

MY DEAR LORD,—I know this is a day when it is not to be expected you should think of any subjects but love and marriage, in both which you have succeeded so wonderfully. But nothwithstanding your youthful image will all this day dance before you, recollect your present, cooler age, of friendship and philosophy, and in that recollection remember one, who has out-lasted twenty, or twenty thousand, of your mistresses in affection, attachment, and gratitude to you. If you should leave this world (I mean this corrupt and corruptible world within the vortex of the court and city) without one sober visit, one spiritual retreat, to Twitnam and the grotto of friendship and liberty,[2] whatever you may hope to do with your electors,[3] you can never answer it to the muses. I allow you any extravagance this day; I shall drink and rejoice in it myself; but I should be ten times as glad, could I hope to live to see what sort of man a grandson of the Duke of Argyle[4] may make, in an age that will want men like him.

Pray look upon me as you go. Mr. Layng[5] will come with

[1] From the Bathurst papers.

[2] Pope, in his lines on the Grotto, treated the spot as sacred to liberty, because Bolingbroke, Marchmont, and Wyndham had talked their anti-ministerial politics there.

[3] The parliament was dissolved April 28, 1741. Lord Bathurst was energetic in exerting his influence at elections. Mrs. Pendarves visited him in Oct., 1733, when he was preparing for the election of 1734, and says, "My Lord Bathurst was in great spirits, and though surrounded by candidates and voters against next parliament, made himself agreeable in spite of their clamour."

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so temporary that if I pass two days abroad it is odds but one of them I must be a trouble to any goodnatured friend and to his family; and the other, remain dispirited enough to make them no sort of amends by my languid conversation. I begin to resolve upon the whole rather to turn myself back again into myself, and apply to study as the only way I have left to entertain others, though at some expense both of my own health, and time. I really owe you and some few others some little entertainment, if I could give it them; for having received so much from them, in conscience and gratitude I ought not to go to my grave without trying at least to give them an hour or two's pleasure, which may be as much as half the pains of my remaining life can accomplish. And without flattery, my lord, I hope to show you, some day, that I made it one of my first vanities, to be thought your friend, not only while I lived, but when I am gone.[1]

The last time you were in London and Riskins, had I but received the favour of the least knowledge while you was in town, I had gone to see you; and the only day I heard (accidentally) you should be in the country I was in town upon business. Dr. Burton, I hope, told you our joint endeavour to get to you the next day, and then he concluded you gone to Cirencester; but it seems the day after that, and after I had left the town, your lordship sent for him. It was really vexatious to me to be disappointed of that pleasure. I hope your speedy return will make me amends. I am sick at this present writing, but the more I feel the want of health, or of anything else myself, the more I wish them to you and yours. I desire Lady Bathurst, Mr. Bathurst, and the young ladies to accept my services, and yourself, my lord, to believe there is no man living more inclined, more desirous, more impatient, to render you any, were my capacity equal to the sincerity with which I am everlastingly your faithfully obliged servant.

[1] On Nov. 7, 1731, Pope says to Lord Oxford, "I have taken the liberty to call at your door on my way to moral virtue," which referred to the tribute he paid to Lord Oxford's benevolence in the third Moral Essay, or Epistle on Riches, addressed to Lord Bathurst. He was probably engaged upon the Epistle when he announced to Lord Bathurst his intention of commemorating him, in which case the present letter was written on Dec. 18, 1730, or 31.

24.[1] POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

WEDNESDAY, *25th.*

MY LORD,—It is sincerely a great disappointment to one who loves you as I do (that is, at a greater rate than any busy, ambitious, or even any man that has any thought of the world can love another) that I am unable to get to town this day to meet you which was my whole design. Everybody here is as willing to leave me, and this place,[2] as I am to continue by myself, and in it, were not you in town. This has occasioned all our coaches to be full, which hinders my coming till another day. I hope to find your lordship to-morrow, but if not I very much wish you could call here as you return.[3] One desire I must communicate to you, for a particular reason, that my friend Patty may not be mortified with the thought you only took notice of her at my instigation. Therefore I beg you will call upon her during your stay in town. I wish her so well, as to wish you knew her well: and when I die I will leave her to you for a legacy. I have been very ill, ever since I saw your lordship, which is apt to give one melancholy thoughts, and puts me upon wishing to those I esteem, the same thing that made me happy myself, namely, such a friendship as yours. I have no more to add, but what, while I live, I must always say, and what, when I am dead, I beg you will sometimes think of,—that I am truly, and with sincere esteem and obligation, my lord, your most faithful, most affectionate, and obliged servant.

25.[4] LORD BATHURST TO POPE.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having missed two posts already I am determined by this to send you my thanks for your last kind letter, though I am at present in so ill a disposition to write

[1] From the Bathurst papers.

[2] Twickenham, which had its season. Pope's neighbours were deserting their villas.

[3] Either to Cirencester or Riskins.

[4] From the Oxford papers.

that I could hardly talk to you if you were here. I went out in the morning to take my usual exercise which lasted till dinner-time. I was forced to entertain at that time two or three odd people, who were not fools enough to be laughed at, and yet were far from having sense enough to make a conversation; a most accursed mediocrity. After this I was obliged to make a visit to a country neighbour. I found him in his hall. I may properly say I found him, for I looked sometime before I could discover him, being enveloped in thick clouds of tobacco. So much civility was paid to me that I was obliged to remove out of the great hall into a little parlour, which by misfortune had just been washed. The honest friends who had been entertaining him before were to follow us into this parlour, and the agreeable smoke which had filled a larger hall was to be transferred to the little room, with the addition of a good deal of other smoke which proceeded from a chimney that had not been incommoded with fire since last Christmas, and consequently the soot helped to the delightfulness of the smell. Not to trouble you further with this description, our drink was as bad as our conversation, and I have had too much of each. What I write will smell of it. Therefore I will defer the rest which I have to say till I am purified by walking round Oakley wood,[1] and conversing with the hamadryads which you have lodged there. Adieu.

I had like to have forgot what was principally in my thoughts when I sat down to write. I have left orders with my gardener at Riskins to deliver to you or your order all the limes which can possibly be spared, but if you are not in too much haste I think you had better stay till I come back, and then I shall have horses to bring them over to Twitnam, and Burton will be there to see them transplanted with care.

[1] Oakley wood was a continuation of Lord Bathurst's park, and extended up to the town of Cirencester. "The grand avenue," says Mrs. Pendarves, "that goes from his house through his park and wood is five miles long." Neither Lord Bathurst nor his friends appear to have discovered that "too great a length," as Burke remarks, "destroys the greatness it was intended to promote." "I have ever observed," he adds, "that avenues of trees of a moderate length were without comparison far grander than when they were suffered to run to immense distances." He gives the obvious reason, that excessive length diminishes apparent height, and is destructive of stateliness.

26.[1] POPE TO LORD BATHURST.

BATH, *Sept.* 15.

MY LORD,—Plato says a man in anger should not take the lash, that is the pen, in his hand; and a certain emperor, as I learn from Don Antonio de Guevara,[2] used to count over the four and twenty letters in such case before he spake. I have therefore thought it fit to count four and twenty days, before I would mention to your lordship what has passed between us. I will keep my temper, and now only acquaint you, that I went according to your order (though I received no further invitation as you were pleased to promise, by a letter to Stowe) to Cirencester in full and certain hopes of attending you to Bath. I staid to the last day I could, namely the second of September. I found you not, nor any letter from you, so that had not Mr. Howe received me in my wanderings, I had been cast out on the common, and reduced to feed like Nebuchadnezzar among the beasts, and to travel on afterwards in the manner of Tom Coryate.[3] However, my visit to your house was not wholly void of all comfort to me, for I saw the steeple of Cirencester stand on one side over it, and the great vista in Oakley wood to the said steeple, by being widened beyond its former hedges, bordered now only with some low thing which I took to be a box edging on either side. Moreover, I beheld with singular consolation the back of the high wood pierced through and every tree that bore the least pretence to be timber, totally cut down and done away.[4] Whereby I see with delight, the bare prospect you have made, but also

[1] From the Bathurst papers.

[2] Antonio Guevara was a Spanish bishop, who was historiographer to Charles V. He died in 1544. His most popular work, Marco-Aurelio, was translated into English, but in Pope's day its credit had fallen to nothing.

[3] On foot. In 1608 Coryate walked a thousand miles on the continent in the same pair of shoes, and on his return hung them up in the church of Odcombe, in Somersetshire, where the despicable memorial of his trampings was suffered to remain till the beginning of the reign of Queen Anne, or for nearly one hundred years. "He carried folly," says Fuller, "on his very face."

[4] If this letter had been designed for the purpose, it could not illustrate more completely Lord Bathurst's account of Pope's propensity for disparaging alterations he did not himself suggest.

another of the necessity you are now reduced to of raising some building there. And I form to myself yet a third prospect, that you will so unwillingly and grudgingly undertake the said building, that it will be so small and inconsiderable as to oblige you to pull it down again another year to erect a bigger and more adequate. Nevertheless, my lord, (to prove I am not angry but with a mixture of charity inclined to rectify what I disapprove) I would not advise you to an obelisk, which can bear no diameter to fill so vast a gap, unless it literally touched the skies, but rather to a solid pyramid of a hundred feet square, to the end there may be something solid and lasting of your works. As to the church steeple I am truly sorry for it, yet I would not however pull down the house. I would rather the reformation began, as reformations always ought, at the church itself. Not that I would wish the body of it entirely taken away, but only the steeple lowered. This would bring matters to some uniformity,[1] and the dissenters and quakers be greatly obliged as it is the high tower itself which above all they hold in abomination,[2] whereby your lordship's interest in the next elections might vastly be strengthened. Certain it is, that something extraordinary and *éclatant* must be done, if you would render

[1] Pope apparently thought that the tower was too lofty in relation to the house, and overtopped it, which was a captious, fanciful objection when the church was five miles distant. The tower was a worthy termination to the vista, and a thousand times preferable to the unmeaning frigid structures in favour with Pope. "If at the end of a long avenue," says Repton, "be placed an obelisk, a temple, or any other eye-trap, as it is called, it will only catch or please the eye of ignorance or childhood. The eye of taste turns with disgust from such puerile means of attracting its notice."

[2] George Fox gave to churches the contemptuous title of "steeple-houses," which may have deceived Pope into fancying that "dissenters and quakers" had an especial hostility to the steeple. Every part of the edifice was equally under a ban, as may be seen from the Journal of Fox, who only named a church a "steeple-house," to denote that he denied it to be "God's house." "The steeple-houses and pulpits," he says, "were offensive to my mind, because both priests and people called them the house of God, and idolised them, reckoning that God dwelt there in the outward house, whereas they should have looked for God and Christ to dwell in their hearts, and their bodies to be made the temples; for the apostle said, 'God dwelleth not in temples made with hands,' but by reason of the people's idolising those places it was counted a heinous thing to declare against them."

yourself agreeable to the present administration, which may be a convincing proof to all the world of the conversion of one who has been so long and so distinguished a patron of the Church of England.[1] It would not be amiss I further think if your lordship would also give some other evidence of your capacity for a statesman, and pretensions to make a greater figure in another house[2] than you yet have done, by breaking your word with your friends,[3] etc., which though I never perceived it but by one late instance, I was exceedingly rejoiced to find was not entirely out of your power.

Mr. Lewis is offended by your letters, for he is a serious man. But Mrs. Lewis is the youngest and gayest lady here,[4] and would be an excellent match for your lordship, if my lady cares to part with you. Pray tell my lady that either Mr. Lewis or I have that opinion of her steadiness and sobriety that we will take a lodging for her here the moment she appoints, provided she pleases to write to us in her own hand and witness to be her hand by the young ladies your daughters, who are also sober persons; and provided it be not wrapped up, countersigned, or superscribed by your lordship, in which case we shall suspect some fraud or insincere practices.[5]

We shall both leave this place for Cirencester on the last day of this month, and be with you by dinner-time on the first of October punctually. In the meantime believe me, my lord, to forget all that is passed, and to be with the very same sincerity and affection and esteem which I have always felt in your regard, my lord, your most faithful, and most hearty, humble servant.

[1] Walpole favoured the toleration of dissenters to the extent of his power, and the opposition sometimes taunted him with his good-will towards them.

[2] The House of Lords.

[3] The letter was probably written at some period when Lord Bathurst had declared to his friends that he would not take part in the debates, from despair of producing the least result. "I have attended parliament many years," he said on a subsequent occasion to Swift, Dec. 6, 1737, "and never found that I could do any good. I have therefore entered upon a new scheme of life, and am determined to look after my own affairs a little."

[4] She died at the close of 1736, and had then been an invalid for some years.

[5] An allusion to the volatile and errant habits of Lord Bathurst, who could not be trusted to keep engagements.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

POPE, LORD ORRERY, FAULKNER, MRS. WHITEWAY, ETC.

FROM 1735 TO 1744.

SINCE the publication of the Pope and Swift correspondence in the present edition, I have been indebted to the kindness of the Earl of Cork for these important letters which reveal the circumstances attending the publication of Pope's quarto volume in 1741. The manuscript letters of Pope to Lord Orrery are the originals. They form a thin quarto, and at the beginning of the book Lord Orrery has written, "These letters from Mr. Pope, containing most, if not all, which I received from him during his life, were bound up by my direction in this volume, May 7, 1746. O." The replies of Lord Orrery are the fair copies which he made in some manuscript volumes of his correspondence with various persons. I owe these replies to the researches of a friend, Mr. Horner, the Rector of Mells, in Somersetshire. He discovered them in going through Lord Orrery's manuscript volumes, where they are scattered among his other correspondence. I have received from Mr. Horner, besides the copies of the letters, a large amount of valuable help and information. Lord Orrery did not transcribe all his letters to Pope, but whatever he preserved is printed here. In a separate small quarto he has caused to be transcribed the letters which he thought most material for elucidating the mysteries and negotiations connected with the Pope and Swift correspondence. The volume contains copies of letters from Pope to Lord Orrery, from Lord Orrery to Pope, and of letters or parts of letters from and to Mrs. Whiteway and Faulkner. With the exception of a single fragment, mentioned in the notes, every letter from Pope to Lord Orrery which has been copied into this little quarto, is also preserved in the autograph collection. A few of the letters, which properly belong to the present group, have already been published from independent sources, and will be found in the volume of Pope and Swift correspondence.

1. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

July 12, 1735.

MY LORD,—The pleasure you gave me in acquainting me of the dean's better health[1] is one so truly great as might content even your own humanity, and whatever my sincere opinion and respect of your lordship prompts me to wish from your hands for myself, your love for him makes me as happy. Would to God my weight added to yours—a small to a great—could turn his inclinations to this side, that I might live to enjoy him here through your means, and flatter myself it was partly through my own. But this I fear will never be the case, and I think it more probable his attraction will draw me on the other side, which I protest nothing less than a probability of dying at sea, considering the weak frame of my breast, would have hindered from two years past. In short, whenever I think of him it is with the vexation of all impotent passions, that carry us out of ourselves only to spoil our quiet, and make us return to a resignation, which is the most melancholy of all virtues. At this time I have need of it, for I am just losing, perhaps have this moment lost, my Lord Peterborough.[2] And Lord Bolingbroke whom I have loved longer than any man now living is gone away.[3] And another whom I had just begun

[1] "We have just got my Lord Orrery among us," Swift wrote to Pope at the beginning of 1733. "He is a most worthy gentleman, whom I hope you will be acquainted with." Pope replied on Feb. 16, "My Lord Orrery is a most virtuous, and good-natured nobleman whom I should be happy to know." In October, 1733, Lord Orrery went over to England, and, through the medium of Swift, he and Pope entered into friendly relations.

[2] Lord Peterborough had gone to Bristol in what appeared to be a dying state, and his friends expected hourly to hear that he was dead. The same day on which Pope wrote to Lord Orrery, Mr. Poyntz, writing to Dr. Alured Clarke, from whom he received constant accounts of Lord Peterborough's state, says, "If my lord be still living be pleased to make my most affectionate compliments."

[3] He left England in 1735, and once more settled in France. His private circumstances and public conduct concurred to expatriate him. His pecuniary embarrassments would not permit him to live longer at Dawley, and the political party he espoused did not disguise from him that they were injured by his alliance. "Pulteney," he said to Wyndham, "thought my very name, and pre-

to love, whose character I had some years esteemed, and whom I find I must love if he and I live, for there is no helping it, though I am weary of loving and taking leases when the life is almost run out,—another lord, I say, whose name I dare not tell you, is to stay a year in Ireland.[1] Well, the dead and the absent have my memory, if not my prayers, or wishes strong enough to be called so, that they may be happier than I can be till I join them.

I am greatly obliged to your lordship's generosity in promising to contradict malicious reports in my regard. I embrace them all with transport while they procure me such defenders as show I cannot be what envy reports, for they are such as never could befriend an ill man. I am not quite at the bottom of that business but very near it, and find a person, whom I cannot think quite dishonest, has contributed to that suspicion by exceeding a commission which was given him rather by my friends than by myself. And what is the greatest mischief of all is, that if he proves absolutely guilty I must be merciful to him, and screen him, or never know the whole of it. This often happens when one is obliged to guard against rogues, and many a minister I dare say is wronged this very way in the opinion of half mankind.[2]

sence in England did hurt." His false pretences had wearied and disgusted everybody. His writings overflowed with an affectation of profound statesmanship, lofty principle, and pure disinterestedness, coupled with wholesale imputations against others for abounding in the vanity, ambition, sordid motives, and stupidity to which he himself was superior. An unskilful actor of the elevated part he assumed, he verified in his own person the remark he made to Sir W. Wyndham, Jan. 1, 1740: "I am persuaded that our cunning men will be the bubbles of their cunning, and that their measures, so full of good purposes as they pretend, will serve only to unmask them of their patriotism, and show the true visage of faction that lies behind it."

[1] Lord Orrery.

[2] This paragraph relates to the publication of the P. T. volume of letters in 1735. Pope says "he is not quite at the bottom of that business" to account for his not entering into any details of the transaction at present, and he talks of the necessity there may be to "screen" some "person," in the event of his "proving absolutely guilty," that Lord Orrery may not be surprised at the absence of any further disclosures in the future. He was to be satisfied with the intimation that certain "friends," who are not named, had given a "commission," which is not stated, to an anonymous "person," who exceeded the suppressed instructions in a way which is not specified; and these empty phrases were all the

I am ashamed to write so fluently, and talk away to you as if I had the honour of having been familiar with you many years. But if I have not, my lord, I wish I may be, and would prepare for it as fast as I can. If you can but bring over yourself and the dean, it will be a greater joy than I expect from this world. I beg to be known for one who truly honours your virtues, and must necessarily be, my lord, your most faithful and obedient servant.

2. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.[1]

EGMONT, *August* 10, 1735.

SIR,—Amidst a thousand vexations and troubles to receive so kind a letter from you, gave me a most sensible pleasure.

reply Pope could oppose to the disastrous evidence that had "contributed" to the "suspicion" against him. Having hinted at the secret explanation to put off Lord Orrery, he dropped the story altogether, and did not revert to it in his private communications to his intimates, nor in the public statement he afterwards prefixed to the authorised edition of his letters. Nowhere is there the faintest trace that any of his friends had given any commission to anybody. The plea thus discredited, has the second and decisive defect that it does not meet the mass of evidence which proves Pope to have been the concocter of the P. T. publication. His evasive insinuation to Lord Orrery on its origin, when applied to the established facts of the case, breaks down in every direction. The ingenuity of Pope could not devise an hypothesis in general terms which was consistent with his innocence, and much less did he dare to enter upon the details which could alone be the test of truth.

[1] John, fifth Earl of Orrery, and on the death of his cousin, the Earl of Burlington, in 1753, fifth Earl of Cork, was the son of the Charles Boyle whose edition of the Epistles of Phalaris originated the famous controversy with Bentley. More discriminating than the confederate wits and scholars of Christchurch who wrote in his name, Charles Boyle perceived the weakness of their showy, superficial learning; and Atterbury, the principal cooperator in the work, upbraided him for his lukewarm reception of their labours. "The highest you could prevail with yourself to go in your opinion of the book 'was that you hoped it would do you no harm.'" Atterbury went on to assume that the book had been triumphant, and adopts the tone of an injured and indignant benefactor. The immortal reply of Bentley soon vindicated the misgivings of Boyle, and abashed the premature confidence of Atterbury. In March, 1706, Charles Boyle married Lady Elizabeth Cecil, the daughter of the Earl of Exeter; and John, the friend of Pope and Swift, was born Jan. 2, 1707. Lady Elizabeth, who is said to have been beautiful and accomplished, died at the age of 21, and her husband subsequently formed some illicit

Be assured I shall always endeavour to deserve your friendship. You shall have my hand and heart. Sure my fortune is beginning to change, and my most ardent wishes are at length to be accomplished, for at the same time that you allow me the liberty to enlist myself among your humble servants, I am crowned with victory in all my lawsuits.[1] My affairs here are taking such a turn that I hope not only to be with you at the expiration of a twelvemonth, but to stay many years in my native country without taking a journey to this empoverished and desolate island. I have lately passed a week at Cork with our mutual friend Dean Ward.[2] His acquaintance with me began in sorrow. He attended one of the best women that ever lived in her latest moments, and

connections, for which Eustace Budgell, the biographer of the Boyles, apologises in a tone that exemplifies the strange morality of the age. "He is accused by some people of having taken too great liberties with respect to women. At the same time there are many who deny this to be a fault, and three parts in four of the christian world affirm that it is at most but a venial one. Without going so far, I shall only say that if it be a fault some of the greatest men in all ages have been guilty of it." His irregularities occasioned an event which roused the literary ambition of his son, and was another illustration of the lax ideas received by numerous persons in that day. On May 9, 1728, John married Lady Henrietta Hamilton, a daughter of the Earl of Orkney, and on his refusal to allow his bride to associate with his father's mistress, his father made a will, dated Nov. 6, in which he bequeathed the bulk of his books to Christchurch, Oxford, "having never," he said, "observed that my son hath showed much taste or inclination either for the entertainment or knowledge which study and learning afford." A reconciliation ensued, but the father died Aug. 28, 1731, before he had altered the resentful clause in his will, and his son, stung by the reproach, set his heart upon acquiring a reputation in letters. He was far from inheriting the vigour of understanding which distinguished many of his race, and his writings are a mimicry of powers he did not possess. His courtesy and generosity were conspicuous. Johnson says that "if he had been rich he would have been a very liberal patron," and that his civility was so universal that nobody thanked him for it. The value of it was weakened by exaggerated expressions, and a taste for reciprocal praise, which are faults that glare on both sides in the correspondence with Pope. He died Nov. 22, 1762.

[1] Against his father's Irish agent, who had been guilty of enormous peculations.

[2] The Rev. James Ward, who contributed some verses to Pope's Miscellany. If he was the Mr. Ward, whose death Swift mentions in a letter to Lady Betty Germain, June 15, 1736, he was Dean of Cloyne, and the value of his deanery, which he probably held in conjunction with other preferment, was only from 40*l.* to 50*l.* a year.

blessed one of the purest souls that Heaven has or will receive into its mansions.[1] She was much fitter for the place she is gone to than for my arms; and the Almighty justice was doubly manifest in her death, by punishing me and rewarding her. But why do I mention this? I would have you partake of my joys and not of my afflictions. To make you some amends (for I know your humanity will plunge you into the torrent of my woe), let me tell you that the Dean of St. Patrick's is well. I have this day seen a gentleman from Dublin who brought me a letter from him. In the place where I am we live in a state of ignorance many weeks together, and know nothing but how beef and butter sell by the pound. It will be a most charitable act in you, dear sir, to enliven me a little by your correspondence. I will be mighty reasonable in my expectations, well knowing how much better you can employ your time; but assure yourself of this truth, that not even the muses are more devoted to you than your very faithful and obedient servant.

3. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

TWITENHAM, *Oct.* 8, 1735.

MY LORD,—I begin to be sick of conversing with worthy men; they have so many tendernesses, and such goodness of nature, that they are eternally in affliction for themselves, or for others; and I cannot help feeling and bearing a part in it. Therefore you are the most uneasy of all correspondents. Your lordship opened a grief to me in your last which will hinder the thought of you, which I always hoped to make a pleasure of, from being so. Pray my lord partake your virtuous sorrows with men of more resignation,—I mean of colder natures than I, who having lost a mother, and four or five friends I dearly loved, am broken to your hands, and melt with such concerns as you express. I can only hope, my lord, that the same virtue that makes you so susceptible of feeling a loss will make

[1] The first wife of Lord Orrery died after little more than four years of wedded life, Aug. 22, 1732.

you know who inflicted it, and therefore how you ought to bear it.

I turn to the more pleasing side of your letter, and congratulate you sincerely on the finishing your lawsuit happily. Even the justice of a cause not always secures a victory,[1] and knaves and tricksters there are so much in their own element that they cannot but have the advantage of those who are less slippery. Honest minds, like solid bodies, are not so active and versatile, if you will pardon an adopted phrase. You speak of my defending the bishop's character against Curll.[2] I can hardly defend my own. "The knaves will all agree to call you knave," as my Lord Rochester observed, and that is a terrible majority. The most necessary prudential methods against the vilest of slanderers, are complained of, and set forth by them, as fraud and injustice. To stop their practices is thought an invasion of their right, when they have so long exercised them unpunished by our law, as if it really favoured only rascals. I am therefore almost surprised your lordship should find justice, against attorneys and stewards especially. But you have lessened the pleasure I should take in this by telling me it will yet be a twelvemonth before I must reap the fruits of your tranquillity by your settlement in England.

Your lordship very well knows the things that make me most happy by your choice of the news to tell me from Ireland. The Dean of St. Patrick's enjoying a tolerable state of health is what, above all other, gives me comfort and satisfaction. I think I should send you something to entertain you, as I am too conscious I have said nothing to do it; I therefore inclose these fine verses of Lord Cornbury, which do me so much honour that I shall beg his leave to prefix them to a new edition of my poems, which will be the completest yet printed.[3]

[1] It is a saying among lawyers that for a man to be secure of gaining a suit he must have a good cause, a good judge, a good counsel, and a good jury, and that all may be insufficient unless he has also good luck.

[2] The bishop was Atterbury.

[3] The small octavo. The lines were not printed till 1739, when they were inserted in a new edition of the volume which contained the Essay on Man. Lord Cornbury was a diligent versifier. He left some unpublished tragedies, and published a poem of which the very name appears to have perished. He submitted it in manuscript to Lady Mary W. Montagu, who says she was "not so barbarous

I would make you, my lord, the like request as to those relating to Mr. Gay, but that I fear the occasion of them being only a short epitaph, it will be thought too ostentatious in me.[1] I know you will not give any copy of these when I tell you I have not yet spoke to him. I cannot but resume the subject of our friend the dean; it is what I do ten times every day of my life. His memory is dearer to me than any living friend's, and as melancholy as if he were dead. I seldom hear from him, and I seldom write to him; it tears out too much of my heart; and when I have said all I can it is nothing, it is impotence, it is one short sigh. Pray, my lord, see him as often as you can; love him you must. I almost wish I had never seen him. I hear his whole thoughts of late are turned to charities, and provisions for the helpless and indigent. Ten such clergymen would save a whole nation, would save a whole bench of bishops. I beg your pardon, my lord, for writing thus carelessly. I will not compliment so worthy a lord. I will esteem and love you, as far as your condescending

as to tell him that the verses were extreme stupid, and that he was no more inspired with the spirit of poetry than that of prophecy," but she did recommend him to be content with "the applause of his friends, and by no means to venture on the press." He easily found more complaisant advisers; the piece was printed, condemned, and neglected; and "Pope persuaded him," says Lady Mary, "that my declaiming against it occasioned the ill reception it met with, though this is the first time I ever mentioned it in my life." Declamation or no declamation, the poem must have died an immediate natural death, unless the thoughts were of a widely different order from the jejune idea he put into rhyme on the circumstance that Pope was soon believed to be the author of the anonymous Essay on Man.

[1] Pope on Feb. 16, 1733, enclosed his epitaph on Gay in a letter to Swift, who says on March 31, "I did not scruple sending Lord Orrery a copy of the epitaph. He is absolutely the most hopeful young gentleman I ever saw, and seems to excel in every virtue, as if he only intended to cultivate any particular one." Lord Orrery made the epitaph the subject of eight complimentary lines, which, since they are neither better nor worse than the rest of his rhymes, have the recommendation that they exhibit in a short compass the limits of his poetical powers.

Entombed with kings though Gay's cold ashes lie,
A nobler monument thy strains supply;
Thy matchless muse, still faithful to thy friend,
By courts unawed, his virtues dares commend.
Lamented Gay, forget thy treatment past,
Look down, and see thy merit crowned at last!
A destiny more glorious who can hope,
In life beloved, in death bemoaned by Pope.

nature will permit what your goodness occasions. I am, my lord, your most obliged and faithful servant.

I am Dean Ward's old humble servant.

ON THE ESSAY OF MAN.

BY LORD CORNBURY.

When Love's great goddess, anxious for her son,
Beheld him wand'ring on a coast unknown,
A huntress in the wood she feigned to stray,
To cheer his drooping mind, and point his way:
But Venus' charms no borrowed form could hide,
He knew and worshipped his celestial guide.
Thus vainly, Pope, unseen you would dispense
Your glorious systems of benevolence,
And, heav'nly taught, explain the angels' song,
That praise to God, and peace to man belong.
Concealed in vain, the bard divine we know,
From whom such truths could spring, such lines could flow.
Applause, which justly so much worth pursues,
You only can deserve, or could refuse.

4. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

CORK, *October* 26, 1735.

DEAR SIR,—I sit down to answer your kind letter the moment I have read it. The friendship of a valuable man makes amends for all the slander that the whole tribe of knaves and fools can invent. Lord Cornbury's lines are very fine, and shine the brighter in my eye for being founded on an exact truth. He is a young nobleman with whose character I am well acquainted; but to whom I am not so personally known as my ambition desires. I know I make my court to you by entreating you to indulge me in my wishes, and lead me to his friendship. The verses shall certainly not be copied, but I will not promise they shall not be imitated. As to the trifle you was so good to accept from me, those lines are not worthy so high a place. Had I a little leisure, that is, would my lawyers allow me a short breathing time, I would follow

the example of my honoured preceptor, dear Mr. Fenton,[1] in flinging in the mite of my friendship before your works. I rejoice to hear we are to have a new edition of them.

The dean is my *dulce decus*. All the moments I steal from attorneys, agents, and solicitors are passed, when I am at Dublin, with him. I propose to be there next month, and to stay till the spring. And now let me make you acquainted with the gentleman in whose house I live, and who honours me with his friendship. He is a man in whose breast all the virtues center; of great learning, and a sweetness of temper scarce to be paralleled. His study has been physic, and though a young man he is at the head of his profession. Buried at Cork, his uncommon fine qualities move in too narrow a sphere, nor will so valuable a jewel shine in its full lustre till he goes to Dublin. To sum up all he is worthy of your countenance. We often read you together, with that sort of pleasure which arises from not only admiring the works, but the author. Take him to your bosom, dear sir, and be assured he will outstrip any character I can give him. Doctor Barry is the person I mean.[2] Let me ask you the plain English question, how do you do? The more I know you, the more I tremble for you. Dean Ward's best wishes attend you. May health and happiness be your closest and most constant companions. Adieu, dear sir. I am most affectionately yours.

[1] "He taught me to read English," says Lord Orrery in a letter to Mr. Duncombe, "and attended me through the Latin tongue from the age of seven to thirteen. When I became a man, a constant and free friendship subsisted between us."

[2] I presume he was the Dr. Barry who published several medical works, of which the earliest, a Treatise on Consumption, appeared in 1726. He went from Cork to Dublin, from Dublin to England, from England back to Dublin, became physician-general to the forces in Ireland, was created a baronet about 1775, and died in March, 1776. The account which Johnson gave of him to Boswell indicates that his professional theories were wild vagaries. "He was a man who had acquired a high reputation in Dublin, came over to England, and brought his reputation with him, but had not great success. His notion was, that pulsation occasions death by attrition, and that, therefore, the way to preserve life is to retard pulsation. But we know that pulsation is strongest in infants, and that we increase in growth while it operates in its regular course; so it cannot be the cause of destruction." Some years later, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, Johnson says again, "Barry

5. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

TWITNAM, *April* 2, 1736.

MY LORD,—I write by the same post that I receive your very obliging and humane letter.[1] The consideration you show towards me, in the just apprehension that any news of the dean's condition might alarm me, is most kind and generous. Yet allow me to join, even with that tender concern, my sentiment of your own illness, which I was so happy as not to have had any apprehension of. I heartily rejoice you are recovering, and would fain owe the advancing season the further blessing of perfecting that recovery. The very last post I writ to the dean a long letter,[2] little suspecting him in that dangerous circumstance. The fear which has a good while been before my eyes, of any ill use which may be made of my letters, which he told he had (too partially) kept by him, made me beg he would transmit them into safe hands for me. I wish those hands, my lord, were your own, in which I could trust anything, even my life; and, to be plain, I think few hands in Ireland safe. But I was so far from fearing his health that I was proposing schemes, and hoping possibilities for our meeting once more in this world. I am weary of it, and shall have one reason more, and one of the strongest that nature can give me,—even when she is shaking my weak frame to pieces,—to be willing to leave this world when our dear friend is on the edge of the other. Yet I hope, I would fain hope, he may yet hover a while on the brink of it to preserve to this wretched age a relic and example of the last. I beg you, my lord, as you have put me into the utmost pain by that information which you intended should give me ease, be so good as to continue to acquaint me how the dean does.[3] I will not excuse to you my omission of writing so long. You

of Ireland had a notion that a man's pulse wore him out," and this whimsical fancy governed his treatment of his patients.

[1] Lord Orrery did not keep a copy of this letter.

[2] The letter dated March 22. Pope omitted from the published letter the passage in which he requested the return of his letters, though Swift comments upon it in his reply.

[3] Swift wrote to Sheridan April 24,

seem to know, you prove that you know, my heart, in overlooking it, and I must be in the sense of that, and many other of your qualities, with great truth, my lord, your most faithful and obliged, let me add, affectionate servant.

6. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

TWITENHAM, *April* 16, 1736.

MY LORD,—I think it incumbent upon me to write your lordship a second letter, after thanking you for the particular account of the dean, whose attack would have alarmed me excessively without your most friendly care to tell the softest news. I begged so earnestly a further account, and have still so great ground of fear for your own welfare that I dread the cause of your silence. God preserve you, my lord, and all such few men, and such fewer noblemen, as yourself! Mr. Stopford just now sent me a letter concerning our dear friend, the dean, which still leaves me in pain. I beg you, my lord, put me out of that I feel for you both. I ought not to suffer anything relating to me,—in whom your goodness takes, on all occasions, so much interest,—to be published without transmitting it to your hands.[1] Therefore you see to what my friends and my enemies have reduced me. They both con-

1736, "I have been very ill for these two months past with giddiness and deafness, which lasted me till about ten days ago, when I gradually recovered, but still am weak and indolent, not thinking anything worth my thoughts." In the next sentence he stops to throw in the parenthesis, "I forget what I am going to say, so it serves for nothing." The moral failings which deformed his masculine genius often provoke indignation, but cannot destroy the compassion which is raised by his sorrowful decline. To intense physical suffering was joined the misery of comprehending the decay of his understanding, and noting with fidelity its progress towards extinction. He who had displayed a deplorable want of equanimity in the petty vexations of life, and in the disappointments of a misplaced ambition, was frequently equal to a sterner endurance, and whatever infirmities he may have manifested at times under the irritation of his cruel malady, we can perceive from his letters how much there was intermingled of manly, pathetic fortitude until increasing disease had annihilated self-control.

[1] He is speaking of the proposal for printing by subscription the quarto edition of his letters, which appeared in 1737.

spired, first to preserve, and then to publish my letters,[1] and now they both resolve to accept, what I advertised merely to put a stop to a rascally editor, as a promise from myself of publication. The enclosed is meant either to acquit that seeming promise, or, which I should much better like, to free me from it, if the number of subscriptions fall short, as I heartily wish and think it will.[2] But this is a secret to your-

[1] The friends in the first instance to preserve, and the enemies in the second instance to publish them. Pope told an untruth when he implied that the P. T. volume consisted of letters which were in the keeping of his friends. He got them back before there was a whisper of the work, and, by his own admission, burnt some, and laid by others. He was the person who preserved them, and it is evident they were derived from his particular collection, both because the text is his adulterated version, and because no second compiler could have had access to the round of his letters to his friends, and of his friends to him.

[2] We have here a cluster of misrepresentations. The advertisement announcing Pope's intention to bring out an edition of his letters was deferred till Curll had published the second volume of what he miscalled Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence. The volume did not contain a single unpublished letter by Pope, and it was apparent from Curll's advertisements that he did not even possess above one new letter,—the letter to the Duchess of Buckingham. Pope's advertisement could not be needed "to put a stop to the rascally editor," for there was nothing to be stopped. While professing a futile motive, Pope disclaimed altogether the motive he set forth in the advertisement itself. He talked to Lord Orrery of "a *seeming* promise" to print an edition of the letters, and to Fortescue he said, that the advertisement had been "misunderstood as a promise that he would publish such a book." But the promise was the essence of the advertisement. Its avowed purpose was to announce that he "thought himself under the necessity" to publish a genuine edition of his letters, "which would be printed with all convenient speed." He used words which were only capable of one interpretation, and when they were received in the sole sense they could bear, he gravely professed that the misconstruction had forced him to publish his letters against his will. Yet more, the construction he now repudiated was the meaning he himself attached to the advertisement at the time it appeared. It came out July 15, 1735, and a few days afterwards he wrote to Fortescue, Aug. 2, "I find my collection, such as it is, must be hastened, or will not be so effectual." In his letter of Nov. 18 to Broome, and subsequently, we have him still pursuing his design of culling specimens of his correspondence for publication. From July, 1735, onwards, he kept preparing his work, in accordance with the announcement in his advertisement, and it was not till he was ready to put the book to press that the idea occurred to him of pretending to Fortescue, March 26, 1736, that he had never conceived the intention of printing his letters, that the advertisement proclaiming the intention had been misunderstood, and that his discovery of the misconstruction alone induced him in March, 1736, to resolve upon the distasteful fulfilment of a "seem-

self. Believe me, my lord, with the sincerest sense of your virtues, and the most true gratitude for those which you manifest particularly in my regard, your lordship's faithful, obliged, and obedient servant.

I wish excessively a line from the dean. It is three months since I had one, and I have written thrice to him,—twice by private hands, once by post. He will be glad to know, and so will Mr. Stopford, whose letter I gave to Mr. Pulteney, that Mr. P. is better, and going to Bath.

7. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

TWICKENHAM, *May* 10, 1736.

MY LORD,—I give you sincere thanks for knowing so well of how much concern your lordship's health is to me, and for increasing my satisfaction at the dean's recovery, by adding to it an account of your own. *Sint tales animæ concordes*, is the wish every good man must make when two such as you are together. Yet it is a vexation to me to reflect, that I cannot obtain you, but by his loss of you. Were not my own carcase (very little suited to my soul) my worst enemy, were it not for the "body of this death," as St. Paul calls it, I would not be separated from you, nor suffer the dean to be wholly yours. Nevertheless, while I am complaining of my infirm frame, I must own it does not make me quite miserable in anything but this impediment. I linger on without direct sickness, and it seems to tell me I may outlive every man and everything I love or esteem. A wretched consolation! I begin to wish for young friends (which is yet inconsistent with the dislike of new ones), whom I may not be every month trembling for at this rate. When I cast my eye lately over that volume which

ing promise," which had not entered his mind. He could not plead the disagreeable necessity without attempting to confirm his reluctance by one more false pretence. He heartily wished that the number of subscriptions might fall short, and free him from his "seeming promise." His wish was fulfilled. His friends made excuses to avoid subscribing, and instead of accepting the release he took measures to counteract their pleas.

they have stolen of my letters, one reflection arose to me at every page so strongly, that it would be the most proper, and the most melancholy motto for them in the world. It was that which Catullus has expressed in these lines:

Cum desiderio veteres revocamus amores,
Atque olim missas flemus amicitias.

I am tempted to say a great deal more to your lordship, but so severe a fate, and such an exposal of my private thoughts as has befallen me in the publication of my freest letters, has given me a check that will last for life.[1] So much candour[2] and good nature as I know are in your mind would draw out one's most naked sentiments, without any care about the clothing them. And I am heartily sorry I cannot expose myself to you alone. The same excess of humanity which sees all in the best light, prompts to an indulgence for whatever is well meant, and that, joined to the great partiality I find your lordship has for me, would move you to keep my trash, as our friend Swift has done. So that for the future I must be for the most part content to reserve the expressions of my heart for my friends in conversation, except in the dean's regard, whom alone it is my misery not to hope to converse with. And whenever I catch myself a-thinking upon paper I must stop

[1] There are two separate propositions, both of which rest upon overwhelming evidence,—the one that the letters in the P. T. volume were elaborately edited by Pope for the press, the other that he was the person who caused the P. T. volume to be printed. Establish either fact, and the language he held to Lord Orrery cannot be read without amazement.

[2] "Candour" is now nearly synonymous either with "impartiality," or "frankness." In Pope's day it commonly signified, "benignity, lenity," or, as Johnson explains it, "sweetness of temper, kindness." There are many passages where it might bear the meaning of "impartiality," without violence to the context, in which the sense intended is "lenity" or "sweetness of temper," and Pope here couples, "candour and good-nature" to express Lord Orrery's amiability of disposition. The most recent meaning of candour did not yet prevail when Johnson said in his Rambler, No. 93, Feb. 5, 1751, "Criticism has so often given occasion to the envious and ill-natured of gratifying their malignity that some have thought it necessary to recommend the virtue of candour without restriction, and to preclude all future liberty of censure." Nor had the new meaning superseded the old when Burke, in 1770, called candour a "sickly habit," and said, "Virtues are not to be sacrificed to candour."

short with I am, my lord, your truly obliged and faithful servant.

I shall write to the dean in a post or two by the common post, which conveys my letters soonest, though not safest, and I am ashamed of nothing I say of, or to him.[1] The other ways are too tedious. Pray tell him Mr. Pulteney never had anything apoplectic;[2] he is better, rides out every day, and is going to France. Lord Bolingbroke will pass this summer in a studious retirement near Fontainebleau, which I am very glad of for the sake of the learned world.

8. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

TWITNAM, *Nov.* 7, 1736.

MY LORD,—I know your humanity, and I know your friendship. Therefore I can say nothing unworthy of them, as it would be, did I pretend to talk of either. I use you well in giving you opportunities of exerting them; for that, I am sure, obliges you most. I wrote about six weeks since[3] a long letter to the dean, whom we so justly value and love. In that I said what I thought would come to you better recommended and strengthened,—my opinion of, and my obligation to, your lordship.[4] I find you have not seen him, nor probably that

[1] To what end should they be regularly opened at the post-office if he had nothing to conceal? The practice must have been confined to the correspondence which was likely to contain information important to the government, and though the intimacy of Pope with some of the leaders among the opposition, may once or twice have induced the officials to look into his letters, they must speedily have discovered that a blank sheet of paper was as rich in state secrets, and there could be no temptation to persevere in a barren inspection. The fondness with which he clung to the idea that he was one of the political magnates whose letters were habitually read at the post-office, was justly thought by Johnson and Bowles to be an affectation.

[2] In a letter to Pope, April 22, 1736, Swift says, "Common reports have made me very uneasy about your neighbour, Mr. Pulteney. It is affirmed that he has been very near death." There is not a word about "apoplexy" in Swift's published letter, which had doubtless been expurgated by Pope. Pulteney's tour on the continent restored his health.

[3] That is, at the end of September. Pope suppressed this letter.

[4] Which was to "come recom-

letter, which was as much to you as to him. I imagined you had been both in Dublin. The subject you are so considerately kind as to mention was a great part of it. It is certain it is of the highest importance to me that what letters I have written to him—you may be sure very free and unreserved ones—may not fall into bad hands. I mentioned to him my desire to put them into your lordship's, where I knew they would be safe, nor is there any secret of my heart that I wish hidden from you. But his answer was[1] he had kept every scrap I ever writ, and would take care of them.[2] I earnestly beg your lordship, —should that happen which may God Almighty prevent—that you will take all possible methods to get them into your custody. This letter will be a warrant for your so doing to any person he may leave them to. But God forbid we should live, at least that I should live, to feel this stroke. *Multis fortunæ vulneribus percussus, huic uni me imparem sentio.* When you get to Dublin,—whither I direct this, supposing you will see our dear friend as soon as possible—pray put the dean in mind of me, and tell him I hope he received my last.[3] Tell him how dearly I love, how greatly I honour him, how gratefully I reflect on every testimony of his friendship, how much I resolve to give the best I can of my esteem for him, to posterity, and assure him the world has nothing in it I admire so much, nothing the loss of which I should regret so much, as his genius and his virtue.

Why, my lord, do you not tell me how you enjoy your own

mended and strengthened" by the commentary of Swift upon the laudatory text of Pope.

[1] Not published.

[2] He had several times repeated this assurance in reply to Pope's pressing request for the letters. Swift told Pope on Sept. 3, 1735, and again on Oct. 21, that they were safe from piratical booksellers, and that in his will he had ordered his executors to burn them. On April 22, 1736, he said that since Pope would survive him he would direct the executors to return the letters instead of burning them, and that in the meantime they were "all tied up, indorsed, and locked in a cabinet." A renewed attempt to shake his resolution only drew forth the old answer. He paid no regard to Pope's professed apprehensions of "that rascal printer," and the one argument left was to convince Swift by a practical example that the letters were not secure in his custody. This argument was forthcoming at the critical moment when every other effort had failed.

[3] The unpublished letter to Swift which Pope sent at the end of Sept., 1736.

health? No man is more sincerely desirous to hear of the increase of it, than, my lord, your ever obliged, most obedient, humble servant.

Be pleased to direct to me at Twitnam, near Hampton Court. Upon folding this letter I find the hurry in which I wrote, in the concern your news[1] affected me with, has made me write it on the wrong side. Pray pardon my inattention on this occasion. My book is above half printed,[2] and will come out by Lady-day next. It makes too large a quarto.

9. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

TWITNAM, *Jan.* 14, 1736-7.

MY LORD,—Your lordship's great good nature and constant memory, in whatever regards those you favour, appears to me very strongly in your late letters. I had answered the first of them but for the promise you made me of a second, to which I therefore thought some new reply might be needful. But I find everything you do demands a fresh acknowledgment, as every day of your life, I believe, you are thinking how to serve or oblige. I mentioned your lordship in my first letter to the dean[3] as the person I could wish trusted with the copies or originals of those letters.[4] On his silence I writ another, about

[1] The "news" was the precarious condition of Swift. He had an attack in the autumn of 1736 that threatened his life. The passage in Pope's letter beginning, "I earnestly beg," is written on the supposition that the danger was imminent, and Sheridan says to Mrs. Whiteway, Aug. 14, "Your account of the dean gives me much grief. I hope in God he will disappoint all his friends' fears and his enemies' hopes." The worst symptoms abated, and Sheridan writes to Mrs. Whiteway on Nov. 21, "I sincerely congratulate with you upon the recovery of our dear friend, the dean. May he live long to enjoy his friends, and the vexation of his enemies." Recovery was much too flattering a word. Swift had now only brief suspensions of disease.

[2] The volume of letters.

[3] Not published.

[4] Pope made the same request in his letter of Sept. 1736, and we see from Pope's letter to Lord Orrery on Nov. 7, that Swift had sent for answer that he himself would take care of the letters. "The first letter to the dean," of which Pope speaks in the present letter, was left unanswered, and, as is clear from the context, must have been subsequent to the letter of Sept. 1736.

a week ago,[1] pressing the necessity of that care, but without naming you again. He wrote to me, in that letter you franked,[2] without any reply, as if he had not received my first, and asked me some questions relating to Lord Bolingbroke, which I had fully before acquainted him of.[3] I hope you find no remarkable defect in his memory, though it is what he complains of to me. Indeed his whole letter was very melancholy, and with so warm expressions of tenderness towards me that it doubled my concern. Within this month the same villain that published my other letters printed two to the dean —one from Lord Bolingbroke, the other from me,—the copies whereof, he says in his advertisements, came from Ireland, as indeed they must, for I had none.[4] It could have come about only by the dean's lending them out of his hands. The dean's answer to those letters I have by me, very safe. No doubt this fate will befall every scrap he has, and he tells me he has every scrap I ever writ to him. But I am tiresome to your lordship on this head. Yet as it concerns your friends, and is matter of honour, I know you make it your own case.

[1] The published letter from Pope to Swift, Dec. 30, 1736.

[2] The letter of Dec. 2, 1736, in which Swift says, "My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him."

[3] Pulteney expressed his belief to him, Nov. 22, 1735, that Bolingbroke's return to France had been necessitated by the poverty which was the consequence of his extravagance. The shattered and uncertain memory of Swift retained the original information, but not the replies to his enquiries, and he continued to question Pope, Pulteney, and Barber on the state of Bolingbroke's circumstances.

[4] Pope's original letter is among the Bathurst papers. There is little hazard of error in concluding that he revised the letter for the press, and caused a copy to be sent to Curll. Three consecutive sentences are left out in the published version; several phrases are omitted or changed, and the printed letter is not the literal copy which would have been made by a transcriber who had no other interest in the composition than to furnish Curll with materials. In the second place the letter was one of those select specimens which Pope desired should be laid before the world; for while denouncing its publication he immediately adopted it, and republished it in his quarto. In the third place the letter was printed after he had discovered that Swift was not to be persuaded of his incompetence to keep the letters securely, and for the first and last time Curll succeeded in appropriating a letter from the Swift correspondence at the precise juncture when Pope was at the end of his resources, and the act was essential for enabling him to vanquish Swift's obstinacy. In the fourth place Pope was only repeating his device of supplying Curll with letters, and then vociferating that they were purloined by the agents of "that rascal printer."

My present book might have been much the better had my other friends kept all I wrote,[1] or kept nothing.[2] As it is, it can be but of one use, and that is only to myself—to prove I never thought my letters fit for the world by keeping copies, there not being a sort of series to be recovered, or any letters left of the most material subjects that have passed in my time.[3] It will only show that such and such men were my friends, and give me an opportunity to manifest my own disapprobation of

[1] That is, "had my other friends," like Swift, "kept all I wrote," he having preserved "every scrap I ever writ to him."

[2] The expression amounts to a bull. Pope says in the next sentence that he kept no copies of his letters, and if his friends had "kept nothing" either, there would not have been a "much better book" of letters, but none at all.

[3] Pope tells Lord Orrery that among all the letters which his correspondents had preserved there were not "any left of the most material subjects that had passed in his time." This does not accord with the account he wrote to Lord Oxford on Sept. 15, 1729, when he asked leave to deposit in the Oxford library "some original papers and letters both of my own, and some of my friends." "I think more and more of it," he then said, "as finding what a number of facts they will settle the truth of, both relating to history and criticism, and parts of private life and character of the eminent men of my time." Another portion of his statement to Lord Orrery contradicts the preface to the letters, published four months later. To Lord Orrery he says that the book would have been better if his friends had "kept all he wrote or nothing." In the preface he declares that when the letters were returned to him "he was sorry to find the number so great." To Lord Orrery he says "a sort of series" could not be "recovered" because he had kept no copies, and his friends had only kept some of the originals. In his preface he asserts that he "burnt three parts in four" of the originals sent back to him, and that "a series could not be preserved" because "the author,"—not his friends—"had destroyed too many." During the interval between his letter to Lord Orrery and the publication of the preface, he changed his story. He at first resolved to pretend that he could only recover stray, disconnected, unimportant specimens, and he meant it to be inferred that the lost letters far surpassed the printed correspondence. The fiction would have been manifest to the friends who returned the letters, and he ultimately fixed on the view, that having the bulk of his correspondence within his own power he set too little store by it to keep it, and "immediately burnt three parts in four." He assured the public that the letters he retained were not superior in composition to those he committed to the flames,—"the rest he spared not in any preference to their style or writing"—and the world was to understand that the quarto volume was but an average sample of a large collection which had no value in his eyes. As he had culled, corrected, and refashioned the letters in the quarto, and had formed an undue estimate of their excellence, he must necessarily have conceived that it

many things I writ by omitting them.[1] I acknowledge with gratitude your lordship's zeal in taking care that this should not be done too much at my own expense, or cost me more in money than it can be worth in fame. As to the money you receive be pleased to return it to Brindley,[2] but favour me at the same time with notice of it. He paid me the seven guineas. The books I will send (I think by April at furthest) as you shall direct. I am overruled by my friends here as to the miscellaneous prose pieces, which they would omit, and make the volume consist wholly of letters, with a view of enlarging it hereafter with other letters, which may come in order, rather than to break the order by inserting things between of so different a nature.[3] This will make the present volume less than I threatened you with.[4] Both are actually printed, and are too great a bulk together. Would the dean send me those letters, and mark over every sentence he would leave out, I would copy and return them to him.[5] That point,

would convey an exalted idea of his powers to represent that the remainder of his letters were of a piece with the printed volume, and appeared nevertheless so insignificant to himself that he threw them at once into the fire.

[1] Simultaneously with the quarto of 1737, Pope furtively printed an octavo edition of his letters, in which he restored all the letters of the P. T. volume he had omitted from the quarto, with the exception of seven. The text from which he printed the future editions of his letters, and which he directed Warburton to follow, was the full octavo, and not the expurgated quarto.

[2] Brindley was one of the publishers of the quarto volume of letters. George Hardinge says that he was "a celebrated bookseller in Bond-street, famous in his day for books elegantly bound."

[3] He would not, that is, affix the miscellaneous pieces to the volume of 1737, and then in a second volume go back to letters, but he would keep the prose pieces for a second volume, and print the new letters as a continuation of the forthcoming quarto. Pope avows that he was already meditating the publication of fresh letters, and his language to Lord Orrery soon indicated the particular letters he had in view. They might be guessed from the fact that the only new collection he subsequently incorporated into his works was the correspondence with Swift.

[4] He had said of it to Lord Orrery, Nov. 7, 1736, "It makes too large a quarto." The prose pieces were ultimately appended to the volume of Swift correspondence.

[5] Pope professed to have two objects at heart,—to publish a selection from the letters, and to prevent the surreptitious publication of the remainder. Apprehensive that Swift would persist in refusing to give up the originals, Pope promised they should be returned to him if he would send them over to be copied, after erasing "every sentence he would leave out." The offer was no sooner

if you have any opportunity, I wish you would bring him to. Indeed, it is a mortifying prospect to have one's most secret opinions, delivered under the sacredness of friendship, betrayed to the whole world, by the unhappy partiality of one's own best friends in preserving them.[1] Excuse, my lord, all this from a man sick of writing, sick of publishing, tired of the vanity of fame, as much as of any other of the vanities of his youth, only pleased and proud of the good opinion, and indulgence of worthy men, and in particular of yours, shown so eminently to, my lord, your most obliged and faithful humble servant.

10. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *February* 5, 1736-37.

DEAR SIR,—Contrary winds kept away yours of the 14th of January from me till last Monday. You seem as sick of

made than abandoned. He wrote a letter to Swift in which he reversed the terms, and said he would send the copies that the originals might "not fall into the hands of Curll, and thereby a hundred particulars be at his mercy." A little later he said he would let Swift have the "copies, or, if he preferred it, the originals," but there was this difference between Pope's last and earliest proposition, that he reserved to himself a power of obliterating all the passages he thought "trifles or uninteresting." Swift did not ask for copies or originals, and none were sent. Had it been finally settled that the revised originals should be returned, they would not have secured a faithful text, for Pope would assuredly have expunged or destroyed the portions which could convict him of falsification.

[1] In the first half of March, 1737, Pope says to Lord Orrery, "I told the dean as soon as I found myself obliged to publish an edition of letters to my great sorrow, that I wished to make use of some of these, nor did I think any part of my correspondences would do me a greater honour, and be really a greater pleasure to me, than what might preserve the memory how well we loved one another. I find the dean was not quite of the same opinion, or he would not, I think, have denied this." Yet in the moment of pressing for the letters that he might print a selection from them, and reap the anticipated "honour," he goes off into a lamentation over the "unhappy partiality" of Swift "in preserving them." If he believed that his letters were "trash," as he assured Lord Orrery, May 10, 1736, or that his "own letters were but so many acknowledgments of Swift's," as he declared, March, 1737, he was nevertheless eager to publish a number of these trashy acknowledgments, and could not simultaneously deplore their preservation.

fame as I am of Ireland. The time was when you courted her: she now courts you. Pray do not be coy, but have that regard to Prince Posterity,[1] which his highness will certainly have for you. My wishes to serve you are boundless; my power is close limited, and my opportunities are very few. Be assured I am happy in the thoughts of doing anything acceptable to you. Command me therefore freely and without reserve. Your apprehensions of the dean's memory are too well grounded. I think it decays apace, and I own I am shocked when I see any new instance of its failure. Designing people, who swarm about him, will make their advantage of this. I watch as closely as possible, but I can seldom see him alone. I will endeavour to gain the point you mention, but I have found him lately very shy upon the subject.[2] Pray contrive to let me have those two letters (printed by Curll) to him. I possibly may make some use of them towards securing the other papers. Whatever progress I make in this affair, if any, you shall have the earliest notice of it. Be so good as to send me over thirty of your quarto, and thirty of your small folio books;[3] for though there is not that number subscribed for, yet it is not impossible but when they come over I can dispose of them. When people see the book in the hands of others, they will be desirous to have it themselves, especially the ladies, who never cast their eyes upon a fine thing without wishing for it. At worst, I can but bring them back again. I trouble you with this request because in my late correspondence with Brindley,[4] I perceive whatever his heart may be his head is but a bad one. If there is no ship coming from London to Dublin, pray forward them to me by the Chester

[1] Lord Orrery had in his mind the dedication of the Tale of a Tub to "His royal highness, Prince Posterity." Jortin censured Swift's neglect of classical gender, and says that, if he had consulted the rules of analogy, he would not have made Posterity a Prince, "where Princess Posterity would have served his purpose as well, and where nothing compelled him to give her a pair of breeches."

[2] Which showed Swift's reluctance to allow the correspondence to be printed.

[3] The folio edition of Pope's letters was struck off from the same types as the quarto. The matter is merely arranged in longer pages, the folio having four more lines to a page than the quarto.

[4] He had recently published for Lord Orrery a poem in a sixpenny folio pamphlet.

waggon. Let the box be directed to Mrs. Kenna at Chester, to be forwarded to the Earl of Orrery at Dublin. If I thought Brindley could comprehend this, you should not have heard a word of it. All, all your other commands shall be obeyed. There is handing about this town, with the secrecy usual on such occasions, a letter of the Bishop of Rochester's concerning Iapis.[1] Is it to appear amongst your letters? The judicious, and people of deep penetration, who are innumerable, swear it was wrote to you. But hitherto it has escaped print, and remains a valuable universal manuscript.

I am much pleased with the design of making two volumes of your prose works. I hope they will not stop there. The dean has a large collection of papers, which I heartily wish safe in your hands. His health is excellent at present, but his giddiness returns so often and so suddenly that I dread the consequence. I have lately had a great loss in my good friend and father the Earl of Orkney.[2] We were prepared for the blow by his long illness: and it was some alleviation to find him relieved from an excess of pain. My correspondence is much enlarged on this melancholy occasion, but I will always

[1] The dissertation on the physician in Virgil's Æneid. The secrecy was ridiculous.

[2] He died Jan. 29, 1737, aged 72. He was a son of the first Duke of Hamilton. His profession was the army, and he was a field-marshal at the time of his death. He saw much service under William III., and afterwards went through all the campaigns of Marlborough. No officer of his time had been in more great battles, but his understanding was feeble, and he never acquired a reputation for military skill. He owed his rise to his connections. Davis says of him in his Characters, "He is a very well-shaped, black man, is brave, but by reason of a hesitation in his speech wants expression." To this Swift, who was well acquainted with him, adds, "An honest, good-natured gentleman, and has much distinguished himself as a soldier." The Duchess of Marlborough called him "the most covetous wretch in nature" for marrying, in 1695, Elizabeth Villiers, the mistress of William III., noted for her ugliness, and her greed in using the royal favour to get money. Her influence was a commodity which she kept for sale, and, besides the contributions she levied upon her clients, she obtained from the king the grant of an immense estate in Ireland worth, when the old leases terminated in May, 1701, upwards of 20,000*l.* a year. Swift thought her "the wisest woman he had ever known," but "she squinted," he says, "like a dragon," and her figure, corpulent and ungainly, was not more beautiful than her face. On her marriage William III. created her husband Earl of Orkney in the Scotch peerage.

find time to assure you that I am, sir, your very affectionate, faithful servant.

11. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

CORK, *March* 18, 1736-37.

DEAR SIR,—The account you give me of your health strikes me with great anxiety for you. The honour you have done me in your friendship and correspondence, demands the utmost gratitude of my heart, and you have the highest zeal, affection, and integrity that I am capable of attendants upon your commands. From your humanity I must insist upon an answer to this as soon as possible. All I desire to know is, how you do? Three words will satisfy me in that particular: but if you have the least regard for your faithful servant, delay not a moment to remove the uneasiness I am in at present.[1]

You had not received my last letter when you wrote to me. I have forgot its date. It was wrote amidst lawyers and agents in the hurry and confusion of leaving town.[2] I either told you, or meant to tell you, that I had with some difficulty brought the dean to say that "you should have your letters."[3] There are people, as you observe, about every man of wit, that

[1] In the first or second week of March, 1737, Pope wrote a letter to Lord Orrery, which has already appeared in the Pope and Swift correspondence. He says in the opening sentence, "I have been down with a fever, which yet confines me to my chamber," and he winds up with the intimation that he may probably die in a day or two. "But, perhaps, before this reaches your hands, my cares may be over, and Curll, and everybody else, may say and lie of me as they will: the dean, old as he is, may have the task to defend me." Every word, though addressed to Lord Orrery, was intended for the dean, with the purpose of inducing him to surrender the letters, and Pope would seem to have exaggerated his own danger in the hope of working upon the feelings of Swift.

[2] "Town" means Dublin.

[3] In writing to Lord Orrery at the beginning of March, Pope proceeded on the assumption that Swift still declined to part with the letters. He had yielded before Pope's letter arrived, and on forwarding a copy of it to Swift, March 18, 1737, Lord Orrery says, "I am much concerned to find that Mr. Pope is still uneasy about his letters, but I hope a letter I sent him from Dublin, which he has not yet received, has removed all anxiety of that kind. In the last discourse I had with you on this topic, you remember you told me he should have his letters, and I lost no time in letting him know your resolution."

are full of selfish views and mean designs.[1] Their business is to do mischief: to instil doubts, to raise phantoms, and to hurt as much as possible. They are enemies to all generous sentiments, and yet openly profess those virtues which they privately abhor. The dean, whose mind cannot stoop even to see low artifice, and whose soul is as far superiour to baseness as to stupidity, admits such wretches (with whom this country abounds) too near his heart. But I think I have now defeated their malice, and carried the point we have been so long labouring at. I send you a copy of my letter to the dean, and I have sent to him a copy of yours to me.[2] I chose to be short that he might be more attentive to yours. I dread nothing so much as his want of memory, which indeed, I sigh to say it, seems to encrease every day.[3] His affection to you is unlimited. He talks of you with a melancholy pleasure such as arises from almost a certainty of never meeting you in this world again. Would to God I could see the dean remove himself and his papers into your custody. I wish his last hours may glide away under your roof.[4] You, and only you, can

[1] "I wish," said Pope, speaking of his letters, "some of those sort of people always about a great man in wit, as well as a great man in power, have not an eye to some little interest in getting the whole of these into their possession."

[2] Both letters are printed among the Pope and Swift correspondence.

[3] Swift repeatedly refused to return the letters; Pope continued to press for them; and Swift at last ceased to notice the applications. "This silence," said Pope to Lord Orrery, "is so remarkable it surprises me. I hope in God it is not to be attributed to what he complains,—a want of memory." As Swift answered the letters which contained the request, and was only silent upon this particular topic, the probability is that he passed it over with design, and opposed silence to pertinacity.

[4] Some communication had probably passed between Pope and Lord Orrery respecting this scheme, which had been previously propounded by Pope to Swift, March 25, 1736. "I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourself and two servants; I have indeed room enough, nothing but myself at home. * * * For God's sake why should not you e'en give all you have to the poor of Ireland (for whom you have already done everything else), so quit the place, and live and die with me!" A few days after the date of Lord Orrery's letter Pope renewed the offer in a letter to Swift, March 23, 1737. "Would to God you could come over with Lord Orrery, whose care of you on the voyage I could so certainly depend on, and bring with you your old housekeeper, and two or three servants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and think what you will, a fortune for all. We could,

do justice to his will,[1] his virtues, and his works. But instead of that we may live to see him mangled and dismembered by Irish butchers, with this consolation only that we did all in our power to hinder it. I have often urged his going to England. Another sessions here may make Dublin very

were we together, contrive to make our last days easy, and leave some sort of monument what friends two wits could be in spite of all the fools in the world." On this last sentence Johnson remarks, "With what degree of friendship the wits might live very few were so much fools as ever to inquire," and certainly the friendship of Pope and Swift would not have been promoted, nor their "last days been made easy," by the attempt to reside under one small roof. Both were constant sufferers from maladies which would have been exasperated by collision; both were accustomed to make the convenience of others bend to their own; both were peculiar, and widely dissimilar, in their habits; and both, in their several ways, had marked infirmities of temper. When Swift fell ill at Pope's house in 1727, he left abruptly from impatience at the bondage, and in the letter of explanation he wrote to Pope on Oct. 12, he said, "You are not in a state of health to be mortified with the care and sickness of a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants, and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or not." Ten years had since elapsed, and Swift, broken and oppressed by increasing illness, and requiring more than ever to be humoured, would not have listened for a moment to the arrangement. Still less could he dream of adopting the suggestion that he should "give all he had to the poor of Ireland," and thenceforth live upon bounty. A selfish man would not abandon his revenue to share, as a pensioner at discretion, in an income, which, undivided, was not equal to his own. A high-minded man would as little consent to be a burthen on a person who was not so well off as himself, nor would he profess to bestow his goods on the poor when the gift in reality would be at the expense of his maintainer. And if Swift had been willing to pass the rest of his days in pecuniary dependence, who was to board and lodge him in the event, which happened, of his surviving Pope? He was "to live and die" with his host, and that he should be the first to die was a necessary part of the plan. Pope intended the offer for an expression of friendship, but no one in his senses could suppose that Swift would accept the proposal.

[1] Lord Orrery thought that Swift was surrounded by interested persons who would endeavour to dictate his will. The phrase "You, and only you, can do justice to his will," is ambiguous, but the probable meaning of Lord Orrery was that the provisions of the will ought to be settled by Pope. Lady Mary W. Montagu accused him of coveting the office with the intention of inducing Swift to appoint him his heir. "He courted with the utmost assiduity all the old men from whom he could hope a legacy, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Peterborough, Sir G. Kneller, Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Congreve, Lord Harcourt, etc., and I do not doubt projected to sweep the dean's whole inheritance, if he could have persuaded him to throw up his deanery, and come to die in his

uneasy to him; at least I fear it will.[1] But he is resolved not to stir. Heaven guard you both in perfect health, and in as much happiness as you can be asunder. I am, dear sir, yours most faithfully.

12. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

LONDON, *March* 28, 1737.

MY LORD,—As long as I can find in the world some friendships which make it worth living in, and some virtues which render it worth living for, I cannot but thank God for my recovery. Though as to one's self when life is verging toward that period after which the Psalmist tells us it is labour and sorrow only, it would be a juster motive to thank God for a relapse. However, while the mind continues sound, the temper not sour, though the constitution broken, the head not wrong, nor the heart weak and foolish, a man ought neither to be uneasy himself at the decline of life, nor to make others so. I comply, therefore, with your lordship's humane desire in acquainting you that I am here still, and that I have not only lost my fever, but recovered almost all the little strength and vigour I ever was master of. My eyes suffer the most by my past ailments, and I write large to give you less trouble in reading than I have in writing. My letter will little more than just what you bid me, tell you I am better, but I ought not to omit expressing my hearty thanks for your good offices both to me and the dean, particularly your assuring me that he, of his own accord, agreeably both to the justice, the kindness, and the good judgment he ever shows, promised to send me my letters, I hope by your own hands when you return.

house." This takes for granted that Pope had a serious expectation of enticing Swift to spend his last days at Twickenham, but though Lord Orrery echoed Pope's language out of complaisance, neither of them could have believed that Swift would go.

[1] With more zeal than knowledge, Swift was labouring to excite the public against the measures for remedying the scarcity of silver and copper coin, and he also in 1736 wrote his poem entitled the Legion Club, which was a ferocious satire on the Irish House of Commons. Lord Orrery anticipated that the house or the government would retaliate. *St*

Note

I have a plot upon them by their means to take occasion to erect such a particular, and so minute a monument of his and my friendship as shall put to shame any of those casual and cold memorandums we see given by most ancient and modern authors of their regard for each other, and which yet posterity have thought exemplary. I love him beyond all forms of wit and art, and would show how much more the heart of a sincere esteemer and honourer of worth and sense can do than the tongue or pen of a ready writer, in representing him to the world. Pray tell him this, and add that as soon as I have those letters I will have them transcribed, leaving out such parts as I think trifles or uninteresting, and return back to him those copies, or, if he prefers it, the originals, blotting out those passages so as not to be read by others. I desire him to cross over before he sends them such as he disapproves of, or at least would not have seen by others.

The book of letters now printed is retarded in the hope of an act of parliament now depending,[1] which may secure it from piracy. I have received from Brindley the twelve guineas. If the book come not out before June, the commencement of the intended act being no sooner, pray acquaint me what to do as to your lordship's subscribers. I will send them if you will, though it should endanger their piracy in Ireland too early. Your great good nature will excuse the very abrupt manner I write in. I am this very day wholly taken up in soliciting lords to attend the Duchess of Buckingham's cause, which comes on to-morrow. I wish her success, if it be as just as undoubtedly she thinks it,[2] though I have lately seen some private papers of the young duke by which I am satisfied he was a most worthily disposed young man, and worthy that good opinion, and that distinction your lordship showed him.[3] Pardon me, my lord, that I end as I began, with nothing but the declaration most in my favour, that I am truly yours with all gratitude.

[1] The bill did not pass.

[2] The suit related to some question of property which arose on the decease of her son Edmund, Duke of Buckingham, who died at Rome, Oct. 1735, in the nineteenth year of his age. I learn from Mr. Thoms that the judgment of the lords was against the duchess.

[3] Lord Orrery wrote a Poem Sacred to his Memory, which was the work published by Brindley in 1736.

13. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *May* 17, 1737.

DEAR SIR,—As you complained of a weakness in your eyes, I was resolved not to strain them by anything I should write till I could send you some answer of consequence to your last letter. The dean assures me "You shall have every line you ever wrote to him, returned to you by my hands." I am thus much nearer England than I was, and indulge myself in the thoughts of seeing you next month or the beginning of July. You shall know the exact time of my being in London; and from the moment I have the papers in my possession you may depend upon their never being seen by any eyes but your own, which, I hope, will then be strong enough to peruse them without the least uneasiness.

The sooner your prose works are sent the better. They can scarce come now before the 1st of June.[1] I have remitted six guineas more by a private hand to Brindley, which is the remainder of the money I have as yet received for subscriptions. I am sorry to tell you that all you have written, and all I have said to bring the dean over to England is to no purpose. He is immoveable, and resolved not to stir from Dublin. He complains of his health, and indeed with too much cause. He shuts himself up and lives retired. He wants a friend whose heart and genius are fit companions for him. Who is that but yourself?[2] It is now in vain to think

[1] Which would be too late for the work to be pirated if Pope's expectation had been realised that an Act would be passed to prohibit the reprint of English copyrights in Ireland after June 1, 1737.

[2] Swift's disorder passed into a worse stage at the end of 1736, or the beginning of 1737, and from the touching account he gave of his condition we know that it must have been mockery to talk of his requiring the companionship of genius. "And now my dear friend," he wrote to Barber, March 30, 1737, "I am forced to tell you that my health is very much decayed, my deafness and giddiness more frequent; spirits I have none left; my memory is almost gone. I sink every day, and am older by twenty years than many others of the same age." "I can never expect to see England," he wrote, June 14, to Lord Oxford, who had invited him thither; "I am now too old and sickly, added to almost a perpetual deafness and giddiness. I live a most domestic life." "I find," he wrote

or hope to see you together. I place that amongst a thousand fruitless wishes of my soul, which is filled with many melancholy reflections on his account. I dare not commit any of them to paper; at least, in a tender regard for your health, I will add no more at present than that I am your faithful and obedient servant.

14. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

May 21, 1737.

MY LORD,—You, whose goodness extends to all circumstances, will excuse mine at this moment, who am in so extreme a hurry in a room full of lawyers, signing, hearing, and witnessing deeds, in some of which the best part of my property is concerned,[1] and can only tell your lordship that this day, or to-morrow, a large box will go by the Chester waggon to Mrs. Kenna at Chester, to be forwarded to you at Dublin. No ship was now going, and though the Bishop of Derry[2]

to Lewis, July 23, "you have not lost your memory, nor I hope your sense of hearing, which is the greatest loss of any, and more comfortless than even being blind; I mean in the article of company. Writing no longer amuses me, for I cannot think. I dine constantly at home in my chamber with a grave housekeeper, whom I call Sir Robert, and sometimes receive one or two friends and a female cousin, with strong high tenor voices." "I am daily expecting an end of life," he wrote to Pope the same day that he wrote to Lewis: "I have lost all spirit and every scrap of health. I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be silent; and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able." Deaf, giddy, his memory almost gone, incapable of continuous thought or attention, and often reduced to mental stupor, pitch of voice was now a more important quality in a companion than brilliancy of understanding. Pope would have been useless to him. Ten years earlier the feeble voice of the one, and the deafness of the other, precluded conversation, as Swift recorded in verse, which conveys a vivid impression of the cheerless, unsocial life they led together.

> Pope has the talent well to speak,
> But not to reach the ear;
> His loudest voice is low and weak,
> The dean too deaf to hear.
>
> A while they on each other look,
> Then different studies choose;
> The dean sits plodding on a book,
> Pope walks, and courts the muse.

Swift's hearing had not grown quicker in the interval, nor Pope's voice louder.

[1] Pope, perhaps, was investing the subscription money he received for his volume of letters.

[2] Dr. Rundle, who had been on a visit to his friends in England.

obligingly offered to put it on board with his goods, which are to go in three weeks, I feared that time would be too late for this cargo to meet your lordship at Dublin. I rather hope you will be leaving that place by that time, and hastening to this country, which very much wants honest men, and true lovers of it. Could you persuade the dean to come with you! I have just now had an opportunity to praise his name in verse.[1] I doubt not I should have fresh occasions were he here co-operating with you in some public good. I have sent that poem to your lordship with a book of letters in a fine paper, as a poor present; another I have for you here; and I have done the like to the dean. These will come to you by a private hand. The others by the waggon contain ten quartos, ten large folios (which I think the best impression), and thirty small folios as you directed, with some of the former volumes[2] which you writ for.

I beg your lordship to finish what you began with the dean, in relation to those letters he promised to send me by your hands, in which I will punctually do as he would have me.[3] But have the originals I must, or great misfortune will attend it. I writ him a warm letter upon his having promised them to you, and another very long one to yourself.[4] I hope they were both received. My lord, adieu, and know you have not obliged an ungrateful, nor engaged an unaffectionate person. I am truly, and lastingly, my lord, yours most faithfully.

I shall write to the dean by the next post. It is the third letter I have sent, since I heard of him.

[1] In the Imitation of Horace, Bk. ii. Epist. i. ver. 221, "Let Ireland," etc. Pope sent the lines to Swift in manuscript more than a twelvemonth before they were published.

[2] No doubt the two quarto or folio volumes of poetical works. The prose works were printed to range with them.

[3] Pope does not refer to any wishes Swift had expressed, but to any he might express as the condition of surrendering the originals.

[4] The letter to Swift, March 23, 1737, and the letter to Lord Orrery, March 28. To Lord Orrery, Pope said, "I have a plot by their means to erect so minute a monument of his and my friendship," etc. When Pope printed his letter of March 23, to Swift, he omitted the comment upon the promised return of the letters, doubtless because it expressed the same intention he unfolded to Lord Orrery, and he was careful to conceal his design after his further "plot" for charging his own act upon others.

15. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *June* 2, 1737.

DEAR SIR,—I am this moment come from the dean, who was writing to you, and will send me his letter when finished to enclose.[1] He has told me what is indeed surprising, that there is a chasm of letters, in your correspondence, of six years,—a great length of time, considering how constantly you wrote, and how carefully he kept your letters. Two causes only can be assigned for it. They are either stolen by people who have had admission into his closet, or else are not returned by those with whom he entrusted his papers on some certain occasions. The latter is most probable. I will find out, if possible, where they are, though the persons who were knavish enough not to restore them, will I fear be cunning enough still to conceal them.[2] However no method shall be left untried to discover the truth of this affair, upon which I must be more silent than I would, but if I have a proper opportunity you shall hear more fully from me. At present I can only say that the dean is guarded, not defended, by all the monstrous animals of the creation.

His health grows worse and worse; his deafness and giddiness encrease; and he is seldom cheerful but when talking of you. It is a topic that he delights to speak on, and I to hear. You will find by my last, that I purposely deferred writing to you, till I had seen the dean. Your commands are always deeply imprinted in my heart and head. I am much obliged to you for the presents that you intend me, and which I expect every day. Excuse the hurry I write in; for I am now deep

[1] The letter of May 31, 1737, published by Pope in the quarto of 1741.

[2] In his letter to Pope of May 31, Swift says that he had been forced on three or four occasions to send all his papers sealed in bundles to some "faithful friends," and showed by the designation that he did not suspect them of treachery. He gave no countenance to Lord Orrery's conclusion, that when a mass of papers were sent hither and thither, none of them could be overlooked, mislaid, or meet with any mishap, and that the disappearance of a single packet of barren letters, which did not contain any secret, public or private, must have arisen from the knavery of well tried friends.

in business in hopes to reach England before this month is out. I am, dear sir, your very faithful humble servant.

16. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

DUBLIN, *June* 14, 1737.

DEAR SIR,—A great part of my time has been employed,—since I wrote to you last,—in searching after those letters which are missing. I have visited all the persons whom I thought likely to have them in possession, and have made use of many arguments and of some art to no purpose. The dean tells me, the chasm begins in the year 1722,[1] and I find that a

[1] On looking through the letters of Pope, preparatory to returning them by Lord Orrery, Swift detected a gap of six years in the series, and announced the discovery to Pope on May 31, 1737, before the letters went away, and again on July 23, upwards of three weeks after they were gone. The quarto of 1741 does not contain any letters from Pope to Swift between June 20, 1716, and August, 1723, and I inferred that this was the "chasm" of which Swift spoke. The present letter of Lord Orrery reveals for the first time that the chasm commenced in 1722, and must have ended at some period in 1728, which is inconsistent with Swift's letter of July 23, 1737, where he says that the dates of the missing letters were earlier than his two last visits to England, that is, were antecedent to March, 1726, a period of four years instead of six. The contradictions were the consequence of a dilapidated memory. Many of his impressions were little better than a waking dream, and no reliance can be placed on his testimony. His statement that there was a chasm of six years, and that it commenced in 1722, was, however, repeated by Pope after he had inspected the letters which Swift returned. Nevertheless twelve letters written by Pope, during these six years, appeared in the quarto of 1741, and whoever sent this collection to the press had access to the letters supposed to be lost. The new evidence supplied by Pope's correspondence with Lord Orrery, joined to our previous knowledge, establishes to demonstration that the collection proceeded from Pope himself, and the hue and cry which he raised after the missing letters, and which seemed to be genuine when applied to the real chasm in the printed volume, turns out to be another of the deceptions he practised to prove that he was not the editor of the work. There is an independent presumption that the letters said to be lost were in Pope's keeping. Two letters which belonged to the "chasm," appeared in the quarto of 1737, before any letters were returned by Swift. These may be set aside. One of the two was the letter of Aug. 1723, which we have reason to believe that Pope transmitted to Curll, and which he probably procured singly. The other was the letter of Dec. 14, 1725, which Pope, we may conclude, printed from the copy he sent to Lord Oxford at the time it was written. But copies of two more letters from

letter from you to the dean in the year '25 [1] was printed lately without your knowledge. This alarms me, and makes me apprehend that they are on your side of the water and in very improper hands. Whatever can be done on my part to recover them certainly shall, but hitherto my endeavours have been in vain. Tell me, but tell me soon, any further commands you may have for me in Ireland. I am impatient to be in my native country, to embrace my children and my friends, to improve and delight myself by your conversation, and to gain a little health and quiet which I cannot hope for whilst I stay in this town. Lawyers, like surgeons, will not part with us out of their claws, till their bill is raised to a great height, and even then they leave many a scar behind

Pope to Swift, within the compass of the six years' chasm, are among the Oxford papers, and raise a suspicion that the missing letters had found their way to Twickenham. Still the evidence from these copies is trivial in comparison with the proof that he compiled the collection of 1741, and therefore must have had at his command the whole of the missing letters which appeared in his volume. The only question is how he got them. Swift said, July 23, 1737, that he might possibly have carried them to England in 1726 or 1727, which would explain by what means they came into the possession of Pope, but the conjecture, which did not profess to be a recollection, is highly improbable, since there was no reason why Swift should have taken to England these particular letters, and no other part of his correspondence. A month or two earlier, in his letter of May 31, 1737, Swift started the notion that the missing letters might not have gone back to him on one of the occasions when he sent the "sealed bundles" of his papers to "faithful friends." This hypothesis, not improbable in itself, has the opposite defect to the first, that it fails to explain Pope's possession of the letters. "Faithful friends" would not have handed over any of Swift's "sealed bundles" to Pope, and if, faithless, they had abstracted the letters to sell them, or if the letters had been stolen while in their custody, or, as Lord Orrery suggests, by "people who had admission to Swift's closet," Pope must have been the person who bought the "bundle," when the world would have heard enough of the incident, in confirmation of his repeated pretence that thieves were always lying in wait to capture his correspondence. On the whole it seems most likely that Swift was mistaken in his belief that the letters were missing. Some were in bundles, some, which were loose, he fastened in a folio cover, and with his dizziness and general prostration of mind, he may easily have got confused in looking over the dates. Two signal errors we know he committed. In one account he says that the chasm extended over six years, and in a second account he makes a statement which reduces it to four. In the first account he says that the letters of Pope which he possessed were above sixty, and in the second account that they were not above twenty-five.

[1] Not 1725, but Aug. 1723.

them. To this villainous tyranny, and to an unhappy agreement I made with the greatest knave in christendom,[1] I owe the uncertainty of my return, but I still flatter myself with the hopes of liberty the latter end of this month. My joy will be incomplete since I must leave the dean behind me. He has not yet put the letters into my hands. They are reserved for the *dona extrema*. Those from Brindley are come safe,[2] but your kind present by a private hand is not arrived. Your heart can better tell you than my words express what I feel now I am approaching so near an eternal farewell to the dean. I have but one alleviation to my sorrow, which is the hopes of meeting with the same indulgence from you that I ever found from him, because I am most truly, your faithful, and obedient humble servant.

17. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

TWITENHAM, *Sept.* 6, 1738.

MY LORD,—I am at all times obliged to acknowledge your lordship's memory of me, and I hope you think it impossible I should not be constantly sensible of it, and constantly happy in your happiness, though perhaps the last man who has written to tell you so.[3] But I was ashamed of your message to say you would have been here but for the accident that befell in your journey, from which I hope your lordship and my Lady Orrery are quite unharmed.[4] It is my duty to wait on you, as I had done to-day, but that it is the day of my Lord Bolingbroke's return after a short journey he made into the country. He assures you of his compliments, and we both propose to be at your lordship's door the moment he can go to town; for his stay in England will probably be short, his resolution being to go as soon as he has sold Dawley, for which there have been

[1] Brettridge Badham, Esq.– LORD ORRERY.

[2] The folio and quarto copies of the letters Pope printed in 1737.

[3] He alludes to Lord Orrery's marriage, June 30, 1738, to Margaret Hamilton, daughter of John Hamilton, of Caledon, in the county of Tyrone. She was an only child, and an heiress.

[4] The carriage appears to have been upset, and Lord Orrery hurt his arm.

two or three treaties on foot some time. The dean's letter made me melancholy, and I apprehend your account of him will not relieve me from it.[1] Be assured, my lord, I honour your worth, and love your humanity, both which considerations will ever strongly bind me to be, my lord, your ever obliged, and faithful servant.

18. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

TWITNAM, *Sept.* 25, 1738.

MY LORD,—As soon as I returned to London I was to wait on your lordship with Mr. Lewis, and though disappointed was glad to find you abroad, in the hope your arm is well recovered after so much suffering. I had with me the dean's letter, but by some accident have lost it since, and only recollect what he said of the letters was, that "every letter I had writ to him these twenty years was found, and delivered to Mrs. Wh[iteway], and that she was directed to send them me after his decease." The purport of the whole letter was a complaint of the great decay of his memory, and at the end he writes a postscript telling me that Mrs. Wh[iteway] had just "told him he was under a mistake, that the letters were not delivered to her, but in some other safe hand in Ireland." If Mrs. Wh[iteway] told your lordship she "knew nothing" of them, her whole drift is too manifest, especially when she declared she would print the history, "every word as it stood," notwithstanding all the remonstrances of his friends, and his own submission to them.[2] I will not answer the dean till I

[1] Lord Orrery was fresh from Dublin, and had recently seen him. The letter was the published letter to Pope and Bolingbroke, which is dated Aug. 8, 1738, at the top, and Aug. 24 at the bottom.

[2] Pope wanted to create the belief that Mrs. Whiteway had got hold of his letters to Swift, and intended to publish them. He says that when he called on Lord Orrery, who was from home, he took with him Swift's letter, "but by some accident had lost it since." He gives a part of its contents from recollection, and the one word in his summary which could implicate Mrs. Whiteway is his own interpolation. "I can faithfully assure you," were the actual words of Swift, Aug. 8, 1738, "that every letter you have favoured me with these twenty years, and more, are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs. Whiteway. All these letters she is directed

have the honour to wait on your lordship again, though I think it will be to no purpose to say any more on that subject.

I return the verses you favoured me with, the latter part of which is inferior to the beginning, the character too dry, as well as too vain in some respects, and in one or two particulars not true.[1]

to send safely to you upon my decease." Swift had said at the commencement of his letter, "I have entirely lost my memory," and he exemplified the truth of his mournful confession by his total forgetfulness that he had sent back a single letter to Pope. His old intention that the letters should be returned at his death haunted his mind, and not a trace of the later proceedings remained. The recent past was to him a blank, and the remoter past had become the present. His account was manifestly the hallucination of disease, and not less manifest that a delusion could not afford a pretext for doubting Mrs. Whiteway's assurance that she "knew nothing" about the letters which were the subject of the hallucination. But the case would have been altered if Swift had said that "every letter Pope had writ to him these twenty years had been *found*," for the expression would naturally be understood as referring to all the letters which were supposed to have been lost; and it would be concluded from his announcement that they had just turned up. His testimony, notwithstanding the evidence in his letter that he was lapsing into childishness, would no longer have been self-refuted. The missing letters might actually have been discovered; the incident could hardly have occurred without Mrs. Whiteway's knowledge; and the complete ignorance she professed might appear suspicious. Having framed the design of charging the publication of the correspondence upon Mrs. Whiteway, as he accused Curll of printing the P. T. volume, and pretended that Lord Oxford had given the Wycherley correspondence to the bookseller, Pope initiated the imputation by misrepresenting Swift's language. The falsity of the primary circumstance which is adduced to prove that Mrs. Whiteway's "whole drift was too manifest," destroys the force of the secondary particular to which Pope appealed. Whatever else she might have resolved to print, she could not print letters which she did not possess. But the argument itself had no force. At the close of 1736, Swift commissioned Dr. King to see the History of the Four Last Years of the Queen through the press. Some of Swift's English friends took alarm, and as he was resolved to proceed, they at last had a meeting to read and consider the manuscript. Lewis, on April 8, 1738, reported to Swift the result of their deliberations, which was that he should omit certain portions of the work. He would not consent to the curtailments, and it was clearly with reference to the unwelcome demand, that Mrs. Whiteway, enforcing his own cherished opinion, declared she would print "every word as it stood." This, urges Pope, is a strong confirmation of the fact that she had stolen, and intended to print, private letters. Declining to mutilate his History, Swift finally, and very reluctantly, agreed to "suspend," not suppress, its publication.

[1] The Verses on the Death of Dr.

I beg my most humble respects to my Lady Orrery, and to be always known for one, who with the highest esteem is, my lord, your most obliged and most obedient servant.

Lord Bolingbroke sends yourself, and my lady, his compliments.

19. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

Oct. 19, 1738.

MY LORD,—The honour and kindness you bestow on me shall be always remembered with real gratitude. Nothing can more prove your great sense of the one, or your warm sense of the other, than so obliging, so amicable an offer as that of interesting yourself yet further in endeavouring to prevent the dishonourable treatment I apprehend with so much reason from the ill use to be made of my letters in Ireland. But I am convinced no more can be done in it after what both the dean and your lordship have written to me. And I shall commit it to chance or Providence with as much temper as I can.[1] The greatest kindness your lordship can do me will be

Swift were commenced in Nov., 1731, and continued at intervals. They were freely shown by Swift to his friends, and he appears to have allowed Lord Orrery to copy them. The following year they were published. Pope had seen the "beginning" long before, but the "latter part," to which his criticism relates, may have been new to him. Swift's view of his own character occupies the 178 concluding lines, and is introduced by the couplet,

> One, quite indifferent to the cause,
> My character impartial draws,

which must mean that he would draw his own character with the impartiality of an indifferent person. He did not succeed in seeing himself with the eyes of an independent spectator, and Pope was justified in his comments, except that the epithet "dry" is quite inapplicable."

[1] Swift assured Pope, Aug. 8, 1738, that his letters were in the custody of Mrs. Whiteway, and in a postscript that they were "in some very safe hand." Lord Orrery, on receiving Pope's summary of Swift's letter, wrote from Marston, Oct. 4, "I am more and more convinced that your letters are neither lost nor burnt, but who the dean means by a safe hand in Ireland is beyond my power of guessing." He adds that his own enquiries while in Ireland had been fruitless, and that he fears whoever has the letters will keep the secret; but intimates that Pope should continue to press the subject. Pope replies, "I am convinced no more can be done in

to preserve your own health, and your own happiness, which I shall hereafter consider as a part of mine, since you are and will be a blessing to me in your friendship on all occasions. I hope in God your arm is recovered, and I entreat when you are well to know it. I am sorry it is at so great a distance,[1] and cannot help wishing your future life were passed nearer this part of England. The loss of my Lord Bolingbroke from this neighbourhood could be recompensed by nothing so well, and it has vexed me at heart to think no man of this sort was likely to succeed to the very best, and most commodious house in England, as well as the cheapest. It cost him not twelve years ago near 25,000*l.*, and will be sold for 5000*l.* The furniture (perhaps the completest anywhere in a private house) for which an upholsterer in my hearing offered 3000*l.* to take down, and make money of, he will part with at that price where it is ready put up; and the land by measurement at the rent it is now let at, and tenanted. There is an advowson of 300*l.* a year, and a royalty, which last is not to be valued, nor the timber. I am thus particular to your lordship because after I mentioned the thing in general at your house, I heard you had some thoughts of buying a large one, and had even your eye on this. I wish I had known as much then, and I think verily I could have brought you to agree, had it been my good fortune to have seen you together. I knew then, and do now, that such a successor to his labours would have been in some degree a pleasure to him, at least it would be more a comfort to see any English nobleman of any worth there than some child of dirt or corruption, at best some money-headed, and money-hearted citizen, such an one as Vanneck has proved himself to be, who has gone off (after the most open and gentlemanly usage in the world on my lord's side) in the most paltry manner imaginable. He suffered his wife and him to live a fortnight in the place to examine the wholesomeness

it after what both the dean and your lordship have written to me." Swift had written that the letters were in Ireland, which was the view Lord Orrery enforced, and Pope professed to believe, and the ready complacency with which he relinquished the search, and "committed the letters to chance," arose from his having secured them already.

[1] At Marston, in Somersetshire.

and dryness of the house, take opinions of the soil, and converse with the farmers, etc. The upshot proves that it was a mere contest between vanity and avarice, and the mean hope my lord was so pressed as to sell for little or nothing.[1] Excuse my saying all this, for I say it for an end. I wish I could move your lordship to think of it, and my lady to see it. You cannot conceive the joy it would give to a man so truly yours as, my lord, your ever obliged, ever affectionate servant.

20. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

Dec. 20, 1738.

MY LORD,—You have goodness and candour in so great a degree that I am in the less pain for an omission which your own consciousness of your obliging conduct on every account towards me will make you certain cannot proceed from want either of sensibility or esteem. I owe your lordship both in an eminent degree, and it is chiefly from a sense how little I am worth to pay them that I am silent in expressing them. If I felt less I could write more; but all great sensations dwell in silence. However, I would once or twice a year put in my claim to you, and pretend to be entitled to it no other way than by the sincerest desire to be yours, and the truest wishes for yours, and your whole family's prosperity and felicity. These, my lord, you may be sure are constant in me and uniform, and that I often recall, and feast myself upon, the memory of your benevolence and virtue, when I do not by writing, and durst not by speaking were you present say a syllable of it. The

[1] The account Pope gave to Lord Orrery of Vanneck's conduct was premature. A month afterwards Pope wrote to Lord Bathurst, Nov. 23, 1738, that Vanneck's last offer was within £2000 of the price asked by Bolingbroke, and that the negociation was "broken off rather on the part of Bolingbroke than of Vanneck." It was not Vanneck who ultimately terminated the negociation, and the upshot proved that he had not entered upon it solely in the hope that Bolingbroke would be compelled to sell for "little or nothing." Pope inveighed against the meanness of Vanneck, but all which appears in the transaction is the common occurrence of buyer and seller disagreeing on the value of the property. The same difference of opinion had prevailed on many previous occasions, when Bolingbroke tried to dispose of Dawley.

dean's letter[1] was no small additional pleasure to your lordship's. I find him full of old friendships, and the same good heart and head, whatever damages he may have sustained by age and decay otherwise. It contains among other testimonies a high one of your lordship's merit, and another which would not be unpleasing to my Lady Orrery. He says that, "Two such excellent persons, with abundance of good sense, and amiable in every particular, have half broke his heart by leaving him desolate." Shall I, my lord, not profit by your visit to England? When shall I meet you? You certainly guessed right when you imagined I would hasten to town as soon as I heard you were there. Why would you conceal it from me? I hope the public will draw you within my reach speedily. You cannot bilk your country, though you can your friends. I am with all respect and sincerity, my lord, your most obliged, and most obedient servant.

21. LORD AND LADY ORRERY TO POPE.

CALEDON, *Feb.* 23, 1739-40.

SIR,—You may look upon this as an epistle from the dead. We are buried to the world, and pass our time in as much tranquillity, and in as much ignorance of what is doing in the great neighbouring island as if we were stretched at full length in our coffins. Some life indeed we have still remaining, just enough to remember the happy hours we enjoyed in England, particularly at Twickenham. You must allow our gratitude to break out now and then in a letter, and must forgive an interruption occasioned by the warmest wishes, though in the coldest climate, for your health and welfare. During the late severe season our fears and anxieties for you, have been great. The strongest constitutions and the most robust frames have been shattered, and unable to withstand the keenness of the frost.[2] In pity tell us then how you have

[1] Not published.

[2] It was one of the severest ever known. It commenced on Christmas day, 1739, and lasted, with a short intermission, till Feb. 16, 1740, when it slowly abated. "The Thames," says Tindal in his History of England, "was as much crowded with shops

escaped. A letter directed to Caledon, near Tynan, in the county of Tyrone, Ireland, will reach two of the faithfullest servants you have in the world.

The dean has lately had another fit of the gout, but is now in perfect health. We hear often of him, but seldom from him. The lady's power (one may say it without danger of hurting one part of his reputation) increases daily.[1] At night

and carriages as the streets." A high wind in the early part of the frost, drove the ice with a violence which sunk several vessels in the river. Dreadful accidents were occasioned by the state of the roads, slippery, and blockaded with snow; numbers of people were frozen to death; and from the stoppage of out-door work many died of hunger, in spite of the extensive charity which prevailed. Water, being everywhere turned to ice, was dearer than coals, and these were more than double their usual price. "Bread cannot be cut," wrote an English gentleman from Leyden, Jan. 1, "without being first set by the fire near an hour. In the same manner we serve our butter, and also our oranges, which are otherwise as hard as stones. Boiling strong punch, put into a bowl, presents us with ice in eight minutes. My barber, coming yesterday to shave me, put a little hot water into his basin below stairs, and in the time he was coming up to my chamber it began to freeze."

[1] The lady was Mrs. Whiteway. In saying that her influence was not an injury to "one part of Swift's reputation," Lord Orrery insinuates that it was an injury to the other part,—that it discredited his discernment, though not his morals. She was first cousin to Swift, and discharged the oppressive duty of superintending his declining years with irreproachable patience and integrity. Watched by the jealous and often malignant eyes of the numerous persons who were contending for his favour, not a circumstance has come down to us which can impeach her worth. His friends imagined she was the means of excluding them from the deanery, and they did not reflect that Swift's physical, moral, and mental infirmities rendered him incapable of enjoying their conversation, and not unfrequently of enduring their presence. Thomas Sheridan, the son of his old friend, found him fearfully changed in the winter of 1735. His faculties were rapidly waning, and his increased sufferings, and diminished self-control, had nearly completed the ruin of a temper, always violent and easily provoked. He was fretful, morose, and prone to outbursts of anger; and the least opposition, or the bare sight of the offender, "increased his passion almost to frenzy." A year later he underwent another marked deterioration, and when his worst paroxysms of giddiness and deafness did not make all society intolerable to him, he was yet, as he wrote to Lewis, July 23, 1737, "unfit for any conversation, except one or two stentors of either sex." Companions once his delight, irritated and distressed him; and the relation, who had the task of soothing his distempered mind, had to watch against intrusions, which would have goaded him into rage. The motives of his visitors were seldom disinterested. Some sought him from old affection, but more from vanity, or the hope of sordid gain; and on one occasion Mrs. Whiteway, indignant at the grossness of their artifices, exclaimed, "I'll leave you.

her influence ends,—that is she returns to her lodging, and the dean to his bed; but returning light brings her back to her station, which she quits not, till, as she poetically expresses it (for now she scarce deigns to call for small beer in prose) the goddess Luna, whom she once worshipped as Lucina, borrows light from her brother Phœbus to guide her votaries to their peaceful home.[1] Of other people we know little and enquire less. The fatal catastrophe of the E[arl] of Sc[arborough][2] has reached these Greenland territories, but the name of the heiress who was run away with, and the running translator at Charing Cross, will in all likelihood, like other mysteries of state, remain unknown to the Caledonians for ever.[3] Let Mr. Pope live and enjoy his health; let him sometimes think of us, just to say he is well, and we will sow our potatoes, and spin our flax with all imaginable content, and without the least grain of envy or complaint of the age we live in: for be assured, sir, we are with the utmost truth and respect, your most obliged, and most obedient, humble servants,

ORRERY. MARGARET ORRERY.

sir, to your flatterers and sycophants," and went back to her lodgings.

[1] Several of Mrs. Whiteway's letters are published in Swift's correspondence. They are sensible, and entirely free from the affected, poetical jargon which Lord Orrery says was her habitual language.

[2] Richard Lumley, second Earl of Scarborough, committed suicide at his house in London, Jan. 29, 1740. A melancholy temperament, and two attacks of apoplexy were the causes to which his friends ascribed the act. Lord Orrery had heard a different explanation. The earl was to have been married next day to the Duchess of Manchester, and in the confidence of love he told her a state secret which was confined to himself, the king, and Sir Robert Walpole. The lady disclosed the secret to her grandmother, the Duchess of Marlborough, who whispered it to Pulteney, and he to everybody. The Duchess of Manchester having sworn to Lord Scarborough that she had not betrayed her trust, he was emboldened to protest before the king that he had never mentioned the secret to anyone; but learning the truth from the duchess, on the day of the suicide, he went home and shot himself, from the consciousness that his breach of faith, and false asseverations would inevitably be known to the king, the minister, and the public. Reports to his disadvantage were certainly afloat; for Pope says in his 1740, a poem, that "he was lied to death," which is improbable. Conscious of rectitude, he would hardly have been goaded into suicide by lies.

[3] Lord Orrery probably refers to some enigmatical announcements in the newspapers, which, like him, I cannot clear up.

22. POPE TO LORD AND LADY ORRERY.

TWITENHAM, *March* 27, 1740.

MY LORD AND LADY ORRERY,—So very obliging a memorial of your joint goodness and condescension to one who honours you for those qualities for which you love one another ought never to be forgot, much less to be unacknowledged. But so it happens that I rather shall prove my retaining the sense of it long, than my confessing it readily. Indeed I never received it till above a month after the date, having been myself upon a wild winter ramble (not unlike a Scythian expedition) [1] for near three months, essaying the virtue of waters when they were almost ice. However, between Bristol and Bath I kept a moderate share of health and heat during the severe season, and since cold will not kill me, as it has done all our bays, I look upon myself as an evergreen of a stronger kind than those which emblematise our common poets, and die generally in twenty winters. I will venture to prophesy your loves will as much outlast those of others as your myrtles in some part of Ireland outflourish ours, and prosper in native air and sun, beyond any which owe their growth to artificial fires. It would be the most advantageous of all the comparisons with which poets ever flattered themselves if I could imagine my laurels as durable, as bright, or as unchanging as your myrtles. But I am thus much better than a vulgar poet that I do not flatter either others or myself, in particular neither my Lady Orrery, nor your lordship. Yours and her virtue and temper will be happy without such aids to make you think well of yourselves as none can admit who know themselves. Even in the downhill walk of old age these two props will support you in good sense and good humour. God forbid that even I should live to find a flatterer a necessary help to old age; but if ever I do, it shall never be a woman so poetically mad, so romantically impertinent as the lady you describe to be about

[1] Herodotus says that the Scythians made warlike expeditions on the ice. The people were at all times nomadic, and, when at peace, their eight months of winter did not put a stop to their vagrant life.

a friend of ours. The gout itself is a better companion, and I think I should be much less inclined to curse and swear at that than the other.

I cannot be quite pleased that your lordship expresses so much pleasure in your amusements in Ireland. Surely England ought to have a share in you. She cannot spare one honest peer as she is now circumstanced. I have often wished to see that kingdom for the sake of my dear old friend, Swift, and no other, till you took yourself away. My mortal fear in visiting him was to be choked with feasting and poetry, and it is now certain every dish would be served up to me in verse in his family.[1] But with you my lord, and with my lady, I might hope to breathe christian air, and hear sober prose, wherefore I am really now tempted strongly to wish myself with you, and with him together. Pray when you see or write to him, let him know my constant remembrance, esteem, and love of him. And believe me, my lord, no man with more gratitude receives, or with more joy will cultivate every demonstration of your friendship than yours, and Lady Orrery's most faithful, and obliged servant.

I lately saw the Duchess of B[uckingham] who looks upon yourself as her best friend, and spoke with great esteem of Lady O[rrery]. She has been ill of a fever this winter, but is well recovered.

I intend to write to the dean; but I wish he knew that I did so from Bath six weeks ago.[2] It is perfectly grievous to have the common proofs of affection between friends pryed into, and often stopped by the clerks of the post.[3]

[1] By Mrs. Whiteway, who was not versifier. Lord Orrery only said hat she talked in poetical language.

[2] The letter was not published.

[3] The curiosity of the busy officials required a stronger stimulus. The poor dean could now neither write, nor remember letters; and Pope enjoyed the fiction that the letters Swift had not written, and the letters he did not remember to have received, were stopped by the clerks at the post-office. "Every time I see your hand," said Pope, May 17, 1739, when Swift's mind and memory were all but gone, "it is the greatest satisfaction that any writing can give me; and I am in proportion grieved to find that several of my letters to testify it to you miscarry, and you ask me the same questions again, which I prolixly have answered before."

23. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

Sept. 3, 1740.

MY LORD,—I have many reasons, and one, God knows, almost peculiar to me, not to trouble even my friends, and above all those who are most partial to me, with my letters.[1] Yet once a year, or thereabouts, I cannot but renew my claim to the memory of those by whom I should be sorry ever to be forgotten, as I am sure they think the most candidly of me; and you, my lord, must be content to be in this class. My Lady Orrery too has obliged me with so much distinction that I know no words good enough to be grateful to her, but by obtaining of your lordship to express to her in your own, how sensible I am of the honour she has done me. God forgive her for endeavouring as a lady to be useful to her inferiors, and for thinking of a thing so much below her as the linen for my table.[2]

But would to God I had nothing more to say, and that I did not now write to beg your help in a most disagreeable circumstance. I remember with all acknowledgment the kind pains your lordship took some years since in the transaction with the Dean of St. Patrick's about my letters. Give me leave to make a short recapitulation of them, and to add the conclusion to that history, with the astonishing catastrophe of it at this present.

Upon what had happened to me from the famous Curll, and upon finding one or two letters of Lord Bolingbroke's and mine to the dean in print, which could have come out only through his channel,[3] I pressed him to destroy,[4] or return me the

[1] For it was "almost peculiar to him" that his letters should be stolen, and published surreptitiously; and the friends who were "most partial to him" fostered the evil by preserving the letters.

[2] Probably Lady Orrery had presented Pope with some tablecloths of Irish manufacture.

[3] The joint letter of Pope and Bolingbroke, dated Aug. 1723, and the letter of Pope to Swift, Dec. 10, 1725. The last of these letters was never printed till it was inserted by Pope in his quarto of 1737.

[4] Pope acknowledged to Swift that a principal motive for desiring to get back the letters was that he might publish a selection from them. Their destruction would have defeated his

rest, if he had kept any. He answered "he had kept every scrap I had written to him, fastened in a folio cover, and endorsed in order; that he would give his executors strict orders in his will to burn every letter he left behind him, but that he was unwilling that those of Mr. Pope, and a few other friends, should die before him." When your lordship pressed the matter again it was answered, "there was a chasm in those letters of several years, of which he could find no copies, but believed they were left in some friend's hands, when on certain occasions he secreted his papers; he had, therefore, but a few which he would send by your lordship." After this, to my great surprise, the dean writes me word, "that every letter I ever sent him these twenty years and more, were delivered to Mrs. Whiteway, a very worthy, rational, and judicious relation of his, all which she was directed to send me at his decease." But in a postscript he corrects himself, and says, "she assures him she has them not, but that a great collection of them are in some very safe hand." This was just when your lordship's negotiation ended;[1] and here it rested, notwithstanding any repetition of my desire to have them restored, till the end of the last year. Mrs. Whiteway then acquainted Mr. Nugent that the letters were found, and that she would transmit them to me.[2] He came away without them, but wrote

purpose, and there is not the least trace in the correspondence of any request to Swift that he would adopt this alternative. Pope invariably pressed to have them restored, and never spoke of destruction till he thrust the fiction into his retrospect, to infuse the idea that he thought slightingly of his letters, and would have been glad to have had them burned.

[1] Pope says at the beginning of his letter that he will "make a short recapitulation of the kind pains Lord Orrery took some years since in the transaction about the letters." The object of the recapitulation was to present the facts under the aspect Pope wished them to wear. Even when he was conscious that Lord Orrery was acquainted with the truth, he employed language which would deceive the ignorant, for he had experienced Lord Orrery's readiness to win his favour by obsequious service, and doubtless expected that his narrative would be shown to third persons. His great effort was to establish the position that it was impossible he should have printed the letters since they were not in his possession, and he therefore laboured to induce the belief that his letters had never been returned to him by Swift. This being his design, he has drawn up his recapitulation in a form which conveys the impression that his "lordship's negotiation ended" before a single letter had been restored.

[2] In his letter to Lord Orrery, Sept. 25, 1738, Pope said he had

at my request, and proposed some methods of conveying them safely, the last of which was sending them by his mother,[1] but

been informed by Swift that the letters were "found," and deposited with Mrs. Whiteway. Here the letter of Swift is quoted correctly, and, what served Pope's purpose as well, or better, the expression is transferred to Mrs. Whiteway herself. She is asserted to have "acquainted Mr. Nugent" that the "great collection" of Pope's letters to Swift were "found," and she "was pleased," says Pope, "to write to me confirming Mr. Nugent's account." The language ascribed to her was an invention. In a narrative which Pope drew up for publication, Dec. 30, 1740, but which he did not venture to publish, he was compelled to give Mr. Nugent's real account in place of the distorted version he privately communicated to Lord Orrery, and there we learn that Mrs. Whiteway had merely said that she had "several of his letters which she would send on his order." This is identical with the description she gave of the letters, May 16, 1740, in the letter "she was pleased to write to Pope confirming Mr. Nugent's account:" "I have several of your letters to the dean which I will send by the first safe hand I can get to deliver them to yourself." Mr. Dilke conjectured, and no doubt correctly, that they were the letters Pope had written since his other letters were returned by Swift in 1737. Had the "great collection" really been missing in 1737 the bare phrase, "I have several of your letters," could not have been designed by Mrs. Whiteway in 1740 for an announcement that this "great collection" was "found." The letters alleged to be lost had been the subject of a hue and cry; she had been said to have them, or to know who had; she had eagerly protested to Pope that "she was totally ignorant where they were," and had she intended to inform him that they were "found" she could not have failed to specify the fact, and to mention by what means they had come into her possession. Instead of the phrase, "I have several of your letters," she would have adapted her expressions to the event, and used some such language as Pope falsely imputed to her. Pope replied to her announcement on June 18, 1740, and if he had believed that the phrase, "I have several of your letters," conveyed the tidings that the "great collection," which had been the object of his prolonged negociations and solicitude, was "found" at last, he, on his side, could not have avoided some expression of satisfaction, or some allusion in accordance with this interpretation of her words. But he makes no reference to the "great collection," or to its loss and recovery, and his own letter of June 18 is a testimony that his misrepresentation to Lord Orrery of Mrs. Whiteway's language was a deliberate perversion, in order to create the impression that she had printed the clandestine volume. The conduct he ascribed to her was intrinsically improbable. In his correspondence with Lord Orrery he assumed that she had secreted his letters to Swift as early as 1737. She disclaimed any knowledge of them till she was on the eve of publishing them surreptitiously, and then, as he privately assures Lord Orrery, she of her own accord informed him that she had the letters in her keeping. Being guilty, for what purpose should she have gratuitously furnished Pope with the evidence of her guilt?

[1] The "last" method was only the second, and the first was merely that

she also came without them. In the meantime Mrs. W[hiteway] was pleased to write to me, confirming Mr. Nugent's account, but choosing to send them by another hand. I answered her with all respect, accepted her offer with all acknowledgment, and remained in full expectation of the favour.[1] Her letter bore date the 3rd of June last, and was

she should "remit them by a safe hand."

[1] Pope constructed his narrative with a view to the insinuation that Mrs. Whiteway, after promising the letters, evaded the performance of the promise, and in the mean time printed them. As we have seen that she never professed to have had the originals of the printed letters the force of the insinuation is destroyed. Her conduct, indeed, on Pope's hypothesis, was once more senseless to infatuation. Having acknowledged that she held the letters, her obvious policy would have been to transfer them to Pope before she revealed her clandestine volume. She nevertheless, he says, retained the manuscripts till the printed book was brought to light, which was madly to proclaim that she concocted it. Hence we might be sure that Pope's recapitulation was inaccurate, even if the correspondence of himself, Mr. Nugent, and Mrs. Whiteway had not put us in possession of the truth, which is this. At the close of 1739, Mr. Nugent went from Dublin to England, and Mrs. Whiteway entrusted him with a message to Pope, stating that she had several of his letters which awaited his orders. Mr. Nugent had not an opportunity of delivering the message until March, 1740, and he wrote on April 2 to Mrs. Whiteway, and told her that she was to send the letters to his house in London. He said truly that he acted on Pope's instructions, but Mrs. Whiteway would not consign the letters to anyone except their author, unless she received his own direct assurance that he sanctioned the proceeding. She had occasion shortly afterwards to write to Pope on a different subject, and she informed him, May 18, that the letters should go by "the first safe hand she could get to deliver them to himself," adding, "I believe it may be Mr. M'Aulay." Pope answered on June 18, "I think no person more fit." A letter from Mr. Nugent, which was also dated June 18, directed her to send the letters by his mother, who was bound for England. Since there was nothing of the kind in Pope's own letter of the same date, Mrs. Whiteway refused to change the arrangement, unless she had his immediate warrant, and as hitherto he had not given her any fresh orders, and as Mr. M'Aulay was detained in Dublin by business, the letters remained in her hands. The insinuation that she tried to evade her promise was altogether untrue. She was governed throughout by a uniform principle—the determination to act rigidly upon Pope's directions, and to leave no room for cavil. He was well aware that he had but to write his wishes to ensure their fulfilment, and with this knowledge the only word he addressed to her was in confirmation of her proposal to send the letters by Mr. M'Aulay. He did not desire to hasten their transmission. He was better pleased to let them continue in her custody till the printed volume reached Dublin, that he might plead that she alone could have supplied the materials, and that she had

followed the next month[1] by one from Mr. Faulkner, the bookseller, which in short acquaints me, "That a collection of letters betwixt the dean and me had been sent to the dean by some unknown persons (from London he supposes, though they call themselves in their letter his countrymen, and speak of his merits to Ireland), and that the dean having read, and thinking them genuine, has given them to him to be printed." I am sure I need make no reflections on this whole proceeding from the beginning to the end. They will be abundantly suggested to a man of your candour and honour.[2] We shall both join in one wish, which is to lament the dean's condition, and not to irritate, but pity him.[3]

I returned to Faulkner the strongest negative I could possibly. I could not honestly do otherwise, but I fear the strength of my refusal will hinder the end I propose, to get the book out of their hands, though I apprehend that in a month's time or more, they will have taken copies, or at least will before they send it me. I told him I could not otherwise judge whether mine were genuine, but if to this pretence your lordship would add as from yourself, that if you, upon perusal of them, find no objection, and are of the dean's opinion, you will endeavour to obtain my consent, provided they send me the copy first to correct, and to improve it (for to expunge or omit I fear are words not to be used to a bookseller, though that would be a point worth obtaining in so vexatious a circumstance), and I should at least know by this means, if they show it your lordship, the opinion of one man of sense what the things are, and what fate I am to expect.[4]

displayed her intention by keeping back the originals.

[1] The June letter was published by Mr. D. Swift, who dates it May 18.

[2] The reflections were to be censures of Mrs. Whiteway's baseness and duplicity.

[3] Not only for the imbecility of mind which made him the dupe of designing knaves, but for the moral frailties which survived his understanding, as Pope explicitly declared to Mr. Nugent, Aug. 14, 1740: "I think I can make no reflections upon this strange incident but what are truly melancholy, and humble the pride of human nature,—that the greatest of geniuses, though prudence may have been the companion of wit (which is very rare) for their whole lives past, may have nothing left them at last but their vanity. No decay of body is half so miserable."

[4] Faulkner, in a letter to Pope, stated that he had received from Swift the printed volume of corre-

My lord, I think you will not deny me this favour. I think it no small one, the rather because it is a sort of trick, a thing

spondence with permission to reprint it, and he begged that he might have the same permission from Pope himself. The request was an embarassment. If Pope consented he would be departing from the disgust he had always feigned at the publication of his letters, and might be suspected to have been the sender of the printed volume. If he refused his consent the publication of the volume might be abandoned by Faulkner, and the plot for getting it before the world would be frustrated. To accomplish both his ends Pope went through the form of "returning Faulkner the strongest negative," and adopted measures to render the negative ineffectual. Faulkner wrote on July 29, 1740. Pope remained passive for more than a week after the letter had reached him, and when he woke up from his listless procrastination he forwarded his reply, Aug. 16, to Mr. Nugent at Bristol. He "thought it," he said, "proper to have the letter transmitted otherwise than by common post," first, that "it might be hastened," and secondly, because he was apprehensive that "some pretence might be taken as if it was not received." "I beg, therefore," he wrote to Mr. Nugent, "that you will send it by or through some hand you know, who may deliver it personally to Faulkner." The plea of haste was ridiculous. Delay was the evident object of a man who, after postponing his answer for several days, enclosed it to Mr. Nugent at Bristol, there to be detained till some friend was crossing over to Dublin. "The common post," Pope tells Lord Orrery, May 10, 1736, "conveys my letters soonest though not safest. The other ways are too tedious." He was debarred from professing on the present occasion that the post could not be trusted with the letter, for the post was to carry it to Mr. Nugent before he could pass it on to Faulkner, and Pope's second reason for preferring a private messenger was only lest Faulkner should deny the delivery of a posted letter, which was an excess of suspicion when it was he who had informed Pope of the printed volume, and submitted the question of its publication to his decision. But the more Pope thought it necessary to employ every precaution, the more certainly, if he had been in earnest, would he have sent his "strong negative" by "the common post" the day he received the letter of Faulkner, and by the same post would have sent to Mr. Nugent, for an additional security, a letter to be conveyed by a private hand. No one who dreaded the publication of his letters would have delayed his negative a single hour. The result which Pope anticipated from his loitering policy appeared in his suggestion that Faulkner would pretend the prohibition had never reached him, and, as a consequence, would act on the principle that silence gave consent. The event fell out as Pope designed. Faulkner waited more than a month for the reply, and then began to reprint the volume. At the date of his letter to Lord Orrery, Sept. 3, Pope could only conjecture the course which would be followed by Faulkner. He might not begin to reprint the letters, or, which actually happened, he might not have proceeded far in the undertaking, and might stop when he got the negative. Thus the aid of another device was necessary to neutralise the effect of the prohibition, and Pope found it in the plan that while in his own person he repudiated the project of reprinting the letters, Lord Orrery should under-

I am sure you would not practise, except in extremities, and without any possible ill consequence or injury to any one.[1]

I have nothing to add but my sincere wishes for your own and Lady Orrery's mutual felicities, and the health and prosperity of all yours. I am, with true esteem, my lord, your most obliged, and most faithful, humble servant.

24. LETTER SENT TO SWIFT WITH THE PRINTED VOLUME.

SIR,—The true honour which all the honest and grateful part of *this nation* must bear you as the most public spirited of patriots, the best of private men, and the greatest polite genius of this age, made it impossible to resist the temptation which has fallen in our way of preserving from all accidents a copy

take to intercede with him for his consent. He would by this means preserve his seeming reluctance, and would ascribe his ultimate concession to the interference of Lord Orrery. Pope could not avow his motive, and professed that the scheme was contrived to trick Faulkner into surrendering the book. The future history unveiled the true tactics of Pope, and proved, like the past, that nothing was further from his purpose than to secure the suppression of the work.

[1] Either Pope had determined to abide by the judgment of Lord Orrery, when Faulkner would have understood the terms upon which he surrendered the volume, and no trick would have been practised, or he wished that Faulkner should be deluded by false hopes, which, though not his real object, was the interpretation he intended to be put upon his language. This, he says, will be "without any possible ill consequence or injury to any one." The conclusion of the paragraph is inconsistent with the beginning, where he declares that he "could not honestly do otherwise than return Faulkner the strongest negative," which plainly means that a qualified answer would have been deceptive; and how could it be right for Pope to hold out through Lord Orrery the false hopes which would have been dishonest when they proceeded from himself? He had opposite ends to answer,—to seem shocked at the proposition for publishing his letters, and to contrive an excuse for permitting their publication, and solely intent upon effecting his crooked policy he did not perceive the contradiction in the moral principles he enunciated. His second principle was flagrant. Deception is always an injury to the deceiver when it hurts no one besides. The whole of the letter to Lord Orrery was a mournful example that the vice corrupts the entire man, till honour, truth, and honesty are habitually subordinated to the presumed interests of the individual. An intention to injure others is the frequent accompaniment. Pope at this moment was engaged in an odious plot to charge innocent persons with falsehood and fraud, that he might minister to his own vanity without betraying his ostentation.

of the *enclosed papers*, which at once give so amiable a picture of your own excellent mind, and so strong a testimony of the love and respect of those who nearest knew, and could best judge of it. As there is reason to fear they would be lost to posterity after your death, if either of your two great friends[1] should be possessed of them, *as we are informed you have directed*, they are here collected and submitted to your own mature consideration. Envy itself can find nothing in them that either you, or they, need be ashamed of. But you, sir, are the person *most* concerned, and ought to be made the *only* judge in this case. You may be assured there is *no other copy* of this book in any hands but your own, so that, while you live, it will be in the power of no other but yourself to bestow it on the public. In so doing you shall oblige all mankind in general, and *benefit any deserving friend* in particular.[2] But if during your life you suppress it, yet after your death it is not fit that either you should be robbed of so much of your fame, or we of so much of your example, who are, worthy sir, your sincere admirers, obliged *countrymen*, and faithfully affectionate servants.

25. LORD ORRERY TO FAULKNER.

CALEDON, *Sept.* 27, 1740.

MR. FAULKNER,—A painful fit of the gout in both my feet, and thank God only in my feet, has hindered me for some time past from telling you that I have lately had a letter from my friend, Mr. Pope, who is under apprehensions that some of his letters, whether genuine or not he cannot tell, are going to be published by you on this side of the water. I should be extremely sorry that you, for whom I have a real regard,

[1] Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope. —POPE.

[2] Pope had a triple motive in this suggestion. He appealed to the established practice of Swift, who was accustomed to bestow his copyrights on friends. He hoped to attract the cupidity of Mrs. Whiteway, and engage her to advocate the publication of the volume; and he fancied, if he was accused, that he was furnishing an argument which would cast upon her the suspicion of having secreted and printed the letters for her private gain.

should give cause of uneasiness to a gentleman of Mr. Pope's consequence to the world in general, and to me in particular. You must give me leave therefore to interpose, and to entreat you would let me see the copy from whence you are printing, that I may endeavour to judge whether the letters are genuine or not. If I see no objection to their appearance in print I will endeavour to obtain Mr. Pope's consent for your publishing them, and you may assure yourself that my friendship for you will make me always zealous in promoting your advantage. I am, sir, your faithful servant.

My most humble service, and best wishes attend the dean. I have kept my bed fifteen days.

26. FAULKNER TO LORD ORRERY.

[*Sept. or Oct.* 1740.]

My Lord,—I had the favour of your lordship's favour of the 27th instant, and am exceedingly sorry to hear of your lordship's indisposition, of which I hope you are quite recovered. I wrote to Mr. Pope about two months ago to let him know that the dean had given me a volume of letters to and from D. Swift to print, which he said were genuine. I waited more than a month for his answer, and not hearing from him I put them to the press. However, upon the receipt of his letter I put an entire stop to my impression,[1] the sheets

[1] It is wonderful to contrast the facts disclosed in the Orrery correspondence with the announcement Pope made to Warburton, Feb. 4, 1741: "My vexations I would not trouble you with, but I must just mention the two greatest I now have. They have printed in Ireland my letters to Dr. Swift, and (which is the strangest circumstance) by his own consent and direction, without acquainting me till it was done. The other, etc." Neither Pope, nor anybody else, supposed that Swift was privy to the printing of the clandestine volume, and Pope is speaking of the Dublin reprint. He did not allow Warburton to know that the clandestine volume ever existed. The letters which he says were printed by Swift's direction, "without acquainting him till it was done," were the letters of which Faulkner gave him notice before printing a word that he himself might decide whether they should be printed or not. On receiving a hypocritical refusal, which had been wilfully delayed that it

of which I shall show your lordship, as well as the book that was sent from London, in two or three days' time, as I propose to set out for Caledon to-morrow to have the honour of waiting on your lordship. It was the great esteem and regard I had for Mr. Pope which made me write to him, for I could have published those letters without his knowledge; but as he had been ill-used by Curll and other booksellers, I was willing to convince him there was a bookseller in Ireland who had honour enough to forego his own advantage rather than offend or injure him, although at the hazard of losing the friendship of the dean, who has ever been my great friend and benefactor.

27. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

CALEDON, *Oct.* 4, 1740.

I ENCLOSE to you, sir, a copy of my letter to Faulkner and his answer. You will find I am to be honoured with a visit from him. In the meantime I would not lose a moment in letting you see that there is a stop put to the publication of those letters here. If Faulkner brings down the copy with him from whence he printed, I will endeavour to keep it till I know your further commands,[1] and you shall certainly hear from me again, as soon as I have had an interview with Faulkner. Excuse a man in pain from ceremony, and believe me most faithfully yours.

might arrive too late, Faulkner stopped the press, and when he resumed the work it was with the sanction of Pope. Faulkner dispatched his notice July 29, 1740, and Pope communicated to Warburton the news of the Dublin impression Feb. 4, 1741. In the interval Pope carried on a long correspondence on the subject either directly with Faulkner, or through the medium of Lord Orrery, and when, with his consent, the Dublin volume was at last got ready for publication, he had the conscience and courage to inform Warburton that Faulkner had printed the book "without acquainting him till it was done." His statements are a series of daring and variable misrepresentations adapted to the degree of knowledge which his correspondents possessed of the transaction, and every falsehood he told to conceal or pervert the true history was a confession of guilt.

[1] For Pope, in his letter to Lord Orrery, Sept. 3, 1740, had said, that "the end he proposed was to get the book out of their hands."

28. POPE TO FAULKNER.

Oct. 4, 1740.

SIR,—I think myself obliged to you for your conduct upon the refusal of my consent to the printing of my letters. Your offer of sending me the book before publication I accept with thanks, it being indeed very necessary that I should at least see what it consists of. I thank you yet more for your promise not to publish it even in Ireland, (notwithstanding the dean's own inclination,) till I shall judge proper. This is all I can expect from you. I wish very much to have the book itself, with the original letter, which was sent with it to the dean as I understand, from which I have some hopes I may find out the hand that did it, if done really in London. As to the person to send it by, Mrs. Whiteway tells me Mr. M'Aulay is to bring me the letters she has so long promised me in fear of the same fate.[1] By him be pleased, sir, to send them to me at Twickenham, and, in the meantime, let me have what sheets you have printed,[2] by post. I must desire you to show this to the dean, and to assure him here under my hand of my unalterable affection, esteem, and gratitude. No man has loved him longer than I; no man has loved him better, and I shall continue to do it to the end of my life. I should be heartily pleased to see but just such a line or two as this under his hand. If it be not too great a task to his head it will I know be an agreeable one to his heart, and upon the least intimation from himself that a letter from me will be so to him, I shall write with all pleasure, as I am with all truth, his ever constant and ever faithful friend.

29. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

CALEDON, *Oct.* 6, 1740.

SIR,—The great torments I was under when I writ my two last letters to you, rendered them I fear unintelligible. What-

[1] The fear was expressed by Pope but not by Mrs. Whiteway.

[2] Only two sheets of Faulkner' edition were in type when Pope's dilatory letter arrived.

ever my hand might write I am sure my heart meant to assure you of my warmth, and most obedient friendship towards you. In compliance to your commands I lost no time, ill as I was, in writing to Mr. Faulkner, who came down hither on Saturday, and brought with him the printed book of letters which the dean gave him to reprint here. This book he leaves in my hands upon the terms, that if the dean, whose property the book is, requires it from me, I am then to send it to him. In the meantime the letters are safe not only from being printed, but from being seen. I have read the letters over, and can plainly see they are stolen. Faulkner has sent you the sheets he printed here, but he has laid aside all thoughts of continuing that design without your full leave and permission. Had he received your letter sooner by Mr. Nugent he would not have put any to the press. He is perfectly desirous to act in obedience to your commands, but these letters were brought from England by Mr. Gerrard, a gentleman you knew at Bath, the packet left for him there by an unknown hand, and the dean imagined they came from you. It is strange the dean should have such a surmise, or be desirous to have them reprinted here, because there are some things in them which, upon a cooler consideration, I believe he would not think ought to appear, especially as they now are.[1] If they are printed in England they will soon be published there, and the dean may insist upon the copy I have. If so, it will be impossible for me to refuse to give him what is already his own. All I can do I have done, but all I fear to little purpose.

I shall not be surprised to see the dean's manuscripts of all kinds in print. To give you one instance of the careless, unsuspicious manner in which they are kept, out of thirteen volumes in manuscript on one particular subject he has lost ten.[2] Poor dear man, the pain of mind I feel for him is worse than the pains of the gout.

[1] Lord Orrery alludes to the strong opinions on politics and political personages. They are less violent than many philippics which Swift had previously published.

[2] They had not been stolen, but were destroyed by Swift. "A few years ago," wrote Mrs. Whiteway to Pope, May 16, 1740, "he burnt most of his writings unprinted,

Your humanity will be inquisitive after my health. My pain, I thank God, is over, but my feet are as yet useless to me, my heart and head still my own, and therefore you may be sure, dear sir, most devoted to you.

30. LORD ORRERY TO SWIFT.

CALEDON, *Oct.* 8, 1740.

DEAR SIR,—I write this from the bed of pain, but when I consider your complaints, and how much greater loss your head will be to the world in general, than even my feet can be to me, I think I have no reason to murmur at my sufferings. They have been great this month past. Those cruel cramps which used to make your humanity pity me, are now turned into a settled confirmed gout, an hereditary evil, which renders my prospect of future life truly dismal. Yet for the sake of some young folk it is necessary I should live, and so God's will be done. But gouty as I am, January next will only complete me thirty-four.

When I cannot see you I am glad to see anybody who has seen you, or will see you. Mr. Faulkner will deliver you this. I have at our friend Mr. Pope's request, detained your book of letters, and could wish you would let them stay in my hands for some time till this mystery of their being in print is a little cleared up. I own, if you will forgive my impertinence, I wish they had not been printed, and now they are so I wish they may not be published. How they came into the press is, perhaps, one of those secrets which are reserved for the day of judgment, but certainly Mr. Pope had no hand in it. A private correspondence between familiar and open-hearted

except a few loose papers which are in my possession, and which I promise you, if I outlive him, shall never be made public without your approbation." Her account was accurate. The ten volumes remained unpublished, and had they been abstracted by Swift's attendants from mercenary motives they would subsequently have come to light. The manuscripts Swift burned were probably trifling productions which had no interest beyond the hour. Mr. D. Swift, who copied some of the papers, says "they were not worth the skin of a turnip."

friends ought not to be opened to the public, since it may give pleasure to a man's enemies, and can add no reputation, nor give the least satisfaction to his friends. But I am preaching to Tillotson, I am teaching Delany to read, or mending Lord Oxford's heart. Pray forgive me, and believe all I ever have written to you, or ever shall write to you, is only meant to show the ever honoured Dean of St. Patrick's how much I am his most obedient, and obliged humble servant.

31. MRS. WHITEWAY TO LORD ORRERY.

EXTRACT.[1]

Oct. 7, 1740.

I SHALL now talk to you as freely on another subject. The letters to and from [Dr. Swift][2] had been printed long ago but for me. Mr. Faulkner can tell you that I opposed it publicly at the d[ean's] table, as I did often privately to himself, and with that warmth, which nothing could have excused but friendship. I got several persons to do the like, and put the book out of the way for some time, and kept it till I was forced to restore it, or perjure myself. This I know was going greater lengths than honour could answer. When I saw all this was to no purpose, I insisted on Mr. Faulkner's writing to Mr. P[ope], which he did willingly. What has passed since he can acquaint you with. Yet I fear all will be to no purpose if your lordship does not engage Mr. Faulkner to refuse it absolutely, and a promise not to lay it in the d[ean's] way to command him. This is *entre nous*. I would give more than I will say to talk with you one quarter of an hour, and most humbly desire, if you come to town for ever so short a time, that I may have that honour. In the meanwhile depend upon the truth of a woman in this particular, that let what will come out, or be done by a certain person,[3] it is entirely against

[1] With a few of the letters Lord Orrery only copied the extracts he thought important. Not a word is omitted here from the documents he transcribed.

[2] This was the title Pope gave to the volume. He put forward Swift's name, and kept back his own to support the notion that the book originated with Swift or his circle.

[3] Swift.

my opinion, though all that is in my power is to show my dislike publicly to it. There is a time in life when people can hear no reason, and with a sigh, I say, this is now the case with our friend. There is but one mortal in the world that I ever took notice of this to before, and he is such a friend to him as your lordship.

32. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

CALEDON, *Oct.* 10, 1740.

SIR,—I should not send the enclosed letter to any person in whom I had not the most unlimited confidence, because the first part of it contains some particulars fit for no eyes but my own, but I think it so fully explains from what quarter, and in what manner these letters came, that I am resolved you shall see every syllable in her own hand, though there are some secrets of a very nice nature in it relating to me and my family. I am persuaded the first part of the epistle was written to introduce the other part, but I beg of you, if you think fit to keep it, blot out all that relates to your two faithful servants; if not, send me back the original. I shall make no comments. They will easily occur to yourself,[1] but the particulars which I

[1] Her account, that is, of the efforts she had made to suppress the letters was the protestation of a person who, in the consciousness of guilt, was over-eager to establish her innocence. After receiving the letter of July 29, in which Faulkner stated that Swift had given him the volume of letters to reprint, Pope wrote to Mr. Nugent, Aug. 14, "Can it be imagined Mrs. Whiteway has remonstrated against it?" The question of Pope is the answer to Lord Orrery. Pope concluded from Mrs. Whiteway's position in Swift's household that he would not have sent the book to the press if she had opposed the proceeding. She was right in her inference that this conclusion would be drawn, and she properly met it by the assurance that her earnest remonstrances had not been wanting. Nor was her own vindication the sole object of her letter to Lord Orrery. Hearing that he was empowered to act for Pope, and that Faulkner, who had a commercial interest in pressing forward the publication, was about to visit him and discuss the subject, she was anxious to put him on his guard, and point out the single method by which the work could be suppressed. Arguments with Swift were unavailing, but engage Faulkner not to remind him of the book, and not to go on with the printing, and the existence of the letters would soon be effaced from a memory of which the deepest

know I shall tell you. I asked F[aulkne]r in a careless manner what Mrs. W[hiteway]'s opinion was of these letters. He told me she was fully persuaded you published[1] them in England, and sent them privately to the dean. You will find your name is mentioned but once, and there she claims the merit of making F[aulkner] write to you, nor would he leave the letters with me till I writ by him to the dean that I had detained them, etc. I took occasion to speak honestly, but tenderly my opinion to the dean, and entered my protest—God knows I often protest to no purpose—against their appearance in public. If the dean requires them back I will take occasion from her letter to delay sending them,[2] but what will or can secure you if they are already printed, as I really believe they are, in England? Her son-in-law has been lately there.[3] You will see she endeavours to lay the whole blame on F[aulkner], and writes to me as soon as she knows he is come down hither. I said not one word to him of this letter from her, but by comparing his answers to my questions and her assertions, one might easily find that her fear of perjury does not hinder her from [lying].[4] I am impatient to hear from you, impatient that this should get safe to your hands; for your reputation, and your commands are dear and sacred to your faithful servant.

impressions were now as evanescent as the most ephemeral trivialities in his better years.

[1] "Published" must be a slip of the pen for "printed."

[2] The main justification which her letter afforded for not complying with the demand of Swift was the intimation that his understanding was impaired. This reason could not be stated to Swift, and the only part of her letter Lord Orrery could plead for his retention of the book was the inadequate excuse that she herself disapproved of its publication.

[3] Mr. D. Swift often came over to England, where he had an estate. He had lately paid one of his customary visits, which to Lord Orrery's prejudiced mind was an indication that he had caused an English edition to be printed of the Pope and Swift correspondence.

[4] Lord Orrery overlooked that the errors, if they existed, might have been in Faulkner's answers to the questions. But as the supposed discrepancies were too insignificant for Lord Orrery to specify them, we may be tolerably certain that either they were undesigned inaccuracies, or else his own hasty misapprehensions. There are numerous examples in his letters of his arriving at conclusions for which there was no warrant whatever in the evidence, and we could not have a stronger instance than his conviction that Mrs. Whiteway's frank and unexceptionable letter of Oct. 7 was absolute proof that she supplied the materials for the clandestine volume. There is not the least

33. FAULKNER TO LORD ORRERY.

EXTRACT.

DUBLIN, *Oct.* 14, 1740.

AT my return from the north I found the enclosed letter from Mr. Pope,[1] which I beg your lordship will please to return to me, as also the volume of letters that I may send them as he desires.

34. LORD ORRERY TO FAULKNER.

CALEDON, *Oct.* 18, 1740.

MR. FAULKNER,—I send to you by this post, in four parcels, the printed letters which were left in my hands, and I hope and believe you will forward them to Mr. Pope by the first opportunity. There was no title-page, though it ought to be sent, if you have not torn it. Enclosed is Mr. Pope's [letter]. Pray tell me if they arrive safe.

35. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.[2]

Oct. 17, 1740.

MY LORD,—I can never enough thank you for the constancy and continuation of your lordship's favour and friendship to me. Every warm instance you give of it awakens the

cause to doubt the truthfulness of either Faulkner or Mrs. Whiteway, for no misstatement can be detected in their straightforward letters, which are an honourable contrast to the unceasing falsehoods of Pope. Mrs. Whiteway's qualities were of an order to call forth the warmest admiration of her son-in-law, Mr. D. Swift, who could not be ignorant of any defects she possessed, since she was domiciled with him at Worcester for the last seven years of her life, and died there in 1768. "She was," he says, "by far the greatest woman I ever knew, or rather, perhaps, she was one of the greatest that ever was born, as one day or other I shall make appear, if it please God that I shall live to write her character."

[1] The letter of Pope to Faulkner, dated Oct. 4.

[2] This is the reply to Lord Orrery's letter of Oct. 6. Pope had not yet received the letter of Oct. 10, and did not answer it till Oct. 25.

gratitude due for all the former. I am not able to express my concern that this trouble should be added to you (for I know the generosity of your heart has made it a serious one) at the time you had so much pain besides from the severe treatment of the gout. I heartily wish and pray for your entire recovery. I thought it unseasonable to write to your lordship instantly again, which I knew would only quicken your concern and labour in endeavouring to prevent what I so much apprehended. I am quite in doubt as to this whole transaction. It is certain they all knew how disagreeable this was to me from all that your lordship knows passed before, and I suspect whatever communication might be in England, it must have begun in Ireland.[1] The letter of which Faulkner sent me a copy, which was, they say, sent to the dean with the book, is plainly of Ireland by two or three tokens.[2] As to the gentleman who carried it, he was no acquaintance, as they pretend, of mine at Bath. I only saw him at London by the dean's recommendation, nor was I then, nor have been since at Bath, though I shall go soon.[3] Upon the whole I wish they would send me, or that your lordship would take it upon your-

[1] Pope is commenting on the announcement that the book came from England, and that Swift believed him to have been the sender of it.

[2] These tokens he particularises in his letter to Lord Orrery, Dec. 30, 1740.

[3] Faulkner mentioned among the reasons why Swift supposed Pope to have sent the letters that they were "left by an unknown hand" at the Bath lodging of Mr. Gerrard, and that Pope and Mr. Gerrard had been Bath acquaintances. Pope opposes to this inference the statement that he had only seen Mr. Gerrard in London, that he was not at Bath during Mr. Gerrard's stay there, and by implication that he was not likely to have forwarded a parcel to Mr. Gerrard's Bath lodging. His language was literally true, and the impression he meant to convey was intrinsically false. He had engaged Mr. Gerrard to give him notice of his return to Ireland "that he might charge him with a letter to the dean." He received the notice, and directed his answer to the Bath lodging, May 17, 1740, saying that he had already transmitted his letter to the dean by another "safe hand." He had bespoken Mr. Gerrard for his Irish messenger, had requested information of the day the messenger would set out, and at the last moment declared that he had no occasion for his services. Whoever sent the volume "by an unknown hand" to Mr. Gerrard wanted to secure a private carrier for the parcel, and to appear not to have employed him. Pope's conduct fulfilled the conditions, and in disguising his true relations with Mr. Gerrard, for the purpose of refuting the suspicion, he completely confirmed it.

self, the book itself in some shape or other, and that original letter by which I may probably discover whether it was really done here or there. I cannot conceive if here, why they have made a compliment of their edition to Faulkner, and not published it all this while.[1] Certainly from many things I hear, and particularly from two very extraordinary letters from Mrs. Whiteway, as well as from the account your lordship now gives of so many of the dean's manuscript volumes being stolen, the practice appears common on your side of the water of clandestinely secreting his papers, and of copying the very letters he sends to his friends, as well as stopping others from and to him, which that lady mentions.[2] But of her I beg you

[1] The design of Pope's letter was to overthrow the imputation that he had printed the correspondence, and sent the book to Swift. He was therefore trying to raise a presumption that, though the book was sent from England, it had been printed in Ireland. His argument consisted in stating a reason why it was inconceivable that "they," which stood for Mrs. Whiteway, should have prepared an English edition of the letters. This was totally irrelevant to his defence, which required that he should show that the book had not been printed in England by himself. It was easy to demonstrate that the conduct of the person who printed the book would have been irrational in Mrs. Whiteway, on the supposition that she had prepared an English edition, because the conduct would have been irrational in her on the supposition that she had printed it either in Ireland or England. Her only motive could be pecuniary gain, and she had not sold the work in England, where no edition appeared till Pope published his own, nor had she sold it in Ireland, where Swift presented the copyright to Faulkner. She had not only received nothing, but if she was the contriver of the plot, she had been at the wanton expenditure of printing an isolated copy which was of no sort of service to her. The conduct which would have been inexplicable in her was intelligible in Pope. To publish his letters without seeming to be the publisher was his abiding passion. He had been generally suspected of printing the P. T. impression which he laid upon Curll, and not daring to repeat the manœuvre, he calculated upon persuading Swift to print the new correspondence. Had Pope's English edition been struck from the same types as the copy he sent to Dublin it would have been apparent to Faulkner the moment the edition appeared that the primitive volume was Pope's production, and it was indispensable to his concealment that the original copy should not form part of his public edition. He did not even make a sacrifice of money to vanity. The Dublin edition was to be the parent of an English impression which would defray the cost of the isolated copy, and yield a profit besides.

[2] The theft of the dean's manuscript volumes was, we have seen, imaginary. Fresh charges are brought by Pope upon what purports to be Mrs. Whiteway's own authority. Some one about Swift copied his

to say not a word, for a reason I shall hereafter open to your lordship more at large. She has owned a large collection to be in her hands,[1] and promised Mr. Nugent and me full nine months to send them.[2] Her son-in-law was writing a preface to tell the world these letters were procured by the "corrupt practices of printers in London."[3] This he has owned to me,

letters to his friends, and stopped at discretion the letters he wrote, and the letters written to him. From the letter of Pope to Lord Orrery, Oct. 25, 1740, we learn that Mrs. Whiteway herself was the person who stopped the letters. Pope immediately adds, "All this shall be an inviolable secret between your lordship and me," and he instantly subjoins to the statement in the present letter, "But of her I beg you not to say a word." The reason he promises to give at large hereafter, which he never did. His true motive for imposing secrecy undoubtedly was that Mrs. Whiteway had not used the language he ascribed to her. In the narrative of Dec. 30, 1740, which was designed to be his public defence, he could not foist forged passages into her letters, and accordingly, while he quoted everything which could help his case, there is not one word of her "stopping letters to and from Swift." He took the hint for his fiction from the letter of Oct. 4, 1738, in which Lord Orrery says that Mrs. Whiteway "told him she had stopped the letter" of Swift informing Pope that his letters were in her possession. Though the phrase is ambiguous in Lord Orrery's imperfect report, she certainly did not mean that she had stopped Swift's letter without his knowledge, but that she had stopped his sending it by convincing him that the information was inaccurate. The letter went after all, and bears internal evidence of its history. It is dated Aug. 8, 1738, and in a postscript, dated Aug. 24, Swift said that he had shown the letter to Mrs. Whiteway, and would, if possible, correct the blunders. He had kept the letter back in consequence of her remonstrance, and sent it at the end of three weeks without showing it to her again, satisfied to have added in a postscript what he wrongly fancied was a full correction of his mistake. Had Mrs. Whiteway intercepted Swift's letters at her will the letter would never have gone.

[1] This is Pope's version of Mrs. Whiteway's announcement, "I have several of your letters."

[2] Three months went by before Mr. Nugent delivered Mrs. Whiteway's message to Pope. She did not think it safe to act without Pope's authority under his own hand, and nearly three months more elapsed before he wrote. At the end of six months out of the nine he agreed to the proposal that the letters should go by Mr. M'Aulay, and the remaining delay was occasioned by the postponement of Mr. M'Aulay's journey. With guilty reasons for withholding the letters, Mrs. Whiteway would not have wantonly informed Pope that she possessed them. Pope avows that the purpose of his argument was to criminate "those about the dean," and to this end he magnified "several letters" into "a large collection," and implied that the "collection" had been detained for nine months through the designed neglect of Mrs. Whiteway to fulfil her promise.

[3] Mr. D. Swift knew that the book had not been concocted in Ireland, and he did not conceive at the outset

but I begged him not till I could be convinced it was true. I must remark that in the two sheets Faulkner sent me are some notes plainly Irish,[1] and, what is very observable, a whole long letter of the dean's which I can swear I never received.[2] Putting this together I must doubt the conduct of those about the dean more than any casual stealths.[3] But till I see the book I can judge little. And can anything be more strange, and unjustifiable, after all their pretences to civility and regard for me, than that in all this time they never would send it?[4] I wish to God you would be so good to score over the passages which you find improper or indiscreet, either in the dean's or my letters. I fear it will be but a necessary care; for whether this book be printed in England or Ireland, with, or without confederacy of people there, come out it certainly will one time or other, and I cannot but wish, for his sake as well as mine, the expunctions were made ready forthwith against all

that Pope could have perpetrated the fraud. The preface was to be a defence both of Pope and the dean, and the return Pope made was to insinuate that Mr. Swift's object in throwing the blame upon "the printers in London" was to hide his own guilt. The proffered service could not be expected to call forth the gratitude of Pope. He was labouring to shift the scene of the plot to Ireland, and he dreaded a defence which would reveal that it had been hatched in England.

[1] Faulkner said in the title-page of his reprint that he had "added several notes not in the London edition." They are few, and insignificant, and have not the remotest bearing on the origin of the clandestine volume.

[2] The letter dated Jan. 10, 1721. The basis of it was an unpublished pamphlet, written by Swift, shortly after the death of Queen Anne, in defence of his political principles and conduct. As the letter was a manifesto, which formed no part of his familiar correspondence, Swift, upon reflection, may not have sent it at the time, but may have carried it to England, with several other manuscripts, in 1726 or 27.

[3] This is said in reply to Lord Orrery's remark, "I have read the letters over, and can plainly see they are stolen."

[4] In his first letter to Faulkner Pope expressed a wish to see the clandestine volume, and Faulkner immediately answered that he would send it by any conveyance Pope appointed. On Oct. 4, and not before, Pope wrote to Faulkner directing him to send the book by Mr. M'Aulay. It was now Oct. 17, and if the volume had been in Dublin, instead of with Lord Orrery at Caledon, where it had been left by Pope's desire, and if the moment the order arrived Mr. M'Aulay had been in readiness to embark, and had gone straight to Twickenham, the book could barely have reached its destination before the reproachful question was asked, "Can anything be more strange and unjustifiable than that in all this time they never would send it?" In

events.[1] I think as I am equally concerned in this case with the dean I have a right to expect a revisal of the book in time, nor will it otherwise be in Faulkner's power to do me that justice, if indeed it be printed in London.[2] And it is ridiculous in him first to have asked my consent to what I had not read,[3] then to proceed to print it before I gave him any,[4] and since to offer me a revisal in order to correct what is not in his power to suppress.[5] He must have received my last

the absence of any indications of guilt, Pope studiously misrepresented the facts that they might wear a guilty appearance.

[1] Pope wanted a pretext for complaining that his letters were published against his will, and Faulkner disconcerted his plan by writing to ask his consent. He refused it, and at the same time set Lord Orrery to foster hopes in the expectation that Faulkner would be encouraged to renew his solicitations. He was less eager, and more submissive than Pope anticipated. "He has laid aside," Lord Orrery wrote, Oct. 6, "all thoughts of continuing that design without your full leave and permission," and Pope was reduced to alter his language, and argue that publication was inevitable. He is confident that the book will come out any how, and cannot conceal his determination to aid in fulfilling his own forebodings.

[2] He means that if the clandestine volume was printed in London, Faulkner could only render him justice by bringing out a revised text in Ireland before the unrevised text was published in England. Pope's insincerity in pretending that he wished the letters to be revised was soon apparent. His clamour was a feint, first to keep up the air of not having had any share in preparing the clandestine volume, next to propagate the belief that the letters were the careless expression of his unpremeditated thoughts, and lastly, to serve as a temporary excuse for favouring the project of Faulkner's reprint.

[3] Swift conjectured that the letters came from Pope. Under this persuasion he sent them to the press, and would naturally have communicated his belief to Faulkner when he gave him the book. As Pope was answering the letter in which Lord Orrery acquainted him with Swift's conviction, he must have perceived, that in requesting his direct consent, Faulkner assumed him to be familiar with the contents of the work.

[4] In the postscript to the present letter Pope no longer disguises his willingness that Faulkner should publish the correspondence, "though I could not," he says, "give him my consent in form." The policy which he openly avowed to Lord Orrery was the reasonable inference from his silence when Faulkner originally asked his consent. The really ridiculous conduct was for Pope to profess alarm lest his letters should be published, and then send a dilatory answer by a circuitous route, with the evident risk that the printing would go forward in the interval under the belief that he did not intend to forbid the work.

[5] That is, since Faulkner had no power to suppress the unrevised volume, it was ridiculous in him to make the offer of printing his edition from Pope's revised text. This revision which Pope now deems ridiculous because useless, he, in the previous sentence, insists, is an im-

letter at least in good time (though the first was pleaded to be long retarded) and in that I accepted his offer, and desired him to send it.[1] Therefore your lordship in transmitting it to me will do no more than what he promised himself to do.[2] I am sorry to tire you, and ashamed. The few lines following shall only tell my high sense of the obligation you lay upon your lordship's ever obliged, affectionate, constant servant.

[3] I beg my Lady Orrery may be assured of my sincere and respectful services. When will the time come that I may hope to see you both here?

Though I would give your lordship as little trouble to write as possible in your present condition, I beg just three lines by the next post to tell me if any of those letters of that six years' chasm (which the dean told us formerly were missing) are to be found in this book, and if any of those are there which your lordship brought over to me? These two particulars will very much aid my guess. If the book were sure to be published in London, though I could not give Faulkner my consent in form, yet, as he has the dean's, I should prefer him to another, provided your lordship would be so good as to expunge for me. But in this no time should be lost. They

portant precaution, and essential to doing him justice. "Guilt," says Burke, "was never a rational thing; it distorts all the faculties of the mind, it perverts them, it leaves a man no longer in the free use of his reason; it puts him into confusion. He has recourse to such miserable and absurd expedients for covering his guilt, as all those, who are used to sit in the seat of judgment, know to have been the cause of detection of half the villanies in the world."

[1] He must have received, that is, Pope's letter, which was written on Oct. 4, "in good time" for the volume to have reached Twickenham before Oct. 17. Pope says in the next letter, "In general I find great delays in the post to and from Ireland," and yet his present outcry against Faulkner had no other foundation than that, in less than a fortnight, a letter had not gone from Twickenham to Faulkner at Dublin, and from Faulkner to Lord Orrery at Caledon, and then a book from Caledon to Dublin, and from Dublin by a messenger, whose day of departure was undetermined, to Twickenham. In effect Faulkner, who was from home, did not get Pope's letter till Oct. 14, and Mr. M'Aulay did not visit England for months to come.

[2] Pope is reverting to the request in the earlier part of his letter that Lord Orrery would send the book which had been entrusted to his keeping by Faulkner.

[3] This postscript is not in the volume of Pope's autograph letters, but is preserved in the copy.

might be sent under your frank by post. I have had no more than the two first sheets from Faulkner, though he promised to send the rest by two posts more.[1]

36. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

Oct. 25, 1740.

MY LORD,—Your letter with that of Mrs. W[hiteway] enclosed came to my hands but this day, and in general I find great delays by the post to and from Ireland. I answered your Lordship's former letter, with Faulkner's enclosed, the same day I received it also, and in that opened my thought so fully to you that I need say little here, only you will find that we think as much alike in this as I hope we do in other things, or I must think very wrong. The lady had made just the same protestations to me, but with one or two circumstances so strong that I was overdosed, as for instance, "that though she had secreted the book she had not once looked into it, she disapproved it so much," though she had never read it.[2] She took great pains to insinuate the copies of the letters must come from England as well as the book, which I know to be impossible, because even in the first two sheets (the only ones sent me to this day printed by Faulkner), there is a letter of the dean's which I never had; nor, indeed, is it possible they should be copied from my papers, for I burned almost all long ago, and particularly those your lordship brought over,[3] which makes me wish you could tell me if any of those are in their book? If so, they kept them from being sent till

[1] Two sheets were all he had printed.

[2] Mrs. Whiteway knew that the book had been printed without the consent of Swift, and at first supposed that it had not the sanction of Pope. To print the private correspondence of living men without their leave was an unwarrantable act, and the condemnation of the proceeding did not require that Mrs. Whiteway should have read the letters, as Pope confessed by his own simulated indignation when he was told of the clandestine volume.

[3] Lord Orrery says to Pope, Oct. 10, 1740, "I asked Faulkner in a careless manner what Mrs. Whiteway's opinion was of these letters. He told me she was fully persuaded you published them in England, and sent them to the dean." Pope is replying to the letter which contained this imputation upon his honour, and his rejoinder is a poor evasion of the charge. He goes back to the

they were copied there, and I need in such case enquire no further on this side the water for a plagiary.[1] Mrs. W[hiteway] in two letters to me on this occasion betrays that it "has been long the practice of the dean and herself to open each other's letters, and to stop some both to and from him."[2] But all this shall be an inviolable secret between your lordship and

abstract position of Mrs. Whiteway that "the copies of the letters must have come from England," and after she had impeached his personal honesty, treats her opinion as if it related to some anonymous thief. He sinks his moral reputation in a subordinate enquiry, affects to be an independent, impartial witness, and appeals triumphantly to his own secret, unconfirmed knowledge. He neither preserved a contemptuous silence, nor met the opprobrious accusation with manly directness, but, shirking the one momentous point, addressed his argument to a false issue, which is equivalent to confessing that he had no defence.

[1] But the question was whether he did not print the letters himself, and this question he ignores. His remark besides was absurd. If the volume contained letters of which Swift had not returned the originals, Pope would have said that the "plagiary" could not be "on this side the water," and since he arrived at the same conclusion if any of the letters were taken from the originals Swift returned, it was immaterial to which class the letters belonged. Returned or unreturned they alike proved, in Pope's view, that "the plagiary" was in Dublin, and the information he requested could not be needed for its pretended purpose.

[2] Pope could not mean what he says, that Swift joined with Mrs. Whiteway in stopping the letters to and from himself, and the sense intended must be that the letters were stopped by Mrs. Whiteway alone. This assertion we have already examined, and there remains the allegation that "it had been long the practice of the dean and herself to open each other's letters." The statement was one half false, and wholly false in the sense for which Pope adduced it. He quotes in his narrative of Dec. 30, 1740, the passage from Mrs. Whiteway's letter which was manifestly the foundation for his exaggerated version, and her own expressions are, that "if he had any commands to her he might direct them more safely to Faulkner than to the deanery, where they would be opened." There is not a word of a "long practice," not a word of her opening the letters to the dean, not a word to imply that she intended to do more than intimate that Swift in his dotage had lost the moral sense of the distinction between her letters and his, and fancied that all the letters which came to his house came in effect to him. Pope was insinuating that Mrs. Whiteway was the "plagiary" who printed the letters, and to support his indictment he resolved to produce her own testimony that the originals had passed through her hands. The fact that her letters were opened by Swift was nothing to the purpose, and to force her in spite of her silence to bear witness against herself, Pope doubled her statement, and said her language "betrayed" that the practice was reciprocal. The material part of the evidence was interpolated, and if genuine would not have sustained his conclusion. Assuming that he had

me. Perhaps the gentleman whom they untruly told you I knew at Bath, or Mr. Swift, if he has been in England lately (in which case I wonder he did not make me the compliment of a visit, since they both talk of it in their letter as so great a pleasure)—perhaps some agency has been on foot with printers here.[1] But I will not be too censorious. I think it very possible to be printed here,[2] but sure I am the papers must be stolen in Ireland. And I am convinced upon the whole of the necessity of their being revised, and expunctions made forthwith, to be ready whenever they publish them here.[3] I begged your lordship in this to stand in my stead, and cut out every thing you think proper, in my letters at least, and why not in the dean's? If he be in the condition she describes, it is the part of a friend to do that for him, which he wants ability or memory to do for himself. I see no harm in Faulkner's printing such an edition, provided I do not revise it myself (which would be construed as tantamount to publishing it), and when it is done by F[aulkner] with the known consent of the dean, I may suffer it here without imputation as being really past my power to prevent.[4] So F[aulkner] will gain this point to have the first impression; the dean will never miss what is left out, nor should I quarrel with your lordship though you

not concocted the clandestine volume, he had at least seen the first two sheets of Faulkner's reprint, and knew that the letters commenced in 1714. He also knew that Mrs. Whiteway did not become intimate with Swift till many years later, and she could not possibly have acquired the bulk of the collection either through the practice of opening Swift's letters with his consent, or stopping letters to and from him without it.

[1] Suppose that Pope contrived the clandestine volume, and it follows that he first made Mr. Gerard his unconscious agent to carry the book to Swift, and next made Mr. Gerard's act the pretext for suggesting that he was the person who got the volume printed.

[2] Pope suited the convenience of the moment in favouring or scouting the suggestion that the book was printed in London. He admitted the notion now in order that an impending London edition might be a plea for permitting the reprint of Faulkner.

[3] What protection could there be in printing a mutilated edition in Dublin after a complete edition had appeared in London? The futility of the expedient exposed its hollowness.

[4] His whole design breaks out in this sentence. He was proceeding in the publication of the Swift letters upon the identical principle which governed him in the publication of the Wycherley correspondence, and the P. T. volume.

left out all mine entirely. But all this while, my lord, guess in what a situation I must be who cannot get any sight or account what the things really are that the whole world is to read as mine?[1] I wish your lordship did but in two words tell me what your opinion of them is, and whether there be anything offensive (very idle I am sure there must) in my own? And what are those of Lord Bolingbroke, and of what dates? If they are merely familiar without any very exceptionable passages, the method I have proposed will be best, and without Faulkner's knowledge your lordship may send me the sheets. If they contain any strong reflections, or are within six or seven years of the queen's death, I must have nothing to say to them, and will write instantly to Lord Bolingbroke.[2] In such case I hope you would have no scruple to burn the book that the dean at least, or his guardians, may not see it more, and whenever it appears I must prosecute the publisher.[3]

[1] Pope's real object, and acted part were perpetually in conflict. He had one moment to countenance an edition of his letters lest the scheme should drop through, and another moment to feign alarm or dislike lest his guilt should be detected. Here we have Pope in consternation and distress because he "cannot get any sight or account what the things really are that the whole world are to read as his," and just before he had said with unmixed complacency that "he could see no harm in Faulkner's printing an edition" of these very "things."

[2] Pope accused Swift of sending the letters to be printed without his consent. He condemned the breach of faith and sometimes censured Swift, and sometimes pitied the mental eclipse which was responsible for his error. Nearly three months had gone by since Pope was told that there were some letters of Bolingbroke in the clandestine volume, and wilfully keeping him in ignorance, he imitated the offence he mourned or branded in Swift, and deliberately sanctioned the publication of another man's letters. Bolingbroke might have exerted his veto in earnest, and Pope would not run the risk of his interference.

[3] For the letters of Bolingbroke in his exile before he negociated a pardon, might be supposed to abound in violent tirades against the king and his government. Queen Anne died Aug., 1714, and Bolingbroke's first letter in the clandestine volume was written in Aug. 1723, after he had received his pardon, and had come back to England. Thus Pope reserved his valiant language for a blank. If there was a letter from Bolingbroke during a period when there was no letter, the printer was to be prosecuted, and the volume abjured and burnt. The letters of Bolingbroke which did appear are among the hundred circumstances that establish the criminality of Pope. All Bolingbroke's letters but one were written in conjunction with Pope, and of this one there is a transcript in the Oxford papers. It was the answer to a letter Swift addressed to Pope, and on this

I re-enclose the lady's letter.[1] All the while I have been writing my heart was full of a desire to employ the paper, in the fullness of my gratitude, with the warmest expressions of all your goodness, care, and honour in this affair of mine. On whatever side I turn it, I find cause to thank, to love, and to esteem you. Whatever uneasiness I feel in the anxious uncertainty of this most awkward situation, and in the whole conduct of my poor departed friend (for so I may call the dean), it is overpaid with the joy I receive in knowing by this accident that my Lady Orrery is just upon making you the most agreeable present, and which most strongly cements that union of hearts which you already enjoy.[2] May that, and every blessing be accumulated upon you and her. I must entreat your lordship that the next obligation you lay upon me may be the news of her happy hour, and of the continuance of her welfare. I am, with all truth, my lord, your faithfullest and most obliged servant.

37. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

CALEDON, *Oct.* 27, 1740.

I AM entirely of your opinion, sir, that this dark affair has been transacted on this side of the water, but as I read the letters but once over, it is impossible to tell you whether there are any among them during the chasm you mention. The letters I brought over to you were delivered sealed up to me, but I hope you will have received this mysterious collection even before this reaches your hands. I sent them to Faulkner to be forwarded to you two posts ago, upon sight of a letter from you to him desiring them immediately. I write by this post to know if he has performed his promise, nor shall I be

account Bolingbroke probably gave Pope a copy. The joint letters returned by Swift to Pope, and the solitary letter he owed to Bolingbroke, were the only portions of Bolingbroke's letters to Swift which Pope could command. These were exactly the letters which appeared in the printed volume, and it follows that they were derived from Pope's collection, and not from Swift's.

[1] The letter of Mrs. Whiteway to Lord Orrery, Oct. 7, 1740.

[2] Lady Orrery shortly afterwards gave birth to a daughter, Lady Catherine Boyle.

easy till I hear they are in your possession. Had the book been Faulkner's instead of the dean's I would have sent it directly.[1] But the dean's name is constantly made use of on these occasions, and such pains taken to insinuate into him suspicions of his friend that I was obliged to obey the summons. As to the letter delivered with the printed book I never saw it. If you will have me write to the dean for it I will obey you in that, or any other particular. I am really and heartily vexed at this whole affair. I see it is aimed to hurt you, and all the art and malice exerted that is possible. I wish, and hope you will discover it plainly. Lady Orrery is much obliged to you for your kind remembrance. We hope to see you next summer. In the meantime, wherever we are, believe us, dear sir, devotedly yours.

38. POPE TO FAULKNER.

Nov. 4, [1740.]

SIR,—I received yours but yesterday, and opened. I have never received any letter from Ireland of late in less than a month after the date.[2] However, as I desired before, pray send what sheets you have printed by post,[3] directed to me under cover to Ralph Allen, Esq., postmaster at Bath, but no letter with them. Whatever you write, address under cover to Lord Oxford, and send to him the original letter[4] I desired, which the people writ to the dean, (by which I fancy I may discover something further,) as also those letters which Mrs. Whiteway intended me by Mr. M'Aulay. Whatever I determine upon sight of the book, (till when I can determine nothing,) no pre-

[1] Direct to Pope, instead of through the medium of Faulkner.

[2] In summer Dublin was about five days' post from London. In bad weather the packet-boats were often delayed, but it was rare in the stormy season for letters to be more than ten or eleven days in their transit. No trust can be placed in Pope's account of the periods at which he received or sent letters.

[3] Faulkner had only reprinted two sheets, and as these had been dispatched long ago, he understood the expression "what sheets you have printed" to mean the printed sheets of the clandestine volume.

[4] The letter sent with the clandestine volume.

judice shall arise to you for the deference you show to, sir, your humble servant.

As soon as I have seen these letters I will give the dean my full thoughts upon them. In the meantime assure him my whole heart is his, and my sincere love shall attend him to the last moment of his, or my life. I could abide, I think, by my Lord Orrery's judgment in this, even more than by my own, if he will be at the trouble of giving it me upon his perusal of the book, and pray tell his lordship so.

39. FAULKNER TO LORD ORRERY.

DUBLIN, *Nov.* 6, 1740.

MY LORD,—I most heartily congratulate you on the birth of Lady Catherine, and hope that her ladyship and Lady Orrery are both in good health. When I returned from the north I immediately sent a letter to Mr. Pope to let him know that I would send the letters under cover to him, or in any other manner he thought proper, and at the same time let him know that Mr. M'Aulay would not go to London this year. I mention this to your lordship because I have not received his answer. Therefore I shall be advised in any manner your lordship thinks proper to forward them to him, and I do assure your lordship that I have not made the least progress in them since I had the honour of being at Caledon. The book had no title-page, of which I informed Mr. Pope.[1] * * * I am, my lord, etc.

40. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

CALEDON, *Nov.* 8, 1740.

SIR,—I have of late constantly writ to you under some uneasiness either of mind or body, and it is still my doom, but I will act for you in all circumstances as zealously and as faith-

[1] In returning Faulkner the clandestine volume on Oct. 18 Lord Orrery had said, "There was no title-page, though it ought to be sent if you have not torn it."

fully as I can. By this day's post I received a letter from Faulkner. He tells me he has not sent you the letters. I will send for them directly, and, unknown to him, transmit them to you. Make what alterations you think proper, and return them to me. The alterations, omissions, and additions shall, if you will have it so appear to Faulkner to be mine;[1] or act in this matter as you think fit, and I will obey whatever commands you lay upon me. I cannot say more at present. My second son is ill of the small pox. My whole life and comfort is wrapped up in my wife and children, so that my present anxiety is as great as possible. Lady Orrery and my new born daughter are both well. Your friendship for us is infinitely obliging. I will send the letters as soon as possible. Adieu.

41. LORD ORRERY TO FAULKNER.

CALEDON, *Nov.* 8, 1740.

MR. FAULKNER,—I desire and insist you will without the least delay send me those letters you left here with me, and which I sent to you to be sent to Mr. Pope. I will be answerable for them, and endeavour to serve you, but I cannot be particular now for reasons I cannot give you.[2] I hope to receive the letters on Thursday. I am Mrs. Faulkner's, and your faithful, humble servant.

42. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

CALEDON, *Nov.* 12, 1740.

I HAVE endeavoured to compose myself as much as possible under the anxiety I suffer for my son, (who, I thank God,

[1] This is a reply to Pope's letter of Oct. 25, in which he says that he would not revise the printed volume himself, and requests Lord Orrery "to stand in his stead, and cut out everything he thinks proper."

[2] That is, he cannot be particular in mentioning why he wants back the clandestine letters. The secret reason is stated in the previous letter. He intended to transmit the volume covertly to Pope who was to be supposed not to have seen it, and all his "alterations, omissions, and additions" were to pass for the work of Lord Orrery.

though extremely full of a very bad kind of small pox, is as yet free from any dangerous symptoms) to answer some particulars in your letter. I must begin by saying I think the whole collection of those letters which I read are unworthy to be published.[1] They are only private familiarities between friends, in which the public cannot be interested or engaged. The great names affixed to them raise expectations in people, and the subject matter of the epistles will not answer those expectations. If I remember right, for I read them over but once, they begin early in the year 1715, or thereabouts. In yours there is nothing imprudent, nor can you write but what must please. Yet surely they were never meant for print. In the dean's are some sharp sayings of a very high nature, and what may give room for his enemies to alarm, if not to molest him. Lord Bolingbroke's show him a tender husband, and a firm friend. I do not remember that any of his are to be objected to, except in the general objection to the whole, that they are trifling. Mr. Gay's do him no honour as a wit, but they are, as they must be, the letters of an honest man. There are great chasms in the collection which show them snatched and stolen at different times.

[1] The scheme Pope developed in his letter to Lord Orrery, Sept. 3, 1740, had broken down. Faulkner, upon receiving Pope's negative did not clamour for leave to go on with the reprint. He was only too deferential. In place of the permission which was to have been wrung from Pope by Lord Orrery's intercessions, Pope was compelled to stir the subject himself, and invite Lord Orrery to determine whether the letters should appear. "I can see no harm." Pope said, Oct. 25, "in Faulkner's printing such an edition," and he presently subjoined, "I wish your lordship did but in two words tell me what your opinion of them is." He naturally expected that the select letters he esteemed so highly would find favour with Lord Orrery, and that a person who thus far had been his pliant instrument would at once accept an intimation to advocate Faulkner's reprint. Having prompted Lord Orrery, the next step was to write to Faulkner, and let him know that Lord Orrery was to pronounce the decision. "I could abide, I think," Pope said, Nov. 4, "by my Lord Orrery's judgment in this, even more than by my own, if he will be at the trouble of giving it me upon his perusal of the book, and pray tell his lordship so." As in the September plan, Lord Orrery was to be made responsible for the publication of the letters. He had read them in the interval, had formed a low opinion of them, and had the resolution to write with unusual freedom and independence, "I think the whole collection of those letters are unworthy to be published."

I cannot see how you will hinder their being published, though it is probable whilst there is negociation on foot between you and the lady they will not come out. You shall have them the moment Faulkner returns them to me, and then do with them as you think fit, and any alterations you may desire may appear to be mine, only in that case I must insist upon striking out some passages in your letters where I am mentioned too much to my honour. In short my heart, my hand, my name is at your service, well knowing that they can never be more honourably employed. I am sorry I returned them to Faulkner, but I could not avoid keeping my promise of delivering them, when either you or the dean sent for them, and I know he dare not proceed without your leave or mine. I cannot answer for my judgment in what ought, or ought not to appear, but I will answer for my secresy if you will make what alterations you think proper. Your letters are too long in coming to me. Where they stop I know not. I believe on this side, for in this kingdom no villainy is left unpractised. I can no more at present, especially as my poor child is rather worse. Believe me, dear sir, in all circumstances, and I have seldom been in a more melancholy situation, your faithful and obedient.

I send you a piece of a poem (for you have seen the whole of it in England) to which your name is not now prefixed, and the letter I received with it yesterday from Faulkner.[1]

[1] The poem, I presume, was a new edition of the verses on the Death of Dr. Swift. Various editions had already appeared. The verses were first published in London by Dr. King, Jan. 1739. He omitted more than a hundred lines, "in deference," he says, "to Mr. Pope's judgment, and the opinions of others of the dean's friends." In a letter to Mrs. Whiteway, March 8, 1739, King particularises the "opinions," and they are the counterpart of Pope's criticisms in his letter to Lord Orrery, Sept. 25, 1738. The "friends" objected that the "latter part of the poem might be thought by the public a little vain," and that the lines

> He lashed the vice, but spared the name, &c.

"were not a just part of his character, because several persons had been lashed by name." Swift's boast was obnoxious to Pope, who had followed and defended the opposite practice. Annoyed at the liberties King had taken in mutilating the poem, Swift immediately commissioned Faulkner to publish a complete edition, which came out in Dublin, Feb. 1739.

43. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

CALEDON, *Friday, Nov.* 14, 1740.

IN nine packets you will receive the letters which are printed.[1] It is impossible, I think, to say where. This is the tenth parcel that goes directed to you under my hand and seal by this post. The printed letters were sent to me yesterday by Faulkner, and I am answerable to him for them. He knows not that I have sent them to you, and therefore do with them as you think fit. I will act wholly in this affair as you, in your better judgment, shall command me. They will certainly appear. If you can find out a method that they may appear more to your satisfaction than in their present shape, though I apprehend that whatever is done in the case must be done soon, make use of me, and my name, as I hinted in my last, in what manner you please. I have not read them a second time. I have sealed them as they came to me, looking only at the first and last page. I am in too great anxiety of mind to do anything that requires calmness or thought. I write to you in confusion, but I write to you as I always do with a sincere heart, and with an earnest desire to serve you in whatever method you shall point out. My son continues dangerously ill, and except to yourself on this occasion I could not summon up sedateness of thought enough to compose three lines. These, I fear, are scarce intelligible. Accept them, dear sir, from your faithful and obedient.

44. LORD ORRERY TO FAULKNER.

CALEDON, *Nov.* 15, 1740.

MR. FAULKNER,—The parcels you sent to me arrived very safe. I am answerable for them, and whatever turn this affair may take, I will endeavour to do you service in it, but at

[1] The clandestine letters, which were either sent originally in loose sheets from England, or else the book had been since unstitched that it might be transmitted by post.

present I am not in a condition to think of anything, my son continuing dangerously ill, in a very bad kind of small pox, and till he is recovered I can neither read, write, nor sleep.

45. FAULKNER TO LORD ORRERY.

Nov. 15, 1740.

MY LORD,—I hope you received the letters safe that I sent by post. I got the enclosed letter from Mr. Pope by the last packet. That your lordship may be convinced that I design to act with honour by that gentleman, if you will please to give yourself the trouble to direct the letters to him as he desires, I shall take it as a particular favour, because if any miscarriage should happen your lordship can justify my conduct.[1] I asked Mrs. Whiteway for the letter which Mr. Pope desires, and she says she sent it to Caledon. If your lordship ever received it, pray send it to him. I hope, my lord, you will not take these freedoms ill, as I know your friendship for that gentleman, and the great favours conferred on me.

46. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

Nov. 15, 1740.

MY LORD,—You lay your commands upon me to tell you if the letters are at last in my possession. They are not, though your lordship sent them two posts before the 27th of last month,[2] and yours of that date I have but this day received. There has been all along so much shuffling in this whole conduct that I can bear to cajole them no longer, and shall give

[1] Lord Orrery wrote to Faulkner for the letters on Nov. 8, and after they were gone Faulkner received Pope's letter of Nov. 4, bidding him send them "directed under cover to Ralph Allen, Esq." Faulkner was not aware that Lord Orrery had got back the letters for the purpose of transmitting them to Pope,—"he knows not that I have sent them to you,"—and he therefore requests Lord Orrery "to direct the letters to Pope as he desires."

[2] Sent them, that is, to Faulkner, who wrote and asked for them on Oct. 14, in obedience to Pope's letter of Oct. 4, ordering him to forward them to England by Mr. M'Aulay. They had since gone back again to Lord Orrery, who finally sent them to Pope by post on Nov. 14.

it quite up.[1] Upon the whole I am monstrously used, and their treachery and mean flattery is more provoking than the injury itself, great as it is. But the satisfaction I derive from the zeal and friendship your lordship has shown me on this occasion is a reward for all the disagreeable treatment I undergo. My chief concern, I protest to you, is for the poor dean, who is abused in the manner you have told me, and doubtless will be more abused at last in his fortune as well as in his writings.[2] I could justify myself better but that I cannot take any step that might hurt him.[3] And though I might

[1] Without mentioning any alternative, Pope originally directed Faulkner to send the letters by Mr. M'Aulay, whose time of departure was undetermined, and who was found upon enquiry to have put off his journey till the following year. Faulkner immediately applied to Pope for fresh orders. These are dated Nov. 4, and are unaccompanied by the slightest trace of dissatisfaction. Nevertheless on Nov. 15, before the letters could have reached Pope under the second arrangement, he did exactly as he had done under the first arrangement, and launched out into a denunciation of Faulkner's "shuffling" because they had not arrived. Faulkner had punctiliously obeyed his instructions, and Pope was repeating his artifice of attempting to create a false semblance of guilt. His outcry against "their treachery" to *him* is curiously conjoined with the acknowledgment of his own double-dealing towards *them*, —"I can bear to *cajole* them no longer." The "mean flattery" which he says they bestowed upon him does not appear in the letters, and was probably not more real than the "treachery."

[2] "Abused" was formerly employed in the now obsolete sense of "deceived." Jeremy Taylor, Duct. Dub. Bk. 1, chap. iv.: "Sometimes it happens what Aristotle said, that 'false things are made more probable than true;' as it is to all them who are innocently and invincibly abused." Bk. 3, chap. iii.: "The gnostics abused their disciples by a pretence of humility." Bk. 4, chap. i.: "But suppose we were deceived and abused by error." The noun "abuse" had a corresponding signification with the verb. Lord Bacon, Advancement of Learning: "In all causes the first tale possesseth much; in such sort that the prejudice thereby wrought will be hardly removed, except some abuse or falsity in the information be detected." Lord Orrery said in his letter of Oct. 27 that "pains were taken to insinuate into Swift suspicions of his friend," that is, to convince him that Pope had printed the clandestine volume. Pope replies that he pities the poor dean who can be thus deluded, and prognosticates that those who have pilfered his letters will at last trick him out of his money.

[3] Pope was under no restraint in his private correspondence with Lord Orrery, and there we see that the best justification he could devise was to tell falsehoods, of which his present plea is one. The vaunt was heartless and hypocritical that he curtailed his defence out of tenderness to his friend, and preferred to incur a wrongful imputation rather than establish his innocence at the cost of the smallest injury to Swift. If for an instant we

resent his neglect (which I should call by a harder name, were he not in his present condition) in not once acquainting me before he gave these letters out of his and my power into that of a bookseller,[1] yet I am as much concerned that anything which can be improper should appear in his name as in my own. For myself I can be indifferent if my letters are no more than dull, and free from any of those strokes, which, in the carelessness of a familiar correspondence, may make any honest

admit that Pope did not print the letters, the fact would remain that he diligently promulgated falsehoods to clear himself, and fix a fabricated charge upon his friend. From the mere existence of the clandestine volume Pope derived arguments for allowing Faulkner to proceed with the reprint. Swift had precisely the same excuse for granting in the first instance the same permission, except that, in the decay of his intellect, he thought it sufficient to be inwardly satisfied of Pope's connivance without asking his formal assent,—an omission which was repaired through the interference of Mrs. Whiteway. The commonest honesty required from Pope the avowal that Swift had only given up a printed volume to be reprinted, that the permission did not take effect, and that the reprint ultimately went forward because he himself chose to renew Swift's suspended sanction. He concealed, on the contrary, from all the persons who were not of necessity in the secret the existence of the clandestine volume, implied that Faulkner's edition was printed by Swift's direction from the manuscripts, professed to have reprobated and prohibited this edition throughout, and by these untruths threw off the suspicion from himself upon the stricken friend, who, disabled in body and mind, could not utter a word in his own vindication.

[1] At the moment Pope takes credit for a chivalrous self-sacrifice in screening Swift, he ascribes to his conduct an injury which was imaginary. Pope contended that the clandestine volume must be one of an edition already printed either in Dublin, London, or both. He therefore insisted that the work could not be suppressed and would certainly come out. According to Pope's own argument Swift's disposal of the clandestine volume had nothing to do with putting the "letters out of his and my power into that of a bookseller." They were "out of his and my power" before the volume came into the hands of Swift. Nor if Pope had believed that no other copy existed could he have truly asserted that Swift's conduct had put the volume "out of their power." Swift consigned it to Faulkner in the conviction that Pope edited it, and without Pope's direct warrant Faulkner would not reprint it. But though Pope contradicted himself in alleging that the gift of the letters to Faulkner was the occasion of their being put out of the power of their authors, he might, were he innocent, have reasonably "resented Swift's neglect" in not first consulting him had Swift been any longer a responsible person. He was not, and his "present condition" much more than forbade that "his neglect should be called by a harder name," — it cancelled the neglect altogether, and there was harshness in Pope's idea that the neglect might still have been justly resented, and could only be overlooked through a generous forbearance.

man uneasy who was never meant to see them. If ever I should be forced by their publication to expose the proceeding of these people, some letters which I have of the dean's, which I dare believe they have not printed, and one of your lordship's in 1737 or '38, in which you gave me permission to join your testimony to the truth, will be sufficient to manifest the whole conduct.[1] But this I will not do without your lordship's consent, nor unless I am quite compelled to it.

Let me turn from this disagreeable subject to express my sincerest joy for my Lady Orrery's happy delivery. I hope she is in the best condition possible, and that every additional blessing may be heaped upon you and her. Be so just to me as to tell me that, and any other good news of a family I so truly respect, and so heartily pray for. I am, my lord, your most obliged, faithful, humble servant.

47. LORD ORRERY TO FAULKNER.

CALEDON, *Nov.* 19, 1740.

MR. FAULKNER,—I return to you Mr. Pope's letter.[2] I am not able to write myself, but I wish you would let him know from me that the distressful situation I have been lately in (for my son has been in extreme danger), has rendered my mind and body very incapable of doing any business. I have the letters safe, and when I can compose myself sufficiently to know what I read, I shall obey his commands,[3] but it will be a work of time before I can bring back my peace of mind, and

[1] They were the letters which first appeared in Pope's avowed edition of the Swift correspondence, and are printed, he says, "a little to clear up the history of the publication." They will later contribute to the accumulated proofs that the clandestine volume originated with Pope.

[2] The letter dated Nov. 4.

[3] Pope, in his letter to Faulkner, bid him ask Lord Orrery to read the clandestine volume, and determine what should be done with it. Lord Orrery had already performed the task, and had written his opinion on Nov. 12. Here, seven days later, he says that he will "obey (Pope's) commands when he can compose himself sufficiently to know what he reads." On Nov. 14 he sent Pope the letters. Here, on Nov. 19, he says, "I have the letters safe," that Faulkner might not suspect they had been forwarded to Twickenham. No one could long be the steady agent of Pope, and not be involved in his duplicity.

reassume my former happiness. Hammy, I thank God, is now in a fair way of recovering, but, indeed, I find myself much disordered by the perpetual terrors I have been in, not having rested one night from anxiety since the 30th of October. Pray tell Mr. Pope I will write to him as soon as I can. He feels the distresses of his friends, and will be glad to know this family is now in a likelihood of recovering health and happiness again.

I never received the letter Mrs. Whiteway mentions to have sent hither.[1] The last letter I received was a very kind compliment, which I answered as well as my anxiety would then permit me. In this whole affair you have acted very justly, and much to your honour. I will always bear testimony of it. And in acting consistent to Mr. Pope's desires, you will certainly oblige your friend and servant.

48. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

Dec. 3, 1740.

MY LORD,—Unless your son is recovered, and every distress and anxiety as far removed from you as I heartily wish it, I beg your lordship not to read this letter, but throw it aside till you have leisure. But let me acknowledge the excess of your humanity. I have found you have a heart that could be in pain for my concerns when it was worked with all the anxieties of a tender husband, and a kind father. Your last letter has made me capable of imitating you in some, though a very unequal degree. For though it has eased me extremely in all that regarded myself, it has given me much a greater pain for what concerns you.

The account your lordship gives me of the letters being merely familiar and inoffensive, has removed the great apprehension I lay under these three months, and entirely altered my opinion of altering or omitting anything in my letters. Let them be thought as insignificant as they will they will be the better evidences they were never writ to be printed,[2] and

[1] The letter which accompanied the clandestine volume.

[2] Pope's solicitude was great that none but his choicest letters should

as to the dean's, though I was once inclined to wish you could castigate any imprudences, yet after all, as it is certain, that he opiniatres to print them himself, and as it appears from several things in his six volumes,[1] and even in some notes at

be published. He had diligently called in the bulk of his correspondence, had weeded out and burnt the inferior specimens, and had corrected and frequently reconstructed the remainder. A surreptitious volume of his letters is printed, the incident fills him with alarm, and before he has seen more than a few pages of the book he asks Lord Orrery his opinion of the collection, and determines to abide by his verdict. Lord Orrery tells him "the whole collection is unworthy to be published," and this unhesitating condemnation of the work immediately caused Pope to accept with complacency the prospect of its publication. He wrote to Allen that unless "the letters were castigated in some degree, Swift must be totally deprived of his understanding," and he commissioned Lord Orrery to execute the revision. Lord Orrery declined the delicate office, but agreed to father Pope's amendments, and confirmed the need for the "castigation," especially in the letters of Swift, where, he remarks, "there are some sharp sayings of a very high nature." Upon the receipt of this intelligence, Pope, without waiting to see the letters, immediately abandoned all idea of revision, and resolved not to alter or omit any of the trivialities in his own letters, nor any of the imprudences in Swift's. The care he had taken to prepare his letters for publication, and to destroy those which were "unworthy to be published," was about to be frustrated by the new unlicensed collection, and the information which should have redoubled his apprehensions, and increased his eagerness for the suppression or revision of the letters, wrought in him a quick unnatural transition from alarm to satisfaction. But his conduct was perfectly natural if he had culled, polished, and printed these very letters, and, confident of their excellence, had requested Lord Orrery to say whether they should be published, expecting him to answer in the affirmative, and invited him to revise them, believing he would declare revision to be unnecessary. Disappointed in his anticipations, Pope was compelled to retrace his steps. That the reprint of the letters might proceed, and that a text which had received his finishing touch, might be kept unaltered, he pronounced a speedy and emphatic judgment in favour of publication, and against revision. A new inconsistency was developed when his quarto edition of the correspondence appeared. While he was manœuvring to get the letters published he could not give Lord Orrery a reason against their revision which would have operated to stop the Dublin edition. When the work was published, and he wanted the world to believe that it was distasteful to him, he altered the reason to suit the current story. "As the impression was begun without our author's knowledge, and not only continued without his consent, but after his absolute refusal, he would not be prevailed upon to revise those letters." At every stage, and almost at every sentence, the evidence recurs that Pope's statements are not the records of fact, but the shifting inventions of guilt.

[1] The six volumes of his collected works, printed at Dublin by Faulkner.

the bottom of these very letters in the two sheets Faulkner has sent me, that he takes a pleasure in these freedoms,[1] I believe the printing them will give him more satisfaction than the consequences can give him any pain. He has set himself above what the world thinks prudent, so I doubt, if you omitted or changed anything in his letters, the malice you tell me of those about him,[2] would represent our conduct to him as assuming and impertinent to mangle arbitrarily his works, etc., and a very ill use would be made of it to set him at variance with you, or me, or both. Therefore I think upon the whole it will be best to let the whole matter alone. Nor would I employ the power you so obligingly give me of using your name or hand, where I fear it will be to none or a bad purpose. For if there be another edition in London without Faulkner's knowledge, our altering in one will be to no effect, or if it be with their knowledge they will not correct the other edition, for that would be to own it theirs. I entirely agree with you that we cannot hinder their publication either on this, or your side the water, longer than while we hold up a negociation with the lady.[3] They will infallibly be published here as soon as Faulkner has printed his,[4] or as soon as he has desisted from it. I think it probable he may be ignorant of the London edition. They might drive a better bargain for the book with

[1] When Pope's policy was to feign alarm at the publication of the letters, and to appear anxious for their revision, he wrote to Lord Orrery, Oct. 25, 1740, "If the dean be in the condition she describes it is the part of a friend to do that for him which he wants ability or memory to do for himself." His understanding was decayed, he could not exercise a sound judgment on his letters, and they were charitably to be dealt with as though he did not exist. The plot had reached a crisis at which it was necessary to discountenance revision, and the argument was reversed. Swift, who was lately set aside for incompetence, becomes an authority on the "imprudences," and one of the reasons why they were to be retained is that "it appears from some notes at the bottom of these very letters that he takes a pleasure in these freedoms." The other circumstances which Pope urged against revision were equally known to him when he advocated it.

[2] In asserting that Pope printed the letters.

[3] No negociation was going on with Mrs. Whiteway. Lord Orrery hazarded the remark under a misapprehension, and Pope, who caught at anything which implied that Mrs. Whiteway was the delinquent, confirmed the delusion.

[4] Published they were in London, as Pope predicted, and he himself was the publisher.

London printers, and let him have only the privilege of the Irish one.[1] Dr. King, who has been at the gates of death, but whom this day I have seen in a way of recovery, assured me he was well informed £800 has been given here for several pieces of the dean's (which I conclude must be for his history, and others of those manuscripts your lordship acquaints me were stolen from his volumes of manuscripts of late, and not only for these letters[2]) and that a person has lately been over who made this bargain. All these circumstances convince me there are others[3] deeper in this affair than Faulkner. And if I had time to lay before you what has been written to me by the lady and her son-in-law from time to time, with what Mr. Nugent has told me, and to join this with what the dean's own letters told me formerly, concerning my letters, and his other papers, and what has happened to them from year to year, all this would set the whole, I think, in so full a light before your eyes, that, as I shall have a good deal of leisure at Bath, I intend, if you encourage it, to draw up and send you the detail of it, whenever you shall tell me you are at ease enough at home to read it.[4]

I think, therefore, upon the whole to have nothing at all to do with them, nor the book, but give the enclosed answer once for all to Faulkner, which I would, however, rather your lordship read to him than gave the letter, and if you judge any part of it too yielding to tell him no more of it than you think proper.[5] One thing I have a curiosity to know, whether Mrs.

[1] Necessitated to advocate the reprint he had repudiated, and intended to repudiate again, Pope had recourse to reasons which ultimately turned against himself. Nobody had "driven a bargain" either with London or Irish booksellers, and the sole inducement which, by his own admission, could have governed Mrs. Whiteway did not appear in the transaction.

[2] The two last items, which alone would have assisted Pope's argument, were no part of the purchase. The letters did not appear in London till they were brought out by Pope, and the manuscript volumes, erroneously alleged to have been stolen, have not appeared to this day.

[3] By "others" Pope meant Mrs. Whiteway and her son-in-law.

[4] Pope performed his intention, and in his narrative of Dec. 30, 1740, we possess every particular he could advance for exculpating himself and inculpating Mrs. Whiteway.

[5] The postscript shows that the "enclosed answer" was not enclosed. Its nature may be gathered from Pope's expressions, and comes out definitely in his subsequent letter of Dec. 27.

Whiteway sent you the letter which they pretend was sent to the dean together with the book, and of which Faulkner luckily gave me a copy; for he now tells me she told him "she had sent it to Caledon when he asked for it to send to me," and (if I mistake not a passage in yours) your lordship tells me, "you never saw it." A good deal depends upon this letter, and much discovery may be made by the original, I believe, if they have not secreted it.

Once more, my lord, I beg you not to think of these trifles, nor to give me any other account at present but of your own family, for whose welfare I wish from the bottom of a heart which you have made by many titles of honour, affection, esteem and gratitude, my lord, entirely yours.

On second thoughts it will be better not to give Faulkner any answer yet till I have had the book, and therefore I defer it. Nor will I trouble you more till I hear, what I pray for, that you are restored to full tranquillity.

49. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

TWITNAM, *Dec.* 10, 1740

MY LORD,—I have had the present satisfaction, (I hope it is an earnest of the future,) to hear from Mr. Salkeld[1] that one of your sons is out of danger, and the other in no dangerous way. God send them a full and speedy recovery. I therefore will just thank you, and own the receipt of your last,[2] together with the book. Upon reading it I am wholly of your lordship's opinion that it was as unworthy ever to be printed as it is now impossible to be suppressed. I am, however, much more at ease since I find them letters mercly trivial and familiar, and am confirmed in the resolution not to touch or alter a line of them, unless you could prevail on the dean to omit some names at length, but, since you see, he has all along put them in himself, I fear even that would be in vain.[3] I

[1] He was tutor to Lord Orrery's sons.

[2] The letter of Nov. 14.

[3] Some names left blank in the clandestine volume had probably been inserted by Swift with pen and ink.

observe some notes that refer to his original papers, which make me think they are printed in Ireland after all.[1] It is scarce probable the London printers would have the complaisance to suppress their edition in favour to the Irish ones. But there may be a plain reason otherwise why the small edition is kept back till the larger is published, since it would undersell it, and prejudice Faulkner's now in hand.[2] I will detain the book awhile, and then comply with the obligation they have laid upon your lordship, and return it you. I would willingly, I confess, keep the first sheets, where are many remarkable notes, and some interlineations in the dean's hand, and as they are already reprinted by Faulkner he cannot plead any want of them, if I return all that is said[3] to be unprinted. In the meanwhile to gain time, in order to consider with my friends what to do here, I wish your lordship would desire the lady to send me by your hands, the same way as these came, only directed to Mr. Allen, postmaster at Bath, those letters

He did not approve of dark, ambiguous allusions. "Your poem on the Use of Riches," he wrote to Pope, 1733, "has been just printed here, and we have no objection, but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which makes us lose abundance of the satire. Had the printer given me notice I would have honestly printed the names at length where I happened to know them."

[1] The allusion is limited to the single note in which it is said that Lord Bolingbroke's share of the joint letter, dated Aug. 1723, was incorrectly printed in the quarto of 1737, and was "now first correctly published, the original having been since recovered among Dr. Swift's papers." The original letter was an appendage to Pope's letter, and as they were sent folded up together in 1723, so doubtless they remained, and were both returned to him in July, 1737. He was unfortunate in his selection of topics. Not a line in the clandestine volume was derived from the special papers of Swift.

[2] Some suggestion was required to explain why the proprietors of the clandestine volume should delay their publication, and Pope starts the idea that since their book had a smaller page than Faulkner's volume, which was printed to range with Swift's works, the cheaper edition was not to come out till the dearer has been sold off. Pope did not look beyond the exigencies of the moment. The rest of the clandestine impression did not appear either early or late, and the problem of the surreptitious volume reverted to a condition which only admitted of one solution.

[3] "Said" was an expression of incredulity. Faulkner spoke with truth, and acted with uprightness from beginning to end. A man who was himself innocent would have done justice to his honesty. Pope was not innocent, and to cast his own guilt on others he kept up insinuations of treachery and falsehood, which were without any colourable pretext.

which she has promised me almost a twelvemonth. Be pleased to tell them I want to see if any of those are in this printed book, or if they may not be added to it?[1] This perhaps may bring them,[2] and particularly to know from her if I cannot have with them that original letter which was sent to the dean together with this book, and which I desired so much of her, and of Faulkner, because I verily believe it may help me to some discovery from what hands it came. This is all I will trouble your lordship with at present till I hear from yourself that you are as happy, and as free from greater cares as I wish you. I am unwilling to add to your concern by telling how dangerously ill Dr. King is still.[3] I know what a heart you have by my own experience, which can feel for any anxiety of another, at the same time that it is worked by all the

[1] In an undated letter to Allen, but written before Pope had received from Dublin the clandestine volume, and consequently before his present letter to Lord Orrery, he says, speaking of the printed correspondence, "They now offer to send me the originals, which have been so long detained, and I shall accept of them, though they have done their job, that they may not have them to produce against me in case there be any offensive passages in them." Allen had expressed an apprehension that Pope would be suspected of having promoted the edition, and Pope replied, "I have the pleasure to tell you the whole thing is so circumstanced and so plain that it can never be the case." To accredit this first fiction he appended the second, and said that the originals were avowedly in Swift's possession, and that his "people" offered to send them. No offer of the kind had ever been made, nor did Pope believe that it had, for if, through a misunderstanding, he supposed the "people" to have informed him that the promised letters were the originals of the clandestine olume he could not have written subsequently to Lord Orrery, "Be pleased to tell them I want to see if any of those are in this printed book." The whereabouts of the originals was the crucial point, and Pope's falsehood to Allen was one more acknowledgment that he had no other defence than untruth.

[2] Pope wanted to have it thought that Mrs. Whiteway wilfully detained the letters she had voluntarily offered, whereas the sole cause of the delay was his own persevering neglect to appoint any method for their transmission except through Mr. M'Aulay.

[3] Dr. William King, the son of a clergyman, was born at Stepney in 1685, and died Dec. 30, 1763. He was educated at Oxford, and became principal of St. Mary's Hall in 1718. With the nominal profession of a lawyer he devoted his life to scholarship and literature. He published some slight works both in Latin and English, but is chiefly known through his posthumous Political and Literary Anecdotes of his own Time, which show him to have been a man of sense, acuteness, and cultivation.

tendernesses of a father and a husband. May every such near, such remoter tie of affection be managed so gently by Providence as to touch you with the soft, not gall you with the severe sensations, though, in the disposition of this system, God has been pleased, no doubt for good ends, though to us unseen, to unite them too closely for the tender frame of human happiness. Adieu, my lord. Whatever is, is right. It was the saying of Socrates, and the firm faith of, my lord, your truly faithful, and obliged servant.

I am told my lady is perfectly well, yet I dare say as much afflicted for your children, as she would be for her own and yours.

50. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

CALEDON, *Dec.* 13, 1740.

SIR,—I hasten to answer yours by the return of the post. My two sons are both happily through the small pox, and recovering as fast as possible. Lady Orrery, who is your faithful servant, is in perfect health, and so are my daughters. Thus is my heart entirely at ease, but in all circumstances devoted to you.

I never received the letter Mrs. Whiteway mentioned to have been sent to Caledon, though all her other letters came safe both to Lady Orrery and to me. Nor in any of them is the least notice taken of that letter, or the loss of it. However you will easily perceive that it is to be lost between Dublin and Caledon.[1] The original cannot, must not be produced, unless some faithful transcriber be found out, though upon the alarm of these letters they will scarce trust anybody, and since your late correspondence with the lady, &c., you would certainly know the hand.[2] Thus you have my opinion of that letter, of which however I am glad you have a copy.

[1] This prediction shared the fate of the other imputations against Mrs. Whiteway. Faulkner misunderstood her when he supposed her to have said that she had sent the letter to Caledon. She had it safe in her keeping, had already promised it to Pope, and surrendered it directly he settled some present means for its conveyance.

[2] Lord Orrery was ready to convict Mrs. Whiteway upon the unsupported

I wonder you had not received the whole set of letters which I sent you about a month ago.[1] Your reasons upon that occasion are extremely convincing to me that Faulkner should not be hindered from going on, but your name ought not to appear. He knows not, neither shall he, that you have the letters. Return them to me, and I will say I have read them, and since they are already printed I cannot see how they can be stopped, and so have writ to you that, as they are trifling, I have returned them to Faulkner, with a permission to go on.[2] This can be looked upon only as vanity in me (let their malice say the worst) as being mentioned advantageously in them; but if you will meddle, or seem concerned about them, they will reinforce their arguments to the poor dean that you are at the bottom of all, &c. They are now trumpetting that news about, and I would have you lie by till you catch them, as I dare say you will, and expose them in the manner they deserve. You have some legacies left you by the dean; *hinc illæ lacrymæ*. They cannot rest till they are secure of all.[3] A gentleman who lately came to me from Dublin gives a most melancholy account of the dean, and mentions a great knave, though a clergyman, that is now chief he-favourite.[4] Perhaps he is one of the gang.

testimony of his own imagination, and he was not happy in his suspicions. A person who could forge, or get forged, a second letter to endure scrutiny, would have had the prudence to prepare the first letter with proper caution since it was evident beforehand that Pope would call for the production of the document.

[1] The letters were sent by Lord Orrery on Nov. 14, and his present letter is an answer to Pope's letter of Dec. 3, written before the nine packets of printed letters arrived.

[2] Pope did not relish the idea that Lord Orrery should consign the letters to Faulkner with this contemptuous character, and in his answer, Dec. 27, he indirectly declined the proposal.

[3] Unfortunately for Lord Orrery's explanation the last will of Swift was signed May 3, 1740, before the clandestine volume came to light, and the only legacy bequeathed to Pope was a miniature of the first Lord Oxford by Zincke. Accept Lord Orrery's hypothesis, and the whole of the plot was framed and carried on by Mrs. Whiteway, and her accomplices, to deprive Pope of a miniature. The complete inability to discover any more plausible motive for her conduct, on the assumption that she was guilty, converts Lord Orrery's hostile evidence into the strongest testimony to her innocence.

[4] Dr. Francis Wilson. He was one of the prebendaries of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and was suspected of having used personal violence in the endeavour to extort from Swift the appointment of sub-dean. Wilson swore that Swift, who was subject to repeated fits of frenzy, was the as-

If he is not I hope they will quarrel, and that may produce some good. Thus I tell you all I know, and all I think, and remember whatever are your commands I shall certainly obey them. I write to Dr. King this post. I am tired heartily of this wretched Ireland, and therefore pray lose no time in telling me how, and what to act, for I will leave it as soon as I can. Yours, &c.

51. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

CALEDON, *Saturday, Dec.* 20, 1740.

SIR,—I have this moment received yours of the 10th instant. It has come to me sooner than any letter of yours travelled to Caledon. My domestic happiness is as complete in every respect as your good heart can wish it. I am under a necessity to return the book as I received it, but I will try to get the copy from Faulkner (that is now in your hands) as soon as he has reprinted the whole. This will answer your end as well,[1] provided I carry my point. I have anticipated your commands in relation to the Bath letter. Upon Faulkner's desiring to know if I ever had received it, I writ to the lady last post letting her know that I had not. Possibly that may draw it, or the new copy of it which is to pass for the original, from her or her son-in-law. If the letters are printed in Ireland, which I own I doubt, Faulkner I dare say is not in the secret. But be that as it will his proceedings must be applauded. It will be to no purpose to attempt to obtain from the d[ean] the alteration of any one word, though I wish it as heartily as you, on account of some particulars which I know will give a friend

sailant, which was highly probable. The unprincipled character of Wilson appears to have been the only evidence against him. The servants at the deanery told Mrs. Whiteway that he was in the habit of bringing with him an empty portmanteau which he took away full of books. Swift appointed him one of his executors, and left him some legacies, but he did not long retain his post of chief favourite, nor live to receive the legacies. He died in 1743.

[1] That is, if Pope returned for the present the two first sheets of the clandestine volume, which he wished to keep, and which Faulkner had already reprinted, Lord Orrery would endeavour to get them back when the reprint was complete.

or two of mine great uneasiness, and some characters that are not so just as good-natured.

I will write to the lady in the manner you desire. Depend upon it they are alarmed, and will act on the defensive. But by putting on an air of blindness I shall see, as I have in many other cases, more than if I seemed to have my eyes open. In short they must be caressed; *Nec lex est justior ulla, Quam necis artifices*, &c. Still I insist your name is not to appear. I hope they cannot hurt me with my ever-honoured, ever-lamented friend. I think they will not, because I am no legatee.[1] But I will proceed with calmness and caution till I put all your weapons into your hands, and should be glad to be able to arm you against the wounds and stabs in the dark which I am sure are preparing, and have already been aimed at you. I could almost think from these proceedings that the dean has left the perusal of his papers to you.[2] Once I talked to him long on that subject, but I then thought his deafness was very predominant, and stopped not only his hearing, but all his other senses.

I am so full of this vile attempt against you, which I own rouses my indignation, that I not only grow tedious but ungrateful, and forget to thank you for all your kindness to me by Salkeld's means. I shall be glad to see the detail you mention when your leisure permits, and I direct this to Bath imagining that it will find you there. I propose to see you early in the next year, when the frost is gone, and the days are longer. Lady Orrery will follow me as soon as she can. We are both most heartily tired of this detestable kingdom, and I wonder how so good a woman as she really is happened to be born among so many monsters. I am, dear sir, most cordially, your true, humble servant.

Dr. King makes me send many a sighing prayer towards the Temple.[3]

[1] He was as large a legatee as Pope. Swift left him Kneller's portrait of Lady Orkney, the mother of his first wife.

[2] Which he had not. Lord Orrery's meaning is, that the conspirators were endeavouring to ruin Pope's character with Swift, in the hope of getting the clause in the will revoked, and of securing the papers for themselves.

[3] Where Dr. King had chambers.

52. MRS. WHITEWAY TO LORD ORRERY.

EXTRACT.

Dec. 20, 1740.

MR. FAULKNER mistook me in telling your lordship that I sent you the letter that came from Bath. It is not in my power to do it, for I am under an engagement to Mr. P[ope] to remit it by the first opportunity that is safe, with some other papers that I promised him I would send by Mr. M'Aulay, who intended being in London long before this, which business has prevented. This I hope will plead my excuse for not sending it you. In the meantime I hope there is an end of the vexatious affair, if blabs will not mention it again to the dean, who has quite forgot it. Your, &c.

53. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

CALEDON, *Dec.* 24, 1740.

SIR,—I enclose to you a letter I received from the lady last post. I write to her this day to let her know that you would willingly have the papers come under my cover, but I question whether she will resign them. Would it not be worth your while to write to her yourself? You see it is in her power to suppress them, otherwise how can she say that there is an end of this vexatious affair, when the letters are actually printed?[1] By "blabs" she means Faulkner. He was not the bookseller for whom they were intended; but the dean, much against her will, gave them to him. This I take to have been the case, for the dean has given her lately, as I am told by a discarded favourite, some papers which he had promised to another, even the discarded favourite, and which she swears F[aulkner] shall

[1] Printed only in the clandestine volume which Swift gave Faulkner to reprint, and which could at once be suppressed now Swift had forgotten it. Lord Orrery rejects an interpretation too obvious to be missed, and by some perverse misconception supposes Mrs. Whiteway to have volunteered the gratuitous confession that she had a guilty power over the book.

not print.[1] By putting all these things together, I imagine the letters were printed at her, and her son-in-law's expense in England, and a copy sent from Bath, that they might sell it here, but the dean acted against their measures. This has stopped the whole affair.[2] The letter to me discovers, I think, great guilt, and concludes with a most strained piece of flattery to a child not two months old.[3] But I am in haste, and am ever tormenting you with letters. Believe, your, etc.

54. LORD ORRERY TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

CALEDON, *Dec.* 24, 1740.

MADAM,—The same post that brought me the favour of yours, brought me a letter from Mr. Pope, in which he entreats me to write to you, and desire you will send to me the papers you intended for him by Mr. M'Aulay, and the letter that was sent from Bath. I will take care, madam, to transmit them to him very safe, and as he seems impatient for them I beg you will lose no time in forwarding them to Caledon, and the moment I receive them, you shall have my acknowledgment of the receipt. I doubt, madam, it will be

[1] Probably "the few loose papers," which Mrs. Whiteway told Pope were in "her possession" when she informed him, May 16, 1740, that Swift "had burnt most of his unprinted writings a few years ago."

[2] The effect would indubitably have been to hasten the publication. Even Lord Orrery perceived that it would have been absurd for Mrs. Whiteway to have printed only a solitary copy of the book, and he took for granted that the clandestine volume was a sample of a complete edition. Debarred by Swift's preference for Faulkner from selling the work to her Dublin accomplice, Mrs. Whiteway would have instructed her confidential emissaries to launch her London edition, and anticipate the rival Irish reprint.

[3] He appears to have seriously believed that the compliment she paid to his infant daughter was a strong indication that Mrs. Whiteway abstracted and surreptitiously printed Swift's correspondence. Lord Orrery preserved in his extract the portion of her letter which had any direct bearing on the question, and apart from the omitted compliment to the infant, the "great guilt he discovered" is comprised in two circumstances,—the determination not to lend any one else the letter she had promised to Pope, and the information that the book could now be easily suppressed. Mrs. Whiteway betrayed her guilt by a steady endeavour to stop the reprint. Pope manifested his innocence by a persistent resolution to promote the publication.

impossible to stop this vexatious affair. They are already in print. Who can stop the edition from coming out? As they were printed on the other side of the water they will certainly appear there do what we can to suppress them in Ireland. And there is nothing in them, according to my apprehension, so reflecting upon anybody, as upon my honoured friend, the dean, who has let his friend's letters be stolen out of his custody.[1] That is the only point that vexes me in the whole transaction. Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Gay must always write in such a manner as to give pleasure to the polite world, even in their most trifling correspondence; but as they certainly never writ these letters with an intention they should be printed, I own I am concerned upon the dean's account that they should appear by his means. Do you suspect, madam, any person that is or has been about him for so base a piece of theft as that of stealing papers? Such a person ought to be exposed to the whole world. I dare say you will feel all the abhorrence on this occasion that is possible, and I heartily wish you could be the means of finding out, and explaining, their black and iniquitous piece of treachery. I am in pain about my own letters, but much more about any papers that belong to the dean's friends and mine. I know this collection of letters will alarm every one of the dean's correspondents,[2] and I shonld be glad, now my mind is at ease, to hear very fully from you upon this subject, but not till you are free from your cold, which I hope this will find you. I am, madam, with many thanks for your late trouble, your, etc.

Forgive me, madam, for troubling you with my thankful service to Dr. Wilson.[3]

[1] Grant that the letters had been collected at the deanery, and Swift would not have deserved the condemnation Lord Orrery pronounced upon him. The censure supposes culpable negligence, and Swift was in a state of irresponsible helplessness.

[2] The dean's correspondents would have been reassured if they had known that there were no letters in the clandestine volume except those which had passed through the hands of Pope.

[3] The "chief he-favourite" of whom Lord Orrery says, Dec. 13, that he was "a great knave, though a clergyman."

55. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

Dec. 27, 1740.

MY LORD,—With the utmost joy of heart I received lately an account from Mr. Salkeld of the safety of both your sons. May their future life amply recompense all the anxiety their danger has cost you, and may every good quality that can endear them yet more grow and advance with them. I may now once more thank you for the great proof of your goodness and attention to my concerns at so trying a time. I cannot wish to make you any return, for I hope so untoward an incident will never befall you. I only wish you may never more be in pain for a friend, or a relation.

I must pity the dean; but it is necessary to give some answer to his bookseller, and it shall be a final one. But I think, all circumstances considered, it will be better done in a letter to your lordship than immediately to him. I send it herewith,[1] and wish not he only, but Mrs. Wh[iteway] saw, but not copied it, for I fear the very shadow of my pen may be made an ill use of.[2] What I have said of their preface is but necessary, after such a proposal as Mr. Swift actually made,[3] and it is in this principally I would accept your lordship's obliging offer to use your name with regard to the advertisement enclosed, and desire you to prescribe him the very words of it, and you will please to let him take them for your own drawing up.[4] I should be sorry if he, or they, said

[1] Pope sent two letters, and both are dated Dec. 27. The first is a private letter to Lord Orrery, the second is the letter which was to be read to Faulkner and Mrs. Whiteway.

[2] The letter was a combination of menace and promise to keep Faulkner from mentioning, and Mrs. Whiteway from requiring him to mention, any of the facts connected with the clandestine volume. Pope was necessarily afraid that "an ill use might be made" of a letter in which he discovered his alarm lest the truth should transpire, and demanded that a deceptive statement should be promulgated instead.

[3] The proposal to "lay" the clandestine volume "upon the corrupt practices of the printers in London."

[4] Lord Orrery has not transcribed the advertisement, and Faulkner did not print it. Its tenor is apparent from the next letter, and from Pope's advertisement to his quarto edition of the correspondence. He deduced the genealogy of the Dublin edition from Swift alone, and put out of sight its precursor, the clandestine

anything that might lead to a suggestion so false, as Faulkner told you Mrs. W[hiteway] had dropped, as if I had been privy to this affair; for in that case I should be obliged to clear myself, at the expense of the dean, or of some about him. The first I cannot bear to think of in his present melancholy condition,[1] and the other I would rather avoid, as it would still, though more remotely, reflect upon him. What they themselves represent of him it is by no means fit I should divulge to the public, and what they discover of themselves might be construed as a hardship to expose, though it would be my own fullest vindication.[2] But there are particulars that could decently be told of their conduct both to him and to me, and such as would be admitted as proofs of the fact,[3] I believe, in any court of justice. Some of them I will lay together, and send you, in the form of a letter,[4] and ask your leave, (if by

volume. He carefully concealed that the publication or suppression of the Dublin edition rested entirely with himself, and announced that its publication was solely due to the sanction of Swift. In dictating the advertisement to Faulkner, Lord Orrery was to assert that he himself was the author of it. This subsidiary deception could not be without a purpose, and it peers out in Pope's letter of Dec. 29, 1740. After the advertisement had been fathered by Lord Orrery, and adopted by Faulkner, Pope would have affixed it to his own quarto as a portion of his pretended reprint from the Dublin volume, and having "prescribed the very words of it," would have sent it forth for the account of the Dublin editor. The contrivance was defeated by Faulkner's refusal to adopt the advertisement. He published his edition without a word of preface, and at the end of his volume broadly stated that it was a reprint.

[1] These words accompanied the advertisement in which he had actually done the very thing he "could not bear to think" of doing. What he wanted, and accomplished, was to stifle the opposing statements which would have defeated his scheme for "clearing himself at the expense of the dean."

[2] The studied and persevering misrepresentations of Pope to divert suspicion from himself to the dean, or "those about him," forbid us to suppose that he had really suppressed any genuine facts which would have been "his own fullest vindication." Accordingly, we find from the actual narrative that he had no scruple in adducing "what they discovered of themselves" when he thought that their testimony could be made to turn against them. But he could not repeat in public all the untruths he told in private, or detection would have been certain, and his remark to Lord Orrery had apparently for its object to account for some omissions in the narrative, besides the hope that he should strengthen his case by the dark allusion to "particulars" which "might be construed as a hardship to expose."

[3] He must mean the "fact" that "some about the dean" purloined the letters, and got them printed.

[4] The letter of Dec. 30, 1740.

their future conduct, or the prevalence of any mistaken opinion in others I should be obliged to it,) to make use of. The remaining circumstances I will keep for your private view, whenever I have the pleasure again to enjoy your return.

Of the book itself I think just as you do, that it was not worth printing, but cannot now be suppressed. It is plain that wherever it was printed, the collection was made in Ireland, picked up by pieces from time to time, and begun a good while ago; for there are some letters of an early date, which came later to their hands, and were inserted by interpolated half sheets and quarter sheets, after the printing of the first and second sheets. These are marked with asterisks to direct the binder where to place them.[1] Secondly, I find, to the best of my memory, some of the letters your lordship brought over, which I burned just after, and therefore could not be had on this side.[2] Thirdly, there is one long letter from the dean which he never sent, but was taken out of a pamphlet he once showed me, but never printed, writ to justify himself, after the queen's death, in Ireland.[3] Fourthly, there are some of his letters which I returned him, and all those to Mr. Gay, which the Duke of Queensberry and I found among Mr. Gay's papers and sent him over.[4] But care has been taken in this collection to suppress the letter I then wrote him, and as many others of mine as solicited the return or the exchange of the letters between us, which appears,

[1] This peculiarity exists in the P. T. volume, in Pope's quarto of 1737, in his two octavo editions of the same year, and in his authorised edition of the Swift correspondence in 1741. The botch, rare in other books, characterised the five first impressions of his letters which we possess, and the knowledge we have now obtained that the clandestine volume bore the same Pope brand is one more striking proof of its origin.

[2] He no doubt followed his usual practice,—burnt the originals, and printed the letters from the altered copies.

[3] Since the letter, as well as the pamphlet, was written before Swift's visit to England in 1726, he was not likely, when he showed Pope the pamphlet, to have kept from him the apology in its revised form of a letter to Pope himself.

[4] Swift says to Gay, Nov. 20, 1729, "One thing you are to consider, because it is an old compact, that when I write to you, or Mr. Pope, I write to both." Occasionally a letter which Gay communicated under the "compact" may have remained with Pope, and this probably was the pretext for the distinction between "some of Swift's letters which I returned to him," and the

however, by some of the dean's answers, which I have chanced to keep and will show you.[1]

My lord, I will tire you no more. Pray take your full leisure in all this. You may well be sick of it. I am heartily so. God continue and increase yours, and my lady's happiness.

56. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

Dec. 27, 1740.

MY LORD,—Your lordship will receive by this post in five packets, this letter making a sixth, the book which they have at last allowed me a sight of. In this I comply with the condition on which it was sent, but I have caused a copy to be taken, to which surely I have a right.[2] I can only repeat to Mr. Faulkner what I told him before, that I utterly disapprove the printing it, though I agree with your lordship it is now as impossible to be suppressed as it was at first unworthy to be printed. I cannot say how far my letters in it are, or are not genuine, having no originals to compare them with, nor having yet received those which Mrs. Wh[iteway] has so long been

letters "the Duke of Queensberry and I found among Mr. Gay's papers" and returned conjointly. Pope transcribed the letters before he parted with them. Copies of all the letters from Swift to Gay which appeared in the clandestine volume, together with one which was not published, are among the Oxford papers, and Pope practised a deception when he adduced the return of these letters for a proof that they could only have been procured in Ireland, and concealed that he retained complete copies of them in England.

[1] Pope doubtless suppressed the letter he wrote on returning Swift's letter to Gay, because it would have disclosed that only the letters to Gay had been sent back. He suppressed the letters, or parts of letters, in which he solicited the return of his own letters, because he was afraid to reveal that he expressly asked for them that he might publish a selection from his Swift correspondence. The letters in which he "solicited the exchange of the letters between us" could not be suppressed, for they had never been written. He appealed to Swift's answers in confirmation of the statement, and the answers are silent.

[2] To sustain the pretence that he had not compiled the clandestine volume Pope says that surely he has a right to the copy he has caused to be taken, as though he were not providing in this, and the preceding letter, for the publication of Faulkner's reprint when every one could purchase the same right for five shillings. The transcripts in the Oxford papers from the letters of

transmitting,[1] I hoped through your hands, for nothing else reaches me, not even Mr. Faulkner's printed sheets.[2] To what purpose does Mr. Faulkner offer me to alter or correct anything, when at the same time he assures me there is another edition somewhere over which he has no influence? In a word, therefore, I will have nothing to do in it. I will neither revise, alter, omit, nor touch a single line of it. I will as little consent that any preface shall be written to justify me from the knowledge of it, at the expense of what, for all that any of us know, may be an untruth, viz. by laying it on the corrupt practices of printers in London.[3] If ever such an impression appears in England I know what to do, and shall do Mr. Faulkner's edition no small service, by applying to the laws in force here to suppress or destroy this.[4] I must own I would

Swift, Gay, Pope, and Bolingbroke, have numerous passages which were not in the clandestine volume, and these transcripts could not have made part of the "copy" which Pope professes he had "caused to be taken" from the printed work, even if we could believe that he had been at the cost of such an idle form. His copy of the clandestine volume was probably a printed duplicate.

[1] Pope's memory did not serve him to "say how far his letters were or were not genuine;" he had no originals by which to test them, and, by implication, no authentic copies. His sole chance of verifying any portion of the letters was in the possibility that some of the originals might be transmitted to him by Mrs. Whiteway, and from her promised packet he had no expectation of the kind. He wrote to Mr. Nugent, Aug. 14, 1740, that he believed her intention was, "to send but a few letters of no consequence." Two days after he had acknowledged his inability to say how far his letters were genuine, and without the least prospect of any materials for deciding the question, he wrote to Lord Orrery that he meant to republish the letters when Faulkner's edition appeared. Uncertain whether they were genuine or not he resolved to adopt, and did adopt them for his genuine correspondence. As usual there was no coherence in his fictions. On Dec. 27 he tells Lord Orrery that he is ignorant how far the letters are genuine, and on Dec. 29 allows him to see that the ignorance was feigned.

[2] The two sheets Faulkner printed had long before been received by Pope through the post. The packets only failed to reach him when he desired they should be sent by a messenger who did not go.

[3] Pope's sensitive and new-born zeal for the honour of the London Curlls is explained by his forbidding Faulkner, under pain of his severest displeasure, to mention "any other circumstance" respecting the Dublin volume than that it was printed with Swift's consent. He could not hide his consciousness that if the history of its clandestine precursor were known the real culprit would be apparent.

[4] Pope opened his scheme to Lord Orrery, Oct. 25, 1740. "I see no harm in Faulkner's printing such an edition provided I do not revise it

have taken the same course in Ireland, but through a regard to his acting by the dean's direction.[1] I therefore do insist, that when his book comes out, he fairly pleads his best title, the consent of one of the three parties.[2] If any other *person's name*, or any *other circumstance* concerning the *book* itself be men-

myself (which would be construed as tantamount to publishing it), and when it is done by Faulkner, with the known consent of the dean, I may suffer it here without imputation as being really past my power to prevent." That the letters should appear in the first instance with "the known consent of the dean," and his consent alone, was in Pope's estimation an indispensable requisite. He now "insisted" that Faulkner should "plead" this "consent," without "any other person's name, or any other circumstance," being "mentioned or hinted at," and to prove that on his part he discountenanced the publication, he protested that if the letters were printed in England he would apply for an injunction. The professed intention was feigned. He told Lord Orrery two days later that the moment the Dublin edition came out he should reprint it himself, and had announced to him on Oct. 25 that when the book had appeared with "the known consent of the dean he could suffer it in England without imputation." Before and after Dec. 27 his acknowledged resolution was to authorise or allow an English edition, and the talk of an injunction was the fiction of the passing hour, in which he had to offer some excuse for his demand that the publication should be put altogether upon Swift.

[1] The pretence that he was only restrained by respect for Swift from applying for an injunction in Ireland was not only insincere but absurd. The question whether the letters should be published or suppressed was voluntarily referred by Faulkner to Pope's decision at the outset, and there was nothing for the law to prohibit. The sole injunction required was that Pope should say "no." He returned a negative in the first instance for the sake of appearances, immediately suspended it lest it should take effect, and finally licensed the work.

[2] The "three parties" were the three writers of the letters, Pope, Bolingbroke, and Swift. Faulkner was to state the bare unqualified fact, that his book was published with Swift's consent, and he was not to mention or hint at any other circumstance concerning this book, nor allude to any other person in connection with it. The statement would have involved a triple deception. The world was to be kept ignorant of the clandestine volume, which was prior to the consent of Swift, and the inference was to be drawn that the letters had not been printed till Swift sent them to the press. The second deception was in concealing that, through the lunacy of Swift, his consent was inoperative, and that the publication or suppression of the letters depended exclusively upon the fiat of Pope. The third deception was in leading the world to believe that Pope had not sanctioned the Dublin edition, though he drew up with his own hand the advertisement or preface, and prescribed the terms on which it was to be published. He explicitly reiterated the untruth in the preface to his English edition, and boldly said that the Dublin edition "was begun without our author's knowledge, and not only continued without his consent, but after his absolute refusal."

tioned or hinted at, I shall look upon it as meant to lead to an insinuation, which I understand has been dropped amongst them already, as if I secretly approved, or had been some way privy to it.[1] By this Mr. Faulkner would indeed give me sufficient umbrage, and I should certainly do myself full justice at his, or any one's expense who has or shall suggest it,[2] or who has or shall take the liberty of printing either my letters, or any other part of my works without my consent. And I am persuaded property is better guarded even by the laws in Ireland, than the booksellers there are aware of.[3] My thanks are due to Mr. F[aulkner] for the delay he has made in the publication, but I must also desire him to pay them to Mrs. Whiteway, who told me that it was owing to her that ever I had the least information of this whole matter. I desire he will assure her on my part that if ever I am forced to vindicate myself from having any share in it, I will at the same time do her and Mr. Swift the same justice to the whole world that they have done themselves to me.[4] And pray let the dean be

[1] There could be no hostile "insinuation" in the advertisement written by Pope himself for the Dublin edition, nor in the advertisement to his English edition of 1741, nor in his private letters to Warburton and Allen. Yet he felt it necessary to his defence that he too should mutilate and misrepresent the facts, which was an acknowledgment that the facts bore out the "insinuation."

[2] This is aimed at Mrs. Whiteway, and Mr. D. Swift.

[3] The suppression of the prohibited particulars was the condition of Pope's consent, and he threatens Faulkner with an injunction unless the condition was observed. He calculated that, self-interest would ensure submission.

[4] Mr. Swift, in proposing to write a preface ascribing the clandestine volume to "the corrupt practices of the printers in London," and Mrs. Whiteway in saying at an early stage of the transaction that she had left nothing undone to suppress the letters "because she imagined their publication might be disagreeable" to Pope. He hoped to intimidate Mrs. Whiteway and Mr. Swift by declaring that he would "do himself full justice" at their "expense" if they insinuated that "he had been in some way privy to the book," or if they demanded of Faulkner that he should tell its true history. He supported his menace by the lure that if they came into his measures he would, on the contrary, exculpate them before the "whole world" in the event of his being "forced to vindicate himself," and this he said notwithstanding his professed belief in private that Mrs. Whiteway was the concocter of the clandestine volume. The terms were not propounded to her. Pope stated, on Dec. 27, 1740, that he "wished not only Faulkner but Mrs. Whiteway saw the letter," but on Dec. 29 he asked Lord Orrery to determine whether the letter should be shown, and Lord Orrery, Jan. 12, 1741, decided against the step.

told that however disagreeably this thing may be circumstanced there is one reflection pleasing to me, that the strict friendship and affection we have so long borne each other will by this means be known to all mankind. I am, my lord, your most faithful, obliged, and humble servant.

57. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

Dec. 29, 1740.

MY LORD,—I wrote to you so minutely by the last post in two letters, together with the five packets of the printed book which I returned by the same post, that I have not a word to add but to acknowledge one from your lordship which I received at Bath this day with the confirmation of what I so much desired to hear,—the entire health of your family.

I have just finished the narration I intended you of the whole affair of the letters from first to last, in which you will see the great tenderness I would preserve for the dean, and the careful evasion of charging any body else with any guilt of any kind; nor one reflection made, but pure relation of fact, and in their own words. Your lordship will tell me if you have any objection to my making known the humane and friendly part you have acted towards me, or to any particular of any sort, as you are my only creditable witness, and my best judge. If you had an opportunity of reading it to the dean alone, provided you found his judgment strong, and his memory clear enough to compare, and make a good use of the information, it might convince him how far I am from being privy to, or pleased with, this measure. But unless it could open his eyes to any good purpose, so as to retrieve him from the managements of these people, I think it as well let alone. I also leave to your judgment whether to show Faulkner the letter I wrote for that end,[1] and enclosed in my last, or only to tell him what you propose in this,[2] as from yourself only.

[1] The end of establishing "how far he was from being privy to, or pleased with this measure" of printing the letters.

[2] That is, in the matter of Faulkner's edition of the letters, which was to be abandoned unless Pope pronounced his imprimatur.

My intention is if I see the printed book come out either here or in Ireland, to cause any bookseller to add to it a few of the dean's letters which verify the narrative you see,[1] and, if you have no objection, one or two of your own of a former date here cited, and not to say a word in my own person,[2] but leave those additional letters to show the course of the affair, unless by their trumpetting the falsity about you should judge it necessary to print at the end of the book this very narrative.[3] I am quite passive in the matter, since I find my own so empty of offence, and Lord B[olingbroke]'s letters so innocent, and I doubt not he will slight it as much as I.[4]

No news you could tell me of any roguery or lying practised against me can give me any vexation when your contempt of the people drives you from them to us,—a pleasure which

[1] The passages to which Pope trusted for the verification of his narrative are quoted in the narrative itself.

[2] Because he intended that his own words should appear in another person's name. He had "prescribed the very words" of the deceptive statement which was to criminate Swift, and in his reprint of the Irish edition they would have appeared to be the independent, unsuspicious testimony of Swift's selected agent and publisher. Faulkner's refusal to print the advertisement wrought a change in Pope's "intention," and he took care to say in his own preface what he hoped would have been said from his dictation by Faulkner.

[3] Pope was anxious to avoid a public controversy, but warned by Lord Orrery that the people about the dean loudly charged him with having printed the clandestine volume, he thought it prudent to prepare his defence. He left Lord Orrery to judge whether it was "necessary to print the narrative," and expected him to attest its truth. "Your lordship will tell me if you have any objection to any particular of any sort, as you are my only creditable witness." Lord Orrery replied Jan. 12, 1741, "You have drawn up the narrative with great skill, great friendship, and great justice," but he evaded the question of publication, which sufficiently indicated his disapproval. Another circumstance arose to stop the measure. On the day Pope dispatched his narrative Mrs. Whiteway wrote to Lord Orrery and joined issue on the origin of the clandestine volume. We have Pope's answer in his letter to Lord Orrery, Jan. 23, 1741, and when we read his impotent rejoinder to her resolute tone and stringent facts we see that he would have been infatuated to publish a narrative which might probably provoke her to as public a reply.

[4] Five months had elapsed, and Pope had not yet mentioned the clandestine volume to Bolingbroke. He glosses over the treacherous concealment with the careless remark, "I doubt not he will slight" the publication "as much as I," and two days before, when it was convenient to profess the opposite sentiment, he declared that his disapprobation would impel him to apply for an injunction.

I hope oftener to enjoy and longer to preserve than has hitherto been the fortune of your lordship's most faithful servant.

58.[1] POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

Dec. 30, 1740.

MY LORD,—When I promised your lordship an account of the whole transaction relating to these letters to refresh your memory in some particulars, and to acquaint you of others, I little expected I should send you a narrative instead of a letter. But I shall shorten it as much as possible by the omission of all such circumstances as are not absolutely necessary to the clearing this affair.

Your lordship knows that long since upon the unwarrantable publication of some of my private letters I endeavoured to recall as many as I could from most of the friends with whom I had corresponded. There were none which gave me more apprehension than those I had writ to Dr. Swift in Ireland, whom I often desired to destroy them, which not being complied with it was proposed that we should return to each other such at least of which any ill use might be made.[2] Accordingly I sent him several, particularly after Mr. Gay's death,[3] together

[1] The narrative sent to Lord Orrery was the copy of an amanuensis, but has the autograph signature of Pope. Several corrections, the date, and "my lord" at the beginning, are also in Pope's own hand. This letter was not bound up in the quarto volume of Pope's correspondence, probably because it is written on folio paper.

[2] In the present edition care has been taken to suppress the letters of Mr. Pope wherein this matter was pressed; but it appears from the dean's answers which have been partly preserved.—POPE.

There is not an allusion in Swift's answers to any request of Pope that his letters might be destroyed, nor to any proposition for an exchange of letters. The answers all relate to Pope's request for the return of his own letters. We have the substance of one "suppressed letter of Mr. Pope wherein this matter was pressed" in his letter to Lord Orrery, March, 1737: "I told the dean, as soon as I found myself obliged to publish an edition of letters to my great sorrow, that I wished to make use of some of these, nor did I think any part of my correspondence would do me greater honour." Pope, and no one else, had an interest in suppressing such passages. His practice was to get up his "correspondences" for publication, and charge the act upon friend or foe. He was now repeating the manœuvre with the Swift correspondence, and naturally omitted the letters which disclosed that he was eager to print the collection.

[3] "I showed my cousin the above

with those which the Duke of Queensberry and myself then found among his papers. But in the year 1735 I had reason

letter," says Swift, in a postscript dated Aug. 24, 1738, "and she assures me that a great collection of your/my letters to me/you are put up and sealed, and in some very safe hand." On this passage Pope says in a note to his own edition of the letters, "The book that is now printed seems to be part of the collection here spoken of, as it contains not only the letters of Mr. Pope, but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay, which were returned to him after Mr. Gay's death, though any mention made by Mr. P. of the return or exchange of letters has been industriously suppressed in the publication, and only appears by some of the answers." There are fatal discrepancies between Pope's published note, and the narrative he addressed to Lord Orrery, but his object in both was the same. He wished to have it believed that he had returned the letters he received from Swift, and could not therefore have published the letters of Swift in the clandestine volume. In the narrative Pope says that "he sent Swift several, particularly after Mr. Gay's death," and the remainder, "except a few," "soon after" July 1737. In the published note, which is drawn up with studied ambiguity, the evident purpose was to convey the impression that all the letters he had received from Swift, anterior to the death of Gay, were sent back in 1733. He sent back neither all nor "several." He told Lord Orrery on Dec. 29, 1740, that when he reprinted the correspondence "he should add a few of the dean's letters which verify the narrative you see," and in the published note, speaking of the return of Swift's letters "after Mr. Gay's death," he again appeals in support of his assertion, to the testimony of Swift's "answers." One "answer" would have been decisive,—the letter in which Swift acknowledged the receipt of the letters returned to him, and Pope does not print it, nor explain its absence, nor make the slightest allusion to it. We look to the other "answers" to supply the omission, and the blank is complete. Nowhere in Swift's letters is there the remotest hint that there had ever been an offer to return him a single letter he had written to Pope. There is a second proof that the letters were not returned. In 1737 Pope recapitulated to Lord Orrery the fruitless efforts he had made to get back his own letters from Swift, and he engaged Lord Orrery to press the request anew. The strongest plea would have been the fact, that on the faith of a proposition for an exchange of letters Pope had returned the letters of Swift in 1733, and was only asking him to fulfil his share of the understanding. The retrospect which Pope wrote in March 1737, for the guidance of Lord Orrery, must have contained at least some reference to the transaction, and neither there, nor elsewhere, did he drop a word on the subject till the invention was forced upon him in Dec. 1740, to counteract the evidence that he had printed the clandestine volume. There is a third proof that Pope's published note was deceptive, and that he continued to possess after 1733 the originals, or copies, of all Swift's principal letters. When, in 1737, he renewed his endeavour, through Lord Orrery, to recover the letters he had written to Swift, it was with the avowed intention of publishing a selection from Swift's letters, "of which my own," said Pope, "are but so many acknowledgments." The letters were promised, and on March 28, 1737, Pope,

to grow more urgent than ever about my letters. The dean then answered September 2, 1735, "that he had never destroyed one of them, but his executors had strict orders in his will to burn every letter he should leave behind him, being loath that any from me, and a few other friends should die before him." And again, October 21, he told me, "I needed not to apprehend any Curlls meddling with my letters. He would not destroy them, but had ordered his executors to do that office." But the next year April 22, 1736, he spoke of this as a thing not already ordered, only that his "resolution was to direct his executors to send me all my letters," adding "they are all tied up, indorsed, etc. No mortal shall copy them, but you shall surely have them when I am no more."

In the meantime there had been handed about, first in Ireland, and at last in England, a joint letter to the dean from the Lord Bolingbroke and me, the copy of which as neither of us had any, must have been taken from the dean's papers. This coming soon after to be printed, occasioned me to renew my solicitations, and your lordship, then in Dublin, was pleased to be charged with them. You remember, my lord, at least I

in thanking Lord Orrery for his intercession, repeated his intention of employing the correspondence to erect an abiding monument of the friendship between Swift and himself. Swift's letters were to be the principal attraction of the book; Pope's "own letters but so many acknowledgments" of Swift's. Yet Pope only requested to have back his own letters, and did not ask to have back any one of the letters which he pretends in his published note he had returned to Swift in 1733. He must consequently have continued to hold in March 1737 all the letters from Swift which he meant to include in his publication, and the circumstance that he returned Swift some letters in 1733 could be no evidence that the letters in the clandestine volume were not the very letters he had reserved for his projected work. The wording of his note was framed to imply that he had no such letters in his keeping after 1733, and his statement derived its point from its falsity. Nor did he leave it doubtful that the letters in the clandestine volume were the identical letters he possessed in 1737, and had determined to publish. He greedily adopted the volume; accepted its excisions, alterations, and corruptions; immediately reprinted it in various sizes to range with the different editions of his works, and never reverted to the cherished letters he had resolved should be a monument of his friendship with Swift. Unless the clandestine volume had contained these letters, Pope would have opposed to it his own selection instead of permanently incorporating into his collected writings an inferior, faithless, and piratical substitute.

must ever remember, with what warmth you pressed this matter till you obtained a promise that they should be returned by your hands, but at the same time, in a letter of May 31, 1737, the dean explains it, that "your lordship should have all the letters he could find of mine, which, he says, were fastened in a folio cover, or kept in bundles endorsed;" but adds, "by reading their dates I find a chasm of six years of which I can find no copies, and yet I kept them with all possible care; but I have been forced on three or four occasions to send all my papers to some friends. However what I have are not much above sixty."

The great alteration in this from the preceding assurances, with the news of so many letters lost, or in hands unknown both to him and to me, occasioned your lordship, by a letter dated two days after, to express your surprise at this, "considering how constantly we wrote, and how carefully he kept these letters." You thought "two causes only could be assigned for it,—that they were either stolen by people who had admission into his closet, or else were not returned by those with whom he had entrusted his papers on some certain occasions." The latter seemed most probable, but you feared it would be hard to recover them, since "those who were knavish enough not to restore them, would probably be cunning enough still to conceal them." Your lordship used all the arguments and means you could to no purpose, and could only further learn from the dean that the chasm began in 1722. You observed that "a letter from me to him in 1725 had lately been printed without my consent, which alarmed you, and made you apprehend they were in very improper hands."

The month after, viz. July 23, 1737, the dean once more mentioned this chasm, and imagined he might have carried them over in one of his journeys to England, but says, "my Lord Orrery will take with him all the letters I have, which are not above twenty-five," which few were accordingly delivered to your lordship,[1] and most of which I burned, as abso-

[1] Pope misrepresented in stating that, in accordance with Swift's announcement on July 23, 1737, the twenty-five letters were subsequently delivered to Lord Orrery. Lord Orrery was already in London, and on the very July 23, 1737, on which Swift wrote to Pope that Lord Orrery

lutely trivial, within three days of my receipt of them. Soon after, I returned to the dean all his letters to the same period,[1]

would not sail for ten days, Lord Orrery wrote to Swift that Pope had his letters "long ago." The departure of Lord Orrery, and the consignment of Pope's letters to him, were totally erased from Swift's mind, and he was trusting to the hallucinations of a distempered memory when he wrote, "All the letters I have are not above twenty-five." On May 31, 1737, while the letters were still in his possession, he said, "What I have are not *much above sixty.*"

[1] Pope's account to Lord Orrery is that he sent back "several" of Swift's letters "after Mr. Gay's death," and the rest, "except a few" in 1737. The first half of his statement was, we have seen, fictitious, which virtually disposes of his supplementary assertion that he completed in 1737 the transaction he commenced in 1733. An independent examination of this latter half of his story supplies a separate refutation of it. 1. In the negociation for the return of his own letters in 1737 Pope said nothing about returning the letters of Swift. Not having intimated his intention of returning the letters while the negociation was in progress, and when the offer would have operated to influence Swift, there is little likelihood that Pope, by way of interchange for twenty-five letters, "soon after returned," unasked, "to the dean all his letters to the same period, except a few." The improbability is increased by the letter Pope wrote to Lord Orrery, March 28, 1737, upon receiving the assurance that his own letters should be restored to him. He instructed Lord Orrery to tell Swift that he should have back the originals of these letters, or else have the copies, but there is not a hint that they would be accompanied by Swift's letters to Pope. 2. The parcel of letters which Pope professed to have returned in 1737 would have been much too large for the post, in which case Swift and his friends invariably sent manuscripts from England to Ireland by private hands. Pope could have authenticated his story by naming the bearer of the packet, and instead of a name we have the worthless form, "Soon after I returned the dean all his letters to the same period." 3. At the period when Pope dispatched his parcel, his suspicions, according to his own testimony, were thoroughly roused, and he therefore retained the "answers" of Swift which related to "the return or exchange of letters." He would have carefully preserved the letter in which the messenger announced that the letters sent back to Swift in 1737 had been delivered, and the letter in which Swift acknowledged that they had been received, and one or both of these documents would have been printed among "the letters which verify the narrative you see." Not a line of either was forthcoming. Pope was defending himself from the accusation that he printed the clandestine volume, and every particular is omitted which would have substantiated his story if it was true, and which would be wanting if it was false. 4. The falsity of the story was practically admitted by Pope. On Dec. 30, 1740, Mrs. Whiteway insisted in a letter to Lord Orrery that, as Swift had not kept copies of his letters to Pope, the letters of Swift in the clandestine volume must have been got from Twickenham. Pope did not venture to retort that the letters had been sent back and were at Dublin, nor did he ever again assert that he returned any letters in 1737 to Swift. He gave up the ver-

except a few, which, when you see, your lordship will allow I had reason to keep.[1] These, together with what I have had since, will give some light upon whom I am to charge the disagreeable measure that has now been taken, and how little I ought to resent it of the dean,[2] for whom I shall retain to the

sion he had embodied in the narrative, and in place of saying that he returned "several" letters in 1733, and the rest, which would have been the bulk, in 1737, he remodelled the statement in his own edition of the correspondence, and reduced the double return to a single transaction in 1733. His motive was plain. Mrs. Whiteway spent her days at the deanery, and was, in effect, the guardian of Swift, when his mind was giving way in 1737. Her object, she told Lord Orrery, was "to defend the dean in a particular which concerns his honour, and all those whom he thinks proper to place confidence in." From her position in Swift's house she was aware that he did not receive back his letters in 1737, and the determination she displayed to challenge the fictions which implicated her, obliged Pope to rest his case upon a return of letters in 1733, before she was installed at the deanery. 5. The thought of alleging that he had returned any letters to Swift, either in 1733 or 1737, had not occurred to Pope when he informed Lord Orrery on Oct. 25, 1740, that Mrs. Whiteway "took great pains to insinuate the copies of the letters must have come from England," for he then only met the insinuation by the statement that it was not "possible they should be copied from his papers, for he burned almost all long ago." He did not as yet profess that he had sent back Swift's letters, which would have been his foremost plea if it had been true, or if the fiction had hitherto dawned upon his mind, but he set up the defence for the first time on Dec. 27, 1740, and there is nowhere an earlier allusion to the circumstance. 6. Pope's assertion that he sent back "several" of Swift's letters in 1733, and the remainder in 1737, was thus a total invention, and had his story been true it would have done nothing towards proving that he did not print the clandestine volume, for we know that in both years he would have copied the originals before he parted with them. He transcribed the letters of Swift to Gay which he returned in 1733, and it would be folly to suppose that he would not have copied the letters of Swift in 1737 when he had already avowed his intention of publishing them. In fact, though he did not return the originals, he adopted his usual precaution of substituting transcripts which should not bear witness to the unfaithfulness of the printed correspondence, and copies of several letters from Swift to Pope are preserved among the Oxford papers.

[1] The "few" were what Pope called the "answers" of Swift to the "mention made by Mr. P. of the return or exchange of letters."

[2] Pope wrote his narrative under the persuasion that he should be able to cast the imputation of printing the letters upon "some about the dean." Compelled to abandon an attempt, which would have recoiled upon himself, he suppressed the facts which exculpated Swift, and told the public in his edition of 1741 that the letters were "copied from an impression sent from Dublin, and said to be printed by the dean's direction."

day of my death the true affection I have borne him the best part of my life.

It was a whole year and upwards after all this, when, to my great surprise, he wrote to me as follows. "Aug. 8, 1738. I can faithfully assure you that every letter you favoured me with these twenty years and more are sealed up in bundles and delivered to Mrs. W[hiteway], a very worthy, rational and judicious cousin of mine, and the only relation whose visits I can suffer. All these letters she is directed to send safely to you, upon my decease." But in a postscript to the same letter, though dated Aug. 24, 1738, he says, "I must correct my mistake.[1] I showed my cousin the above letter, and she assures me that a great collection of $\frac{\text{my}}{\text{your}}$ letters to $\frac{\text{you}}{\text{me}}$[2] are put up and sealed, and in some very safe hand."

This was to propagate the false belief that the letters were not printed until Faulkner printed them by Swift's direction.

[1] Pope does not quote the exact words of Swift, which are important as showing the prostrate condition of his mind: "I will here in a postscript correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter."

[2] It is written just thus in the original, and the collection seems to be the same that is now printed, as it contains the letters of both.—POPE.

The true order of the words is reversed in the narrative. The reading in all Pope's published editions of Swift's postscript is "$\frac{\text{your}}{\text{my}}$ letters to $\frac{\text{me.}}{\text{you.}}$" In the letter of Aug. 8, Swift asserted that Mrs. Whiteway had Pope's letters, and his object in the postscript was to correct the error, and announce that these letters were not with her, but with some one else. Nothing had been said of Swift's letters to Pope, either in the letter of Aug. 8, or in any other letter, and it is evident upon examination that Swift was not referring to them when he tried in a postscript to correct his "blunders." Having written at first "my letters to you," which would have been an easy slip of the pen, even if his mind had been far less feeble and confused, and discovering the mistake when he read the postscript over, he corrected it in the ordinary way by writing "your" above "my," and "me" above "you." The double form was not the announcement that both sets of letters were in the custody of the "safe hand," but the upper words were an interlineation to replace the lower, through which Swift had probably drawn his pen. The probability approximates to certainty when we find that Pope twice repeated to Lord Orrery, Sept. 28, 1738, and Sept. 3, 1740, the contents of the postscript, and on neither occasion did he say a syllable of the second set of letters,—the letters of Swift. The double reading in the postscript was first revealed in Dec. 1740, simultaneously with the fiction of the return of Swift's letters, and for the purpose of confirming it. If Swift had really intended to make the

About this time your lordship returned to England, and told me by a letter from Marston that you were perfectly convinced "the letters were neither lost nor burnt, but who the dean meant by a safe hand in Ireland, was beyond your power to guess, and you feared whoever had them would keep them." Mrs. W[hiteway] did assure you she "had not one of them, and seemed to be under great uneasiness lest I should imagine she had. She told your lordship that she had stopped the dean's letter which gave me that information, but believed he would write such another, and therefore begged of you to assure me from her that she was totally ignorant where they were."

The next news I heard of my letters was from Mr. Nugent, who had visited the dean and seen some of them in his hands towards the end of the year 1739,[1] when he was commissioned by the same lady to acquaint me that there were several which she would send me on my order,[2] and some months after I had accepted this offer, viz. June 3, 1740, she writ herself to me, excusing the delay,[3] but confirming the promise. But while I

assertion Pope imputed to him his testimony would have been nugatory. His mind was gone; he only professed to speak from the information of Mrs. Whiteway, and Mrs. Whiteway repudiated the statement he ascribed to her.

[1] Swift was accustomed to show his English letters to his Irish friends, and the letters which were seen by Mr. Nugent in 1739 were undoubtedly letters of recent date. Had they been letters of a date prior to the return of the collection by Swift in 1737, Pope would have distinctly asserted the fact, and made the most of it.

[2] When Swift returned Pope his letters in 1737 the act was immediately effaced from his memory. His impressions were shaped out of the ideas he had acquired before his understanding was overthrown, and on Aug. 8, 1738, he wrote to Pope "Every letter you have favoured me with these twenty years, and more, are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs. Whiteway." Mrs. Whiteway in 1738 denied that she had the letters, but on Sept. 3, 1740, Pope assured Lord Orrery that she had informed Mr. Nugent at the end of 1739 that these very letters were found, and that she would transmit them. In Dec. 1740 Pope drew up his narrative with the expectation that it would be read by Mrs. Whiteway, and as the apprehension of exposure imposed limitations on his statements, he could not disguise that she had said nothing of the kind. She merely mentioned that she had several of Pope's letters which she would send on his order, and his story to Lord Orrery on Sept. 3, was a fiction to persuade him that she held the originals of the letters in the clandestine volume.

[3] This is an error. Mrs. Whiteway did not consider herself responsible for the delay, and did not excuse it in her letter.

remained in expectation of this favour my hopes were dashed at once by a letter of July 29 from Mr. Faulkner, bookseller in Dublin, acquainting me "that the Dean of St. Patrick's had given him to print a volume of letters of his and mine," which, he said, "came from London with a letter," of which he enclosed a copy. As your lordship told me you never had a sight of it, and the original is since said to be lost on the road between Dublin and your house, I transcribe it as a curiosity.[1]

I was indeed surprised at what Mr. Faulkner writ, and cannot but yet suspend my belief of it, that instantly upon this the dean, without giving, or sending me, any previous information, delivered him the letters to print and publish, and Mr. Swift, a relation of the dean's, was to correct the press, and write a preface. I must at least think that to move him to this proceeding some other influence must have been used than merely the anonymous letter above, which, though it might be sent from England, appears by the passages marked in italics to have been composed in Ireland.[2] It mentions a particular which none but persons near him could know, that of the *direction* in his will concerning his papers,[3] and speaks of

[1] Here follows in the manuscript the letter sent from England with the clandestine volume, and printed *ante* p. 418.

[2] Pope marked the phrases "*this nation*," "your obliged *countrymen*," &c. He assumed that the clandestine volume was concocted by Mrs. Whiteway, and that she was anxious to escape detection. When her design was to divert suspicion from herself, and she had the precaution to cause the book to be sent direct to Swift from England, she would not have accompanied it with a letter to convince him that the work was got up in Ireland. This was the part which suited Pope. He was compelled to send the book from England, and wrote in the character of an Irishman to beguile Swift into believing that the work was not of English origin.

[3] The writer of the letter which was sent with the clandestine volume professed to have been informed that Swift, by his will, had directed the letters of Pope and Bolingbroke to be returned to their respective authors. This was the "particular" which Pope says "none but persons near the dean could know," though Swift on April 22, 1736, had written to Pope himself, "My resolution is to direct my executors to send you all your letters well sealed and pacquetted." Swift's will, which was signed May 3, 1740, contained no such provision, and if, as Pope argued, the "persons who were near him" were acquainted with his testamentary dispositions, they would have been aware before May 1740 that he had abandoned the transitory "resolution" of April 1736. Pope is once more self-convicted. The anonymous letter embodied the obsolete informa-

enclosed papers, and *an only copy*, expressions ill agreeing with a printed book,[1] and implying further circumstances than I, or perhaps Mr. Faulkner, had been made acquainted with. However, he concluded by assuring me "that he would not print it without my consent." My reply was that I desired first to have a sight of the thing I was to consent to, that both the dean and Mrs. W[hiteway] knew how long, and how often I had pressed him to prevent such an event. I expressed my surprise at the proceeding, I put the strongest negative I could upon it,[2] and I declared my resolution to prevent the publishing it in England at least, if possible, even by a bill in chancery.[3]

tion Swift communicated to him in 1736, and not the latter information which he assumes was possessed by "the persons near the dean."

[1] The dean's people were "trumpetting about the news that Pope was at the bottom of all," and the narrative, as Pope told Lord Orrery Dec. 27 and Dec. 29, was intended for a public answer to "the falsity." He had to dread a rejoinder, and afraid to conceal altogether that the volume of letters sent to Swift was a printed volume, lest the suppression, in the event of a reply, should convict him, he referred to the "printed book" by an obscure allusion which should convey as little information as possible. The peculiarity he noticed in the anonymous letter only told against himself. The "expressions ill agreeing with a printed book," were intended to persuade any one who was not in the secret of the clandestine volume, and into whose hands the anonymous letter might fall, that the "enclosed papers" were in manuscript, as other "expressions" were meant to indicate that they were collected in Ireland, and were not transmitted from England. This was the story propagated by Pope in his own person. He endeavoured through Lord Orrery to prevail upon Faulkner to adopt a preface containing the bare unqualified announcement that the work was printed with Swift's consent, which was to leave the impression that there was no clandestine volume, and that the Dublin edition was printed from manuscripts furnished by Swift. He conveyed the same fictitious conception to Warburton Feb. 4, 1741, and when he was obliged, in his own edition of the letters, to speak of the "book delivered to the Dublin printer," he did not stop with concealing that it was a printed book, and had been sent from England, but used terms in the preface which were universally understood to signify that the letters had never been printed till Swift delivered them to Faulkner. The identity of fiction between the representations made by Pope, and by the writer of the anonymous letter, confirms the identity of the authorship.

[2] Pope, we know, immediately suspended his negative, manœuvred through Lord Orrery to get the work published, and had ended by directly authorising its publication.

[3] Pope's counterfeit threat of an English injunction, after he had determined to have an English edition, first appeared in his letter of Dec. 27, 1740, when he formally authorised Faulkner to publish the correspondence. He would have had Allen believe that he had also tried the

Your lordship will smile when I tell you the answer to this was a representation of the "great expense he had already been at in printing," for not hearing sooner from me he had "concluded I consented."[1] Nevertheless he promised "if I would revise and alter anything it should be complied with,"[2] but positively told me "another edition was printed in London."[3] If it was, to what purpose should I alter anything

menace of legal proceedings to suppress the publication in Ireland. "I wish I could show you what the dean's people, the women and the bookseller, have done and writ on my sending an absolute negative, and on the agency I have employed of some gentlemen to stop it, as well as threats of law, &c." The "threats of law" was a fiction. There was no room for threats when Faulkner from beginning to end assured Pope that he would not proceed without his consent, and the sole threat Pope dropped, Dec. 27, 1740,—"I am persuaded property is better guarded even by the laws of Ireland, than the booksellers there are aware of"—was not to stop the publication, which the same letter expressly sanctioned, but was confessedly to keep Faulkner from revealing the history of the work. And this threat, to make the fabrication complete, was some weeks later than the letter to Allen, which from its contents must have been written before December.

[1] We have not Faulkner's letter, which Pope epitomises, and at which Lord Orrery is to smile as at something preposterous, but we have Pope's reply to it, Oct. 4, 1740, and no one could suspect that the same letter was described in the answer, and in the narrative. "I think myself obliged to you," Pope says in the answer, "for your conduct upon the refusal of my consent to the printing of my letters. Your offer of sending me the book before publication I accept with thanks. I thank you yet more for your promise not to publish it even in Ireland, notwithstanding the dean's own inclination, till I shall judge proper. This is all I can expect from you."

[2] We should infer from the narrative that Faulkner no longer thought himself bound by his original promise not to print the correspondence "without Pope's consent," but limited his concession to the offer of adopting Pope's alterations. There is a similar misrepresentation in Pope's letter to Allen: "They at last promise to send me the copy, and that I may correct and expunge what I will. . . . And the bookseller writes that he has been at great charge, &c. However, the dean, upon all I have said and written about it, has ordered him to submit to any expunctions I insist upon. *This is all I can obtain.*" Pope's own letter, Oct. 4, 1740, in reply to the letter Faulkner wrote on receiving the negative is a proof that Faulkner at once renewed the pledge not to proceed with the work until he had Pope's consent. He repeated the promise to Lord Orrery at their interview, and Lord Orrery wrote to Pope, Oct. 6, 1740, "Faulkner has sent you the sheets he printed here, but he has laid aside all thoughts of continuing that design without your full leave and permission." The subsequent correspondence between Pope and Lord Orrery shows that Faulkner did not depart from his engagement.

[3] Here ends Pope's account of all which passed with Faulkner in reference to the reprint of the clandestine

in his,[1] and, if it was not, why should a preface be made to lay it upon London printers?[2] This it seems was proposed by Mr. Swift. But he reasoned better than the bookseller upon the refusal of my consent. He told me that "not having had it sooner he concluded it would never be obtained, but finding on the other hand all remonstrances to the dean ineffectual, and seeing him resolved to have the letters published, and to employ his own printer in the work, he represented to him that the world would naturally think it done by our mutual consent, and therefore obtained leave to write a preface to lay it upon the corrupt practices of the printers in London." He assures me this "was merely an effect of zeal to justify me, and by no means of any forwardness to promote the Irish

volume. The necessary conclusion is that Pope never revoked the "strong negative he put upon the publication," and that Faulkner would only promise that "if Pope would revise and alter anything it should be complied with." No one could suspect from the narrative that Faulkner would not proceed without Pope's consent, and that Pope's consent was given on Dec. 27, 1740.

[1] Both in the narrative, and in his second letter of Dec. 27 to Lord Orrery, Pope, for the purpose of fastening an inconsequence upon Faulkner, speaks of the offer to comply with his alterations as if it had been contemporaneous with the information of a London edition. The information was several weeks later than the offer, which was made in September, and Faulkner had not informed Pope of a London edition by Dec. 3, on which day Pope wrote to Lord Orrery, "If there be another edition in London, without Faulkner's knowledge, our altering in one will be to no effect;" and directly afterwards, "I think it probable Faulkner may be ignorant of the London edition." The inconsequence he wrongly imputed to Faulkner was committed once and again by Pope himself, with the second inconsequence that he maintained simultaneously, Oct. 17, 1740, the contradictory propositions that the revision ought "to be made ready forthwith," and that all revision was "ridiculous." The London edition of which Faulkner had got intelligence must have been Pope's own quarto, earlier, in its original form, than the final state of the clandestine volume, as appears from the sheets Pope interpolated into his published quarto to bring in the additional matter he had inserted in the clandestine volume. This is still another proof that he printed the letters.

[2] The proposal of Mr. Swift to "lay" the clandestine volume upon "London printers" did not affect the consistency of Faulkner, and Pope's argument only amounts to this, that either the offer of Faulkner, or the proposal of Mr. Swift, proceeded upon a mistaken assumption. The mistake was in the natural inference of Mr. Swift. He took for granted that the clandestine volume was one of an edition for sale, and had he known that no other copies would appear he would have seen that the work had been got up by Pope, and not by the printers.

edition." So as soon as he found I would not give my consent he dropped the thought.

Mrs. W[hiteway] also wrote to acquaint me it was "she who insisted with the bookseller to give me privately an account of what was doing, for the dean had absolutely forbid her to acquaint me. Indeed, she knew nothing of Mr. Faulkner besides seeing him often at the deanery, a place that once a person of his low character in life would not have been admitted to. Yet that he bore the character of an honest and modest man, and if I had any commands to her I might direct them more safely to the said Faulkner than to the deanery where they would be opened."[1] Nothing could be more obliging than the disposition she testified in my regard throughout that letter, dated Sept. 18, 1740, where her disapprobation of this whole proceeding is expressed in so strong and convincing a manner that I cannot deny myself the honour, nor her the justice of transcribing some part of it.[2] "Believe me, sir, that I left nothing undone to prevent the publication of those letters, and was so chagrined about them that I never yet would read them. I got all the friends of the dean that I thought had any weight to persuade him against it, and only because I imagined it might be disagreeable to you. Nay,

[1] Lord Orrery testified, and without his testimony it would be apparent from the correspondence, that Faulkner was not in collusion with Mrs. Whiteway. He was an impartial witness, who had the best opportunities of ascertaining the truth, and we have his unhesitating decision in the information he communicated to Dr. Birch, Aug. 17, 1749: "Mr. Pope sent to Ireland to Dr. Swift by Mr. Gerrard, an Irish gentleman, then at Bath, a printed copy of their letters, with an anonymous letter, which occasioned Dr. Swift to give Mr. Faulkner leave to reprint them at Dublin, though Mr. Pope's edition was published first."

[2] The extract from the letter of Mrs. Whiteway, which Pope introduces with this commendation, is the same passage he treated as false in his letter to Lord Orrery, Oct. 25, 1740: "The lady had made just the same protestations to me, but with one or two circumstances so strong that I was overdosed, as for instance 'that though she had secreted the book she had not once looked into it, she disapproved it so much,' though she had never read it." Pope, as usual, misquoted the letter in his private report to Lord Orrery. The "circumstance" which "overdosed" him was not "strong" enough in the original, and to make it stronger he represented Mrs. Whiteway to have said that she had "not once looked into the book." This was improbable, and widely different from her statement that she "never yet would read" the work.

I went lengths that honour could not strictly answer, for I stole the book out of his study, and kept it till I was forced to return it, or add a lie to my theft. It is impossible to make you sensible how positive the dean was in having it done, nor the many warm disputes I had with him,—a liberty I never took on any other occasion."

I returned my humble thanks, and desired only a sight of the book. I writ more than once to beg but three lines under the dean's hand,[1] but was answered constantly by others, "that his health would not permit him to write, but that he entirely loved me, that he extremely wished to see me, that he never had a thought of doing what was displeasing to me, but wondered I could have any objection to printing the letters." In this situation I applied once more to your lordship. I begged you to write to the dean, which you did, but was answered in no other manner.[2] The bookseller, indeed, waited on your

[1] He requested that his letter to Faulkner, Oct. 4, 1740, might be shown to Swift, and said in it, "I should be heartily pleased to see but just such a line or two as this under his hand." Swift's verbal message in reply was no doubt received by Pope through Faulkner. The present paragraph of the narrative is a series of untruths, and the opening passage is not an exception. When he says, "I writ more then once to beg but three lines under the dean's hand, but was answered constantly by others," he allows us to suppose that he wrote direct to Swift, and it is clear from his correspondence with Lord Orrery that he did not. He leads us to believe from the context that he requested Swift to write specially on the subject of the letters, and the sentence in the letter of Oct. 4 is merely the general expression of a friendly wish to hear from him. He does not mention the names of the persons who conveyed to him Swift's messages, which raises the suspicion that the "more than once" was an exaggeration, and that the only time he "begged three lines under the dean's own hand" was in the letter to Faulkner. Pope's indefinite language was almost invariably the cloak for misstatements.

[2] He mentions in the narrative that he first applied to Lord Orrery in 1737, and asked his assistance in persuading Swift to surrender the letters. The "situation" in which "he once more applied to his lordship" was, he says, after the messages of Swift "wondering he could have any objection to the printing of the letters," and the purpose of the application was to solicit Lord Orrery's interposition with Swift. He applied, on the contrary, to Lord Orrery, Sept. 3, 1740, before he had received any answer from Dublin to the first letter he wrote on the clandestine volume, and, therefore, before he could possibly have received the earliest of the alleged messages from Swift, and the purpose of the application was not to engage Lord Orrery to negociate with Swift but with Faulkner. We have every letter Pope wrote to Lord Orrery throughout the transaction, and he

lordship, and let fall in conversation one very different circumstance, that not all the dean's friends persuaded or remonstrated against this publication. One there was who suggested to him that the book must probably have come from my hands, and to print it could not but be agreeable to me,[1]—an

nowhere begged Lord Orrery to write to Swift, and Lord Orrery nowhere reports to Pope the message which Pope says was received in answer. The single letter, Oct. 8, 1740, which Lord Orrery addressed to Swift respecting the clandestine volume, was written, he tells Pope, Oct. 10, 1740, at the instance of Faulkner: "Nor would he leave the letters with me till I writ by him to the dean that I detained them." Lord Orrery had written a letter to Swift, and under cover of this fact Pope passed off the pendant fiction. The sum is that he omitted from the narrative the real negociation through Lord Orrery with Faulkner, and substituted imaginary appeals to Swift. The reason for the omission was that Lord Orrery's negociations with Faulkner involved the very circumstances which Pope's plot required should be concealed,—that he had the choice of suppressing or publishing the letters, that he elected to publish them, and had already licensed the work in his letter to Lord Orrery, Dec. 27, 1740. The reason for the substitution was that he wanted to have it believed that the letters were published, in spite of his remonstrances, through the determination of Swift. He would have us believe that he wrote to him, and employed Lord Orrery to write, and the only answer they could extract from him was the message, that "he wondered Pope could have any objection to printing the letters."

[1] "One there was," means Mrs. Whiteway. Pope's version of Faulkner's information to Lord Orrery is a new instance that no reliance can be placed on his assertions, even when he was writing to a person whom he was aware must be conscious of the misrepresentation. "I asked Faulkner in a careless manner," Lord Orrery said to Pope, Oct. 10, 1740, "what Mrs. W[hiteway]'s opinion was of these letters. He told me she was fully persuaded you published them in England, and sent them privately to the dean." This is all. Not a word did "the bookseller let fall" of Mrs. Whiteway not having "remonstrated against the publication," or of her having impressed upon Swift that "to print the book could not but be agreeable to Pope," which were the additions of Pope himself, in default of any evidence to inculpate Mrs. Whiteway. The statement he falsely ascribed to Faulkner was in defiance of Mrs. Whiteway's own declarations, which may be accepted for true, because they could easily have been tested in the main particulars, and they remained untouched by an atom of adverse testimony. In her letter to Lord Orrery, Oct. 7, 1740, which was forwarded to Pope, she said that Faulkner could bear witness how warmly she had opposed at the dean's table his intention to reprint the clandestine volume, that "she got several persons to do the like," that she hid the book till she was forced by Swift to restore it, and that when she found he could not be restrained, she insisted that Faulkner should write to Pope. Lord Orrery, who concurred in charging upon her the clandestine volume, could not deny that her opposition to the publication was sincere, and he was driven to explain her obstructive efforts by

insinuation, which, after what the same person wrote so expressly to the contrary to your lordship,[1] and myself, I think I have no need to observe upon, but rather to laugh than be angry at.[2]

You have had, my lord, an occasion for the full exercise of your humanity, and sufficient cause to pity one, if not both of your friends, when you find your kind efforts to suppress their

the conjecture, Dec. 24, 1740, that Faulkner was not the accomplice to whom she had sold, or intended to sell, the work. Pope's dishonesty was not confined to accusing Mrs. Whiteway wrongfully upon fabricated evidence. There is a second deception. He quotes in the preceding paragraph the extract from Mrs. Whiteway's letter to himself, Sept. 18, 1740, in which she said that she had "left nothing undone to prevent the publication of the letters," and had employed "all the friends of the dean, that she thought had any weight," to second her endeavours, and "persuade him against it." In the present paragraph Pope contradicts the statement in the extract, and upon the testimony he had coined, says of Mrs. Whiteway, without naming her, "not all the dean's friends persuaded against this publication; one there was who suggested that to print the work could not but be agreeable to me." The extract from Mrs. Whiteway's letter of Sept. 18, is thus covertly stigmatised as false, and Pope nevertheless had prefaced the extract in words which vouched for his belief in its truth: "Her disapprobation of this whole proceeding is expressed in so strong and convincing a manner that I cannot deny myself the honour, nor her the justice of transcribing some part of it." "Her disapprobation was expressed in so convincing a manner," and he was immediately about to pronounce her professed "disapprobation" a fiction; "he could not deny himself the honour, nor her the justice of transcribing" the passage, and the "honour" to him was that an intriguing woman had tried to delude him by mendacious asseverations, and the "justice" to her that he used language which accredited her lies. He held up the same statement from the same person, first as a truth, and then as a falsehood, and covered the contradiction by concealing that the person who dissuaded Swift from reprinting the letters, and the person who urged him on to it, was the same individual. By acquitting Mrs. Whiteway Pope hoped to keep her from replying to his narrative. By accusing her, though without naming her, he trusted to satisfy the public that the chief conspirator was one of the "dean's people." The attempt to concoct a narrative which would serve the contradictory ends of convicting and appeasing her was a weak and hazardous expedient, and Pope might well lose faith in his clumsy fraud.

[1] This, too, is a misstatement. Mrs. Whiteway was "fully persuaded" at the date of her letter to Lord Orrery, that "the book came from Pope's hands," and we have her letter to testify that she did not "write expressly to the contrary to his lordship."

[2] There was no inconsistency. Mrs. Whiteway did not suspect, when the clandestine volume was delivered to Swift, that Pope had stooped to the trick, and his proceedings soon convinced her that he was the author of the plot.

faults ineffectual. You take up the generous part to excus and extenuate them. Will your lordship then say for me, that whatever weakness my enemies, upon this display of my private thoughts, may charge me with, it should not be with vanity, since it will evidently appear of my letters that they were never writ to be printed,[1] and I think the same of those of my correspondents, though there never were greater masters than they in this, or in any other sort of writing. Whatever may be disagreeable in this incident, two circumstances however have pleased me, that the strict affection between Dr. Swift and me is made known to the whole world, and that I have myself received so strong an evidence of the friendship and warm attention of your lordship, for which I shall be always with the truest esteem and gratitude, my lord, your most obliged, and most faithful, affectionate servant.

59.[2] MRS. WHITEWAY TO LORD ORRERY.

Dec. 30, 1740.

MY LORD,—I shall not hesitate one moment to send your lordship Mr. Pope's letters, as likewise that from Bath,[3] but how am I to convey them to you?—not by post surely; for then I might be justly taxed with folly or breach of trust, to venture them by so uncertain and dangerous a way. If your lordship will order a faithful servant, or a gentleman, with a

[1] So also Pope said in the preface to the letters he published in 1737, "The rest every judge of writing will see were by no means efforts of the genius, but emanations of the heart, and this alone may induce any candid reader to believe their publication an act of necessity rather than vanity." And these were the letters he had elaborately reconstructed for the press, and for which he unsparingly sacrificed his integrity in the hope of serving his vanity. The clandestine volume was a renewal of the P. T. manœuvre, and to keep up the parallel we have the protestation repeated that he ought not "to be charged with vanity, since it will evidently appear of his letters that they were never writ to be printed."

[2] This and the following letter, first published by Walter Scott from the papers of Mrs. Whiteway, have already appeared in the volume of Pope and Swift correspondence, but are reprinted here from the copies of Lord Orrery, which repair the slight defects in Mrs. Whiteway's manuscripts.

[3] The letter sent with the clandestine volume.

line under your hand, to call for them, I shall deliver them with pleasure; and this I should not do to any other person whatsoever, without an immediate direction to myself from Mr. Pope, who knows I refused them to Mr. Robert Nugent, from whom I had two letters in the last [summer], telling me Mr. Pope desired me to send them by his mother, then going to England; and by the same packet, and the same date, I had a letter from Mr. Pope, who told me he would expect them by Mr. M'Aulay, who intended long ago to have been in London if business had not prevented him. I am so far from suspecting any person of this side the water (and, therefore, it would be unjust to guess), that I do not believe they were taken here. I will tell you my reasons for it. First, I do assure your lordship the dean kept no copies of Mr. Pope's letters for these twelve years past to my knowledge, nor to anybody else, excepting to a lord-lieutenant or a bishop, whom he feared might make an ill use of them; and of those to Mr. Pope I saw him write and send off immediately. This, therefore, makes me think it reasonable to suppose it is not from this quarter that Mr. Pope has been ill-used, but must have been betrayed by his English servants, who have more cunning and a readier way of making money of them than ours have; and I cannot imagine any person above the degree of a servant capable of so base an action. My lord, I beg leave to talk freely with you, and I can have no other view in it than to defend the dean in a particular which concerns his honour and all those whom he thinks proper to place confidence in. You must, I believe, have seen a book of letters stitched together by the dean, wherein there are a number of them from the greatest men in England, both for genius, learning, and power, such as Lords Bolingbroke, Oxford, Ormond, Bathurst, Peterborough, and Queensberry; Parnell, Addison, Gay, Prior, Congreve, and Mr. Lewis, with several bundles large enough to make a volume, to say nothing of your lordship's (because I am writing to you), which are in my possession, and may be commanded whenever you please, for I have lately got the dean's leave to give them even while he is alive, which he at first refused me; and were there a person vile enough in this kingdom to be bought, why were not these

sold to Curll as well as the others; for surely, not to mention yours, sir, some of the rest might be thought as entertaining to the world as the dean's,[1] and as easily to be stole. Permit me, my lord, to ask a question of you. Do you think the letters to and from Dr. Swift are genuine? If so, will you look over them again, and explain to me this sentence? Mr. Pope, taking occasion to mention Mr. Wycherley, immediately after says, "Some letters of whose and mine have been lately published, not without the concurrence of a noble lord, who is a friend of yours and mine."[2] I hope what I have said will convince your lordship how much I detest the base practices of those who would be capable of betraying friendship. I once more repeat my concern that I had not power enough with the dean to prevent their being given to Mr. Faulkner, and returned to Mr. Pope. If you think it proper, when you send him the papers, present him my most obedient respects and this letter; for I am sure anything of this kind from me is not worth his paying for. However, I shall submit this and everything else to your lordship's judgment. There is one particular I had like to forget, that one of the letters of Mr. Pope I took out of the dean's stitched book with his permission, and, I must say, I think it equal to any he writ, and yet this letter is safe, and not printed, although the book has been lent to many of the dean's friends.[3]

[1] "And Pope's," she would have added if she had not desired Lord Orrery to send him her letter. The clandestine volume, she argues, must have come from Twickenham, because no one who had access to Swift's papers would have singled out his correspondence with Pope for publication, and rejected "bundles" of letters "from the greatest men in England for genius, learning, and power."

[2] Pope to Swift, Nov. 28, 1729: "I speak of old Mr. Wycherley, some letters of whom, by the bye, and of mine, the booksellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours. I do not much approve of it, though there is nothing for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of anything I do not do myself, or of anything that is not immoral, but merely dull." This was common language with Pope. He would not be ashamed of anything he did not do himself, and he alone sent the letters to the press, without the knowledge of the "noble friend" upon whom he fathered the act. He would not be ashamed of anything which was not immoral, and he tacked the boast to a lie.

[3] The letter of Pope to Swift, Dec. 8, 1713, first published by Lord Orrery, may not improbably have been the letter to which Mrs. Whiteway refers.

60. LORD ORRERY TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

CALEDON, *January* 2, 1740-1.

YOUR obliging offer of returning my letters, together with those designed for Mr. Pope, is most gratefully accepted by me, and therefore I send Mr. Ellis, who is one of my agents here, and whose honesty and integrity I can trust, to receive them from your own hands, and to bring them down hither without the least loss of time. This is the most expeditious and safest method I could think of. The parcel for Mr. Pope I desire may be sealed up by you, but I could wish to see the letter from Bath, if you thought proper. If you enclose it to me I will lose no time in forwarding it to Mr. Pope.

Certainly, madam, this printed collection has been by some low, mean, injudicious person, probably some servant, who has snatched them at various opportunities. They will do as little honour to the writers as anything can that comes from such great and eminent men. People's expectations will be raised by the names prefixed to them, but those expectations will not be answered by the letters themselves. The more I read them, the more I am convinced of the truth of this opinion. Not to mention some imprudencies of a high nature, the whole consists of private, though amiable, familiarities, in which the public can noways be interested, nor much entertained.

I should think with you, madam, that some of Mr. Pope's servants had stolen them, did not many letters appear from various people to the dean, of which Mr. Pope cannot be supposed either to have seen the copies or originals;[1] but, alas!

[1] The "many letters from various people to the dean" were eleven in number. Three of them were joint letters from Pope and Gay, and seven were joint letters from Pope and Bolingbroke. These ten letters being partly written by Pope, were doubtless returned to him with the rest of his correspondence in 1737. The remaining letter was from Bolingbroke singly, but Pope had a copy of it, which is preserved among the Oxford papers. The argument of Lord Orrery was peculiarly unfortunate. The letters from the "various people" were the very letters "of which Pope had the copies or originals," and the solitary circumstance which kept Lord Orrery from admitting that the clandestine volume had its origin at Twickenham was one among the endless proofs that it

it is but a melancholy comfort to me that this unhappy affair is so situated as to redeem the honour of one friend at the expense of another.

The collection begins very early, before the dean's friendship for you, madam, was in its meridian. Since that time I am in no pain about his letters; but yet permit me to say that there are and have been other persons about him who may have very different views from you, nor can your attendance be so constant as to hinder transactions that may give you, me, and all the dean's friends uneasiness, for which reason I shall be extremely glad to have my own letters returned;[1] and you will please, therefore, to give them into Mr. Ellis's hands, who is to leave Dublin as soon as he receives them from you.

I am glad the dean is noways affected by the change of weather; his health is extremely dear to me. Would to God you could persuade him to come to Caledon, where Lady Orrery would take care to make the place as agreeable as she could to him and you. She is by profession a nurse, and performs her part excellently; but we are both much concerned that you are acting the same part to one of your sons. The mildness of the season will, we hope, soon remove his complaint. I am, madam, your most obedient humble servant.

was compiled there. If Mrs. Whiteway purloined and printed the correspondence in the clandestine volume she could have got at the remaining letters from Bolingbroke and Gay, and we should not have had precisely the eleven letters which were in the custody of Pope. The Gay correspondence was almost sufficient of itself to establish the truth. The concocter of the book printed the letters from Swift to Gay which had been copied by Pope; the answers of Gay were preserved by Swift, and have since been published; and the only answers in the clandestine volume were just the three which Pope possessed.

[1] Lord Orrery expressed to Mrs. Whiteway his entire faith in her honourable guardianship of Swift's letters, and accused her to Pope of stealing the letters and printing them. His assurance of the confidence he felt in her is part of his reply to her letter of Dec. 30, 1740, and speaking of this same letter he says to Pope, Jan. 12, 1741, "She there lays the theft absolutely upon your servants. Perhaps I may get more from that quarter, and they will be strong proof of the insincerity and vile treatment you have met with from the little senate at the deanery." The "insincerity" was flagrant, but it did not proceed "from the little senate."

61. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

CALEDON, *Jan.* 8, 1740-1.

ENCLOSED I send you the original letter, at least what Mrs. Whiteway calls so, that came to the dean from Bath, and with it a letter I received from her some posts ago, which no sooner came to my hands than I sent away a trusty messenger to Dublin to receive from her all the papers she therein promised. He brought to me last night two parcels,—one sealed up and directed to you, which contains I suppose the letters intended for you by Mr. M'Aulay, and another parcel for myself, in which were all my letters to the dean. I have now executed all your commands, and therefore shall hasten out of this kingdom as fast as I can. I propose to leave Dublin about the 20th of next month, and Lady Orrery will follow me as soon as her daughter, whom she suckles, is able to travel. We are both tired of our situation here, and are resolved to fix our tents in England.

The packet I have for you, though not a large one, is yet too big for the post,[1] so I will have the pleasure of delivering it to you myself. I entreat you to let Mrs. Whiteway know that I have acknowledged the receipt of a packet for you, and in case this arrives time enough to stop your sending the printed volume of letters, let them remain in your hands till we meet. You may then let me know your inclinations and your commands more fully by a personal conversation than by letters. If the people, somewhere or other, but where I cannot determine, will suffer this to go to you directly, I may receive an answer to it, which I own would give me pleasure, especially if you approve of my conduct in this affair.

Lady Orrery will execute any commands you may have during my absence, and her stay. Lord Boyle comes with me, but as I leave the greatest part of my family behind, there

[1] The packet weighed, that is, more than two ounces, which was the limit of his franking privilege. It is evident from Lord Orrery's description of the packet, that the letters could not have been numerous.

will be an apartment ready for you in my house as soon as I come to town. I am, dear sir, etc.

I defer all my sentiments on this transaction till I see you, having plagued you sufficiently with my correspondence.

62. LORD ORRERY TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

CALEDON, *Jan.* 10, 1740-1.

MADAM,—By not receiving any letter from you either by this day's or Thursday's post, I fear you, or some of your family, are ill, and therefore am more anxious now to hear from you concerning your health than I was concerning the letters. You will relieve me I hope even before this can come to your hands, for if I hear nothing from you on Monday I shall be very uneasy.

Mr. Ellis brought me two parcels from you. That directed to myself contained the Bath letter, which I shall take care to give Mr. Pope, together with the sealed packet directed for him. I have writ to him this moment to let him know how obligingly, and, particularly so to me, you have complied with his request. I return you many thanks, madam, for the delivery of my letters, from Curll, from God knows who. I am much obliged to the dean for permitting them to be restored to me. Upon a revisal of them I well see how dangerous a familiar, unguarded correspondence may be, not only to ourselves but to our friends, and I hope we may hear no more of this little volume which is printed, though I must fear it will come out in opposition to all our endeavours. In the mean time it remains safe in my custody, nor shall I willingly deliver it up, unless by the dean's or Mr. Pope's commands.[1] I have many letters to write, and as I am not

[1] Pope sent back the sheets of the clandestine volume to Lord Orrery, Dec. 27, 1740. As Lord Orrery had not received them at the date of his letter to Mrs. Whiteway, he was not strictly accurate when he said, "In the mean time the volume remains safe in my custody." The sense he intended to convey was correct, that the volume was safe from being delivered to Faulkner to be reprinted, "unless by the dean's or Mr. Pope's commands."

without some thoughts of seeing you soon (this to yourself only), I will defer saying more at present, than that I am, madam, etc.

63. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

CALEDON, *Jan.* 12,[1] 1740–1.

SIR,—On Monday the five packets due from England arrived at Caledon, by which means I received all your letters and parcels at once. Of the printed volume there came only from page 23, so that unless you have kept the beginning, which you hinted to me was your wish, it is lost. I passed all Monday in the afternoon in reading over and over your letters, and your narrative, and in considering what part I was to act with Faulkner and company. In my humble opinion the best method we can pursue will be to give him back the letters, to tell him, without showing anything under your hand, that you will have nothing to do with them, and to suffer him (but not without inserting the advertisement) to go on. All this in my own name.

Your tenderness towards the dean is like yourself. I hope there will be no occasion for opening the scene plainer,—at least that his name may remain sacred from the most distant reflection. You have drawn up the narrative with great skill, great friendship, and great justice, but methinks the lady's letter to me,[2] which I sent you some posts ago, explains the attack against you more fully than Faulkner's conversation with me.[3] She there lays the theft absolutely upon your servants. Perhaps I may get more from that quarter, and they will be strong proofs of the insincerity,[4] and vile treatment you have met with from the little senate at the deanery.

[1] Jan. 12, was a Monday, and it is apparent from the opening sentence that it was on some day after Monday that this letter was written. The true date is probably a day or two later, for we see by Lord Orrery's letter to Pope, Jan. 8, 1741, that the five packets had not yet arrived on the Monday previous to Jan. 12.

[2] Dec. 30, 1740.

[3] When he told Lord Orrery "that Mrs. Whiteway was fully pursuaded Pope published the letters in England, and sent them to the dean."

[4] "In short they must be caressed," said Lord Orrery to Pope of Mrs.

The "deserving friend" in the Bath letter, the original of which, I hope, is now in your possession, confirms me in my opinion that Faulkner was not the bookseller for whom this collection was designed. I can explain that, and other matters, further to you when I have the happiness of your conversation, which I will hope for as soon as I reach Duke Street. I intend to leave this place the 11th of next month, and if the wind be fair shall leave Dublin about the 22nd. In the mean time if anything new occurs that can give you any clearer light into these mysterious transactions I shall transmit it, beseeching you to excuse the tedious repetition of my correspondence, in consideration of the motive it proceeds from,—a thorough desire of approving myself your ever faithful, affectionate, and obliged servant.

If you think proper to print any of my letters on this occasion you have my entire approbation.

64. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

Jan. 23, 1740-1.

MY LORD,—I am much obliged by your lordship's of the 8th of this month, and for a sight of Mrs. Whiteway's, to whom I beg you to pay my thanks for sending the packet of letters to you at my request. As so many accidents have prevented my receipt of them it will now be time enough to see them at your return, as your lordship proposes. I would not trouble her with an unnecessary letter, since as your lordship will doubtless be at Dublin, I am sure my acknowledg-

Whiteway, Dec. 20, 1740, and he vindicated his policy by the maxim that it was the highest justice for evil doers to be the victims of arts like their own. Upon the groundless assumption that Mrs. Whiteway was insincere, Lord Orrery held that he was privileged to be deceptive towards her, —to write to her in terms of friendship, to profess the fullest faith in her integrity, to endeavour by "caresses" to win her confidence, and all for the purpose of enticing her into some confession which might be used against herself. The general adoption of Lord Orrery's principle would banish truth from the world. Men would only have to suspect, or say that they suspected, another person of deceit, to justify any craft they might be pleased to practise in return.

ment will come as agreeably to her through you. It is a care worthy of the profession she was pleased to make in the first letter she favoured me with,—the honourable care to prevent any more such disagreeable consequences, either with regard to letters, or any other papers of our friend, and which she declared she would never suffer to be published without the approbation of such as are truly concerned in his reputation.[1] I have nothing more now to trouble your lordship, or Mrs. W[hiteway] with, about my particular, only, what I before mentioned to you, I beg to repeat my thanks to her for having obliged the bookseller to give me all the knowledge I had of his printing the letters, and an assurance that, if ever I am compelled to justify myself, from any share in it, I will at the same time do her and Mr. Swift the same justice to the whole world that they have done themselves to me.[2]

Mrs. Whiteway's letter says a great deal to remove the suspicion of this thing being done originally in Ireland. I cannot tell whether the letter she has favoured me with, which was sent to the dean, will be of any use towards a discovery. But the passage she questions about, in one of those now printed to Dr. Swift, tells nothing of that sort. She will find

[1] Pope says that Mrs. Whiteway's return of his letters is worthy of her "honourable care to prevent any more such disagreeable consequences" as the publication of the clandestine volume, "either with regard to letters or any other papers," which is further evidence that he invented his announcement to Allen, "They now offer to send me the originals which have been so long detained, and I will accept of them though they have done their job." Had the returned letters purported to be the originals of the clandestine volume, they could have had no effect in "preventing any more such disagreeable consequences." In Pope's own language, the "dean's people" had already "done their job." His assurance again to Mrs. Whiteway, that he esteemed her sending the packet to be an honourable care, worthy of her first profession, is inconsistent with his previous insinuations to Lord Orrery, that she had kept back the promised letters for months to conceal her dishonourable conduct in having printed them.

[2] The message to Mrs. Whiteway, which Pope here repeats, was first sent in his second letter to Lord Orrery, Dec. 27, 1740. Pope's anxiety to impress upon Mrs. Whiteway, that he would vindicate her and Mr. Swift in public, at the very moment that he was insisting upon their guilt in private, could, under all the circumstances, have had but one motive. He promised to absolve them lest, in their own defence, they should produce the proofs which would criminate himself.

it explained in the second and third paragraph of my own preface to my letters.[1] Those letters of Mr. Wycherley were deposited in my Lord Oxford's library, and from thence permitted to be printed, for the reason there given, four years before Curll laid hold of them.[2]

[1] Pope's preface to his letters did not explain the passage from his letter to Swift, which was in substance that Lord Oxford and the booksellers had concurred to print his letters, and that he himself had no share in the proceeding. The only true explanation he could have given of the statement would have been that it was false, which would have been the strongest confirmation of Mrs. Whiteway's belief that he had printed the clandestine volume he disclaimed.

[2] This letter is itself a proof that Pope, in his narrative, Dec. 30, 1740, gave a fabricated account of his return of Swift's letters. Lord Orrery wrote to Mrs. Whiteway, Dec. 24, 1740, and assumed that the letters in the clandestine volume had been "stolen out of Swift's custody." Mrs. Whiteway answered Dec. 30, denying that the volume could have been concocted at Dublin, and insisting that the materials must have come from Twickenham. She gave two reasons for her conclusion,—the first, that the book contained the letters written by Swift, of which the originals were with Pope, and Swift kept no copies; the second, that the letters of numerous eminent men were omitted, which could easily have been procured at the deanery, and which were certainly not less worthy to be published than the Pope correspondence. She authorised Lord Orrery to send Pope her letter, which was a direct challenge to him on the question at issue. He was aware that she had charged him with printing the letters, and he in turn, had laboured to criminate her throughout his correspondence with Lord Orrery. He now replied to her challenge, and his answer is an open retreat. He talks of her "honourable care to prevent" the publication of Swift's letters, and engages "to do her justice before the whole world." He proceeds to speak of her reasons for insisting that the letters must have been taken from his own collection, and throws up his case. "Her letter says a great deal to remove the suspicion of this thing being done originally in Ireland, and he cannot tell whether the letter sent to the dean" with the clandestine volume, "will be of any use towards a discovery," but "the passage" on the publication of the Wycherley correspondence "tells nothing of that sort." He had not another word to plead. Clearly, if it had been true, that he returned "several" of Swift's letters in 1733, and the rest in 1737, he would not have suffered Mrs. Whiteway's triumphant argument, that the letters of Swift must have come from Twickenham, to pass uncontradicted. Nor, if the story in his narrative had been true, could he have failed to reassert it in his published note. He had acknowledged to Lord Orrery in the narrative that he only sent back "several" letters in 1733. It was a necessary deduction from his correspondence with Lord Orrery in the spring of 1737 that he still retained all the letters of Swift he was anxious to publish, from which it followed that the return of "several" letters in 1733 could not aid his defence. The fear of exposure could alone have brought him to abandon his first and essential posi-

I write this in haste that it may get a post forwarder without passing through London, or I should say more. But I long to meet you, and will not fail to know the first day of your arrival. This is the 23rd of January, and yours is dated the 8th, so has been fifteen days on the road. I sent you all you wrote for about the end of December, and hope the several packets, and a long letter reached your hands. Had I expected so soon the happiness of your return I had not sent any of them. I am ever with the truest wishes for yours, Lady Orrery's, and all your present and future family's prosperity, even to the *examina infantium, futurusque populus*, as your own Pliny[1] has it, my lord, your faithful, obliged, affectionate servant.

65. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

BATH, *Jan.* 29, 1740-1.

MY LORD,—As I have had the honour of a letter from you since my last, I will give myself the satisfaction of thanking you once more, and your lordship the trouble of one more request, which shall conclude all your troubles on this subject. When you are at Dublin engage Faulkner to send hither a book the moment he publishes,[2] and to return you the foul

tion, that he returned the main collection in 1737, and induce him to limit the surrender of letters to 1733, which was a new, inconsistent, ineffectual tale. He did not even dare in his published note to assert in unequivocal language the return of the letters in 1733. He selected an ambiguous form of words which would naturally be understood to mean that he sent back all Swift's letters to himself, and which, if contradicted, might bear the construction that he merely sent back the letters addressed conjointly to himself and Gay.

[1] Pope says "your own Pliny," because Lord Orrery had probably already projected the translation of Pliny's letters which was published in 1752.

[2] On Dec. 27, 1740, Pope sent through Lord Orrery his final answer to Faulkner. In conformity with Pope's instructions Lord Orrery decided, Jan. 12, 1741, that "the best method to pursue" was to "give back" the letters to Faulkner, and "suffer him to go on." Pope replies Jan. 29, and acquiescing in Lord Orrery's interpretation of his wishes, says, "Engage Faulkner to send hither a book the moment he publishes." Before Faulkner's volume was published Pope brought out his quarto edition of the letters, and said that he had refused to revise them, as the Dublin edition was "not only continued without his consent, but after his absolute refusal." He trusted for the concealment of this direct untruth to Lord Orrery's promise that he would adopt the

copy by which he prints, for the reason I before hinted.[1] I kept the first sheet[2] of it (as he had gone beyond and would not need it),[3] in which are those insertions I told you of,[4] that manifest its being printed at different times.

instructions he had received, and deliver them in his own name to Faulkner. Pope could then pretend that he had not revoked his refusal, and that the permission "to go on" was the spontaneous, unauthorised act of Lord Orrery.

[1] In his letter to Lord Orrery, Dec. 10, 1740: "I would willingly, I confess, keep the first sheets, where are many remarkable notes, and some interlineations in the dean's hand." The "reason" only applied to the "first sheets," and Pope wanted back the whole of the copy, doubtless that he might destroy the testimony from types and paper to the place where the clandestine volume was printed.

[2] He kept a sheet and seven pages.

[3] Lord Orrery wrote to Pope, Oct. 6, 1740, "Faulkner has sent you the sheets he printed here," to which Pope replied on Oct. 17, "I have had no more than the two first sheets from Faulkner, though he promised me the rest by two posts more." In alleging that "the rest had been promised," Pope must either have misconstrued something which Faulkner had said, or else wilfully misrepresented him. Nearly seven weeks later, Pope, Dec. 3, speaks to Lord Orrery of the "letters in the two sheets Faulkner has sent me," which shows that no more sheets were sent in the interval, nor did Pope renew his complaint that "the rest" had not come, but changed his language to an insinuation that more had been printed than was pretended. He wished, he wrote Dec. 10, to retain the first sheets of the clandestine volume, and added, "as they are already reprinted by Faulkner, he cannot plead any want of them, if I return all that is *said* to be unprinted." These passages are evidence enough that Faulkner did not profess to have printed more than two sheets, and we have a second proof when Pope acted upon his resolution of "returning all that is said to be unprinted," and retaining the rest; for the portion of the clandestine volume he withheld "as already reprinted by Faulkner," was, we see by Lord Orrery's letter, Jan. 12, 1741, only twenty-three pages, or a few pages more with the "interpolated half-sheets and quarter-sheets," on which the numbers of the primitive paging were repeated. Pope's object in affecting to believe that Faulkner had made much greater progress appears in the undated letter to Allen. "My vexation about Dean Swift's proceeding has fretted and employed me a great deal in writing to Ireland, and trying by all means possible to retard it, for it is put past preventing by his having, without asking my consent, or so much as letting me see the book, printed *most* of it." We now know that the entire statement was a misrepresentation, and Pope himself went on to refute the pretext that the book was "put past preventing," by adding in the next sentence, "They at last promise me to send me the copy, and that I may correct and expunge what I will." If the work had not gone too far to permit him to "correct and expunge" what he pleased, not a page could have been yet beyond recall, and it must have been possible to expunge the whole. This was what Faulkner offered, and Pope declined. He preferred to send back the letters with permission to go on.

[4] "The interpolated half-sheets

Mrs. W[hiteway]'s letter which, by her own consent, you sent me, discovers much more than at first I observed, but it will be time enough to point it out to you when I have the great pleasure of meeting your lordship.[1]

I wish you would say every thing you can think of to the dean from me that would please, and nothing that can afflict him. I dare say there has been an end some years ago of all his intentions as to papers, legacies, &c., so that I should not think the least syllable of that sort ought to be named to him.[2] But be pleased to tell him I intend him a long letter as soon as you return to England, and as soon as I hear from you such an account of him as I may depend on.[3]

I long to find you in Duke-street. I hope never to lose you

and quarter-sheets," which Pope mentioned to Lord Orrery, Dec. 27, 1740, and which concurred with every scrap of evidence we possess to demonstrate that he printed the clandestine volume.

[1] The letter to Lord Orrery, Jan. 23, 1741, in which Pope replied to Mrs. Whiteway's letter of Dec. 30, 1740, was intended for the eye of Mrs. Whiteway herself. The "much more than he at first observed," which he reserved for the ear of Lord Orrery, consisted no doubt of the fictions he dared not produce to Mrs. Whiteway.

[2] Pope alludes to Lord Orrery's remark Dec. 13, 1740, "You have some legacies left you by the dean; they cannot rest till they are secure of all." And again, Dec. 20: "I could almost think from these proceedings that the dean has left the perusal of his papers to you." Having printed the clandestine volume himself, Pope knew that the conjecture of Lord Orrery was unfounded, and that nothing was to be gained by harping upon the false suspicion to Swift that the whole was a plot for inducing him to alter his will.

[3] Lord Orrery and Pope wrote, March 22, 1741, a joint letter to Swift, which is published in the volume of Swift and Pope correspondence. It is the latest letter we have from Pope on the subject of the clandestine volume, and is a suitable finish to the appalling complication of sustained deceit and falsehood revealed in the correspondence with Lord Orrery. Paley drew the distinction between "a chain of reasoning of which, if one link fail, the whole falls," and "an argument separately supplied by every separate example," when "an error in an example affects only that example." The argument that Pope printed the clandestine volume is of the latter kind, which Paley calls a "cumulative argument," or aggregation of individual proofs. Each proof, for the most part, rests on its own foundation, whatever may be the strength or weakness of the accompanying evidence, while the combination of distinct proofs, all leading to one conclusion, is irresistible from the agreement of such multiplied and independent lines of argument. Numerous as are the separate proofs which have been produced to show that Pope was the person who printed the Swift correspondence many more might still be added if they were not already too abundant.

more. I shall move towards it next week, and be certainly either at Twitnam, or at Mr. Murray's, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, till your arrival. My faithful and respectful services attend your lordship, and Lady Orrery. My lord, I am yours always.

The permission you give me so frankly of using the authority of your letters in case of necessity is extreme generous. Shall I think it proceeds from a high spirit of justice and honour, or shall I flatter myself it is half from friendship to me? I will believe both.

66. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

July 23, 1742.

MY LORD,—Your humanity which I have seen extend over all the human species, I doubted not descended to the animals, his elder brothers in the creation, and in particular to dogs, the companions, and therefore the precursors of man. Yet I will not allow you should retard the satisfaction I was sure to receive in hearing of your own, till you could also acquaint me of Bounce's safe arrival in Somersetshire. I envy you this distance from a town of knaves and politicians, with the accounts of whom, and the compliments paid to whom, my retirement echoes, though the first voice be not heard. It is in vain I sequester myself from the action when the riot and the ruin spread around me; and the joy, and the sorrows consequential of their joy to every honest-hearted Englishman, are every day in my ear.[1]

[1] On Feb. 11, 1742, Sir Robert Walpole resigned, and such members of the opposition as were disappointed in their hopes of some advantage from his removal, turned their thunders against their late allies. Pope was among the malcontents, instigated probably by Bolingbroke, who, perceiving that he would not be countenanced, had no greater toleration for the new ministers than for the old. "I am sorry to find," he wrote to Lord Marchmont April 6, 1742, "that the forebodings of my mind are likely to be verified. I apprehended all that I see happen. How could I do less? Long before I left Britain it was plain that some persons meant that the opposition should serve as their scaffolding, nothing else." He visited England in the course of the summer, when his "forebodings" were confirmed, and, on his return to the continent, he wrote to Lord

Lady Orrery ought to know her remembrances are, and must be a pleasure and favour to me, and any commissions she, or your lordship, can give me will be additional favours, except you required of me to answer your noble neighbour's Latin, or hear his English oratory.[1] I had a visit from your other noble neighbour in the park.[2] A very wet day it was, but no other inconvenience. She left me really concerned for her, and heartily wishing no man afflicted her peace of mind more than I would do, and that I could do her any good office, but in the nature of things it seems impossible. She also paid me her small debt,[3] but I could not persuade her to come into the house, but sat with her in her coach at my door. We mentioned you with honour. I look upon whatever she may think in my favour wholly owing to your kind conduct.

If I look into your house in your absence it must be to enquire of Lord Boyle and his brother, in regard to whom I wish I could be of any use, and in such case I would lodge no where else. Otherwise I intend not to be in London a night.

Cibber is printing a letter to me of the expostulatory kind in prose.[4] God knows when I shall read it when it is published, and perhaps I may send to ask your account of it. Your opinion whether or not to answer it I need not ask. He

Marchmont, Oct. 30, that "he had been the bubble of men whose advantage laid in having worse hearts." This denunciation he prefaced by a remark, which, to any one acquainted with his character and career, must appear a singular instance of self-ignorance. "What *shocked* me *most*," (though I expected something of that kind, from the knowledge I had of my countrymen,) when I was last among you, was to find the disappointment so strong relatively to private views, and so weak relatively to those of a public nature."

[1] The "noble neighbour" was Lord Hervey, the Sporus of Pope. He ranked high among the speakers in the House of Lords, and Mr. Croker says that "few men retained more Latinity, that he used to correspond in Latin with Henry Fox, and that his Latin epitaph on Queen Caroline was approved by very competent scholars." He would appear from Pope's allusion to have written in Latin to Lord Orrery.

[2] The Duchess of Buckingham.

[3] Pope had bought an annuity of her. Ruffhead says it was purchased of her husband.

[4] In the fourth book of the Dunciad, published in 1742, Pope attacked Cibber, who retaliated in a lively and caustic pamphlet, which proved very galling to the poet, notwithstanding the air of indifference he assumed to Lord Orrery.

swears he will have the last word with me,[1] upon which I have seen an epigram.

> You will have the last word after all that is past,
> And 'tis certain, dear Cibber, that you may speak last;
> But your reas'ning, God help you, is none of the strongest,
> For know the last word is the word that lasts longest.

I am ever, my dear lord, your faithful, obliged servant.

67. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

MARSTON, *July* 27, 1742.

SIR,—I have received your obliging letter, and am rejoiced to find you felt no ill effects from your expedition into the coach in so wet a day. Poor lady! I have often been very angry with her, and I had reason for it; but when I have considered, or seen the unhappy situation of her mind, when I have beheld her under all the torments, I may almost say, of the damned, when I have recollected her former generous friendship to me, then my rage has immediately turned into compassion. I have forgot my resentment, I have laid aside my judgment, and I have become again, as I now am, her faithful servant.[2] Your benevolent heart can feel the truth of what I say, and I am sure our sentiments are always the same, where my thoughts lead me to any act of humanity or pity. The illustrious Leake[3] of Bath brought me over Colley's letter, a true Cibberian performance. The epigram is excellent. This leads me to put you in mind of trying to collect your epigrams. We want a collection of that kind, and perhaps yours might amount to a little volume. Why will you let them be dispersed like Cybele's leaves, in air? Cibber

[1] Cibber says in the Letter, "While I have life, or am able to set pen to paper, I will now, sir, have the last word with you." Pope had probably seen, or heard, more of the pamphlet than he chose to acknowledge, for though he speaks of it as only "printing" on July 23, a copy was carried by a Bath bookseller to Lord Orrery at Marston before July 27.

[2] The Duchess of Buckingham appointed Lord Orrery one of her executors, and his father was an executor under the will of her husband.

[3] Leake was a bookseller.

cannot be properly answered than in the epigrammatical way. If he were at Dublin the whole College would be aiming at him; he is the Bettesworth[1] of the stage. I have writ three or four lines to you by my surveyor, who, with your leave, will take a view of your urns, most, if not all, of which, I should be glad to imitate in my garden. It is at present in great beauty, and except one day of the week, which I give up to the squires, the justices, and the parsons of our neighbourhood (for lords we have none), there cannot be on this side of paradise a place of greater tranquillity. I thank God we never dream of courts, but contented with a plain oaken cudgel, leave gold staffs to our friends. Would it were possible to find out some method to tempt you hither; you should come into a warm house, see an agreeable situation, and live void of noise and disturbance, with two persons who love and honour you with true devotion. Believe me, dear sir, your etc.

68. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

TWITNAM, *Aug* 27, 1742.

MY LORD,—I was unlucky in missing your operator at Twitnam, but I understand he thought all the urns but two too small for the places you allotted. Mr. Allen is here, and I find he has none of the drawings of Lord Burlington, but my Lord B. tells me one Collins has several who executes them for him at Bath, and that will certainly be your best method of proceeding in it.

I would say a great deal to your lordship and Lady Orrery both, of my frequent dreams, and escapes of soul towards you; for I often imagine myself with you, enjoying what I cannot here enjoy,—solitude, study, conversation uninterrupted, and a mind disengaged from all but its own best employments. You who know what they are would encourage and assist me in them, instead of diverting me from them, as I am here diverted every moment by everybody.

There is nothing *you* will think strange, but the public is in

[1] The Irish barrister, ridiculed by Swift.

great expectation of new promotions of more of our friends.[1] It is still talked, even at court, that the king will go abroad, and reconcile, when he commands in chief, the pretension of two generals.[2] I told the Duke of Argyle yesterday that I had lately heard from you. He thought you were in Ireland. Lord Chesterfield was here, and sends you his services. Lord Gower is recovered of an ague, and goes soon to Bath. I am sorry for the removal of the late lord privy seal, who would much better have ended with what this has begun,—the signing a certain patent, and the pardon of Robert Knight.[3]

69. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

LONDON, *Jan.* 13, 1742-3.

MY LORD,—I cannot, in pure shame, delay one post to acknowledge both my own omission, and your generosity in putting me thus kindly in mind how defective I have been in not writing to you. I enquired at my coming to town of the young gentlemen at Westminster,[4] who were gone just then for Marston, and two days since again of Dr. Johnson after the

[1] Many of the old ministers kept their places on the downfall of Walpole, and the public expected fresh dismissals to make way for conspicuous members of the late opposition.

[2] Active preparations were going on for assisting Maria Theresa the following year in her war against France. A portion of the queen's army was to co-operate with the English, and the anticipated rivalry between Lord Stair who commanded the English, and the Duke of Aremberg who commanded the Austrian troops, broke out into dissensions which threatened to be disastrous at the very opening of the campaign. George II. did not belie his rumoured intention. He joined the army in May, 1743, and on June 16 won the battle of Dettingen.

[3] The "late lord privy seal" was Lord Hervey. He had not resigned with Walpole, but he was distasteful to some of the new ministers, and, much against his will, was compelled to retire in July. He was replaced by Lord Gower. The "certain patent" was the patent, dated July 14, 1742, for creating Pulteney Earl of Bath. The public thought that he had bartered his patriotism for a peerage, and Pope, we see, did not approve of his elevation. Robert Knight was the cashier of the South Sea Company. He escaped to the continent when the bubble burst, and had remained abroad ever since. His pardon, Aug. 17, 1742, was for "all felonies, crimes, offences, etc. inflicted on him by act of parliament in the reign of George I."

[4] Lord Orrery's sons, who were at Westminster school.

time of your return, who said he expected it would be very soon. This stopped me from doing, what I wish I had done that post, that your lordship might have seen I thought of you the same day that you thought of me. In truth I had a very particular reason to have troubled you. I correct myself, for nothing of this kind ever was a trouble, but a joy to you. It was that we think a way is open by which you may do an honour to a man of the greatest merit and redeem the disgrace of a whole university. You are not to be now told that the vice-chancellor, Dr. Leigh, and several heads of houses sent, and offered Mr. Warburton the degree of a doctor of divinity, when he had no such expectation, after which it was monstrously refused by the unaccountable dissent of two or three.[1] Dr. King either has, or will acquaint you of the particulars. He met me the other day and desired it might be brought on again by your lordship engaging Lord Arran[2] to send a recommendation to that purpose, the present vice-chancellor being much Mr. Warburton's friend. This it seems is a customary method, and surely nothing is more reasonable after such a conduct toward a man of his eminence, and unblemished character. I am sure I need only make you an apology for not mentioning this to you sooner.

All your lordship tells me of your enjoyments at Marston truly pleases me, but with the allay of finding it will be long

[1] In the summer of 1741 Pope and Warburton spent a day at Oxford. After Pope had gone, Warburton, who stayed a day longer, received a message from the vice-chancellor, "by a person of eminence," enquiring if the degree of D.D. would be agreeable to him. This is his own account, and he does not mention that "several heads of houses" concurred in the message. The refusal of the university to sanction the offer of their vice-chancellor, was ascribed by Warburton, as by Pope, to "the contrivance of two or three particulars," but was, in reality, the act of the majority. The numerous rash speculations in the Divine Legation, and the arrogant dogmatism with which Warburton asserted his least tenable paradoxes, provoked mistrust and aversion, and it is not surprising that many persons should have hesitated to set the stamp of authority upon his writings and character.

[2] The Earl of Arran was chancellor of the university. He was elected Sept. 9, 1715, to replace his brother, the Duke of Ormond, who resigned when he fled the country on his impeachment for high treason, and the university, by their choice, intended to manifest their sympathy with the principles and conduct of their late jacobite chancellor.

before I shall be happy in yours and Lady Orrery's company, and I tell you truly I never wanted the comfort of such company so much here as this winter. Indeed all honest company is a rarity, but principally among gentlemen. I think this one sentence includes a general account of all public affairs. I have seen and heard what makes me shut my eyes and ears, and retire inward into my own heart, where I find something to comfort me in knowing it is possible some men may have some principles.[1] I wish I had been no where but in my garden, but my weak frame will not endure it; or no where but in my study, but my weak eyes cannot read all the evening. I pick up a poor scholar or two, who can get no employment, to sit and read to me, and I drink in return with them, especially if they are of the university, sometimes rather too much, for me I mean. I am really glad the gout has treated your lordship as you deserve, that is so moderately. You have another companion that will make anything supportable, even any pain or misfortune, though God send them both far from you. I hope she is perfectly well, and perfectly happy you will make one another. I can never sufficiently acknowledge both hers and your perpetual favours and remembrances shown me. I could write, not a letter, but a book of them, they are so many, and so fully imprinted on my memory. As to anything else I shall write, it will be very little, and very faint. I have lost all ardour and appetite, even to satire, for nobody has shame enough left to be afraid of reproach, or punished by it. And Cibber himself is the honestest man I know, who has writ a book of his confessions,[2] not so much to his credit as St. Augustine's, but full as true and as open. Never had impudence and vanity so faithful a professor. I honour him next to my Lord ——.[3]

Pray, since you do not come yet, at least let me know when

[1] The thought which Pope expressed was just, however inapplicable it might be to himself. "Other things being equal," says Archbishop Whately, "an honest man has this advantage over a knave that he knows more of human nature: for he knows that one honest man exists, and concludes that there must be more, but the knave can seldom be brought to believe in the existence of an honest man."

[2] An Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber, Comedian.

[3] Left blank in the original.

you may, that I may know some happiness I may expect, and hear something I may believe. Adieu, my dear lord. Remember Mr. Warburton, and, in him, me, that I may not be ashamed of having a degree hereafter.[1] I am ever your lordship's and Lady Orrery's.

70. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

Feb. 9, 1742-3.

MY LORD,—I dare say your humanity and generous spirit is offended, as well as mine, at such a demonstration of the malignity of dulness, which is never so rancorous as under the robe of learning. One would think the clergy were sworn to hate each other instead of to love each other. But we have done our best, and must acquiesce under such heads as God is pleased to put over us that the weak ones of this world may confound the strong. Mr. W[arburton] shall know his obligations to your lordship and to Lord Arran, whose letter I return you.

I am extremely mortified at your retirement, and the more as I fear the taste of passing a whole winter better than almost any nobleman can, or ought, may influence you for the future, and I shall lose both you and my lady for the few winters I have to live, and in which I expect yearly less and less comfort. I instantly obeyed you as to the subscribing for the book, which I empowered Dodsley to do, but he seems hardly to know whether it goes on or not. If it was Lady O[rrery]'s command I would not only subscribe to, but cry up, any poet of any kingdom,[2] or any king's poet or historiographer, the two greatest liars in literature. Our poor friend in the park[3] is extremely ill, both corporally and mentally, and I fear her poet will soon shed real tears for her, as he will be of no use to any other prince or potentate whatsoever. Her fate has

[1] Warburton says that about the same time he was led to expect the degree of D.D., Pope was offered the degree of LL.D., which he declined, unless he and Warburton could have their doctorate together.

[2] It would seem that Lady Orrery had requested Pope to subscribe to a volume of poems by one of her Irish acquaintances.

[3] The Duchess of Buckingham.

been hard upon her, but not so hard as herself, for her passions have overturned mind and body.

If ever I can form a possible hope of seeing you at Marston, it must be in the summer, and I think there is a probability of my being about Bath next July or August. But sure, my lord, you will just come, and look at Jericho once more, before it falls at the sound of the third trumpet. Two have called aloud upon her, and shook her walls already.[1]

I would give you an account of some of your acquaintances, but I dare not; of others, but I will not, and I have nothing left but to cry out with the christian congregation, "Let us pray."

I am not publishing any new thing, but whatever I publish, —past, vamped, future, old or revived—it shall surely be sent you the moment the press has it. I write at Twickenham the same day your lordship's letter reached me (which passed through Mr. Solicitor's hands,[2] and was by him forwarded hither) or I should perhaps recollect something more. But Twickenham is the place of forgetfulness of all but such as I love, and those now are few. Believe me, while I have a being, your lordship's ever faithfully.

71. LORD ORRERY TO POPE.

MARSTON, *Feb.* 16, 1742-43.

SIR,—Enclosed I send you my last efforts for our learned, our too learned friend.[3] Whatever success my letter may have I am joyful in an opportunity in showing my regards to you and to Mr. Warburton. The thought of seeing you here gives me true pleasure. I hope you will find our roads less uneasy than they are represented. Consider they are the

[1] The interpretation of this metaphor is no longer obvious. The two events which foreboded the speedy downfall of the English capital have lost the prominence they assumed in Pope's eyes, and cannot now be distinguished from a multitude of contemporaneous circumstances.

[2] The celebrated William Murray was made solicitor-general, Nov. 18, 1742.

[3] Lord Orrery means that Warburton was "too learned" to find favour at Oxford. The "last efforts" consisted either in a second letter to Lord Arran, or to some other person of influence.

roads to peace, to solitude, and to friendship. When you are here, although you may have jumbled over some stones, and waded through some mire, you will find our situation good, our air wholesome, and the house, its master, and his territories all your own. Since my arrival from Bath I received very melancholy accounts of our friend in the park, in confirmation of the hints you gave me Her situation is deplorable. Death only can give relief to passions of that sort, but I observe that people in her disposition of mind live generally to a great age.[1] "The days of women are threescore years and ten, and if they be so strong to attain to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but madness or folly." I think so little of the great world, and am so pleased with my retirement, that, unless to see you, I know nothing could make me wish myself a single day from Marston, where every mortal is, as I am, dear sir, your very faithful, and obedient servant.

72. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

BRISTOL, *Aug.* 12, 1743.

MY LORD,—I have been summoned from Mr. Allen's to Lord Bathurst, where I passed five days, and then returned, not without hopes your enemy the gout had been repulsed, and that you would give me a challenge to meet you on horseback, and ride toward Marston. But not seeing or hearing from you gives me great fear you are still confined, and I was writing to enquire when Mr. Arbuthnot came from London, and insisted on my going with him, as I had engaged, either to a house Mr. Allen had promised to lend him, or to Bristol. The house was denied us,[2] and he did not care to stay longer

[1] She died the month following, March 13, 1743, and was buried with great pomp in Westminster Abbey on April 8. She was a woman of weak understanding, crazy pride, and irrational self-will, and Lord Orrery is intimating what his caution would not permit him to say plainly, that her passionate, eccentric caprices had passed into the frenzy of open insanity.

[2] "I suspect," wrote Pope to George Arbuthnot, July 23, 1743, "that he has an apprehension in his head that if he lends that house to us, others hereabouts may try to borrow it, which would be disagreeable to him, he making it a kind of villa to change to, and pass now and then a day at it in private."

than four or five days; so we are both at Bristol, whither I came by water, through the most romantic scene I could desire to other scenes here of still higher beauty. I cannot now have any hopes of seeing Marston, as the utmost limit of our time draws nigh. But I cannot live with any ease under the disappointment of that, and under the apprehension of your continuing ill. All the purpose, therefore, of this letter is to beg to know by a line (to be left with Mr. Pyne the postmaster at Bristol) the true state of your lordship's health.

I just hear of the death of Lord Hervey.[1] *Requiescat in pace.* Will it not oblige you to return to London somewhat the sooner?[2] If so, I hope I shall know the first day, and find that part of the kingdom a much better situation than this for friendship to thrive in, and for friends to enjoy life. I cannot say with how much truth, esteem, and affection, I am, my lord, your ever obliged servant.

Nor can you say too much from me to Lady Orrery.

73. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

BRISTOL, *Aug.* 18, 1743.

MY LORD,—It was beyond expression kind in you to give me this assurance of your better state of health, and the knowledge that you are upon your legs again, actively setting out on adventures. I shall do the same, on the same day, Saturday, as I believe, and proceed with Mr. Arbuthnot homeward, with sure and certain hope[3] of meeting you at London, and at

[1] He died Aug. 8, 1743.

[2] On Feb. 26, 1743, the eldest daughter of Lord Hervey was married to the grandson of the Duchess of Buckingham, Constantine Phipps, who was created Lord Mulgrave in 1767. The duchess left Lord Hervey Buckingham House, with the furniture and all her plate for his life, and Pope apparently infers that the transfer of the property to the next heir would require Lord Orrery's presence in his capacity of an executor under the will of the duchess.

[3] "All hope," said Mandeville, "includes doubt; a certain hope is palpable nonsense." "Hope or expectation," rejoined William Law, "does not imply uncertainty but futurity. Hope is uncertain, not because we cannot hope or expect with certainty, but because the things we hope for are generally not in our power, so as we can be secure of the event." The phrase, often used wrongly, is fitly applied to the promises of God.

Twitnam, in either of which places I shall be at your devotion. I had a strong instinct to have gone by Lord Bathurst's, as he can tell you, to Sir Clement Cottrell's, but by a letter from him I find he is yet in London, and the method of my coming at him very precarious, if, after all, he should have room to lodge me, of which he speaks doubtfully, and, be it as it will, this will prevent me, for I cannot part from my fellow-traveller. Mr. Warburton is still with Mr. Allen, and I do not know certainly the time of his return to London, but I think at the beginning of next month. I shall not see Mr. Allen's again this year. I am constantly obliged to Lady Orrery, and I promise, if ever I drag my bones again so far, I will get to Marston from Salisbury, instead of vainly wishing it from Bath, and make that the first and ultimate end of my journey. My health is not bad, but the inward complaint of my breast continues. I heartily wish that your lordship's journies may accomplish what I never expect from mine, and restore you perfectly. My sincerest respects attend you both, and my prayers for the prosperity of this, and the next generation, that is to be yours, and which I hope your eyes will see when I am dust and ashes. I write nonsense, but it is quite night, and I asleep. I expect that James will call for this before I shall open my eyes to-morrow to blush at what I have written. But I add one more line with confidence; for never was a truer word said, or one I can be prouder of, than that I am entirely, and by all obligations your lordship's ever.

74. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

Sept. 30, 1743.

MY LORD,—You are too good in making enquiries after a man not worth giving you any account of. He can go anywhere but where he has most mind to go,—to Marston. He was at home but a fortnight before he was seduced into Oxfordshire, in my Lord Cornbury's coach, whence he was carried to Rousham by Sir Clement Cottrell, staid two days, and went to Oxford in full assurance of finding Dr. King, but he was gone the day before to London. However I took possession of his

lodging, and got away the next morning, undoctored the third time.[1] *Sic me servavit Apollo.* The doctor has had an escape, and so have I. Thence I made a visit to the Duchess of Queensberry[2] and so returned to Twitnam yesterday, where, notwithstanding the finest autumn in the world, I am wishing for winter and November weather to bring you to town. Lady Orrery and yourself will never rest till you make me imagine by so many warm invitations that it is my duty to convince you I am a very troublesome fellow by passing as many days with you in St. James's Park as I wished to do at Marston. As to your executorship I wish nobody may be more troublesome to your lordship than I shall be in my demands, for I can but plead poverty;[3] I am sure to be welcome to whatever you and Lady Orrery can help me to. I do not want money so much as health and strength, of which I have scarce enough to live upon, and, what vexes me more, scarce enough to speak, write, or behave toward those I most esteem and love, with spirit and alacrity sufficient to show them in what degree I love and esteem them. I can only protest, as I do very honestly, that I care for nothing else in this world than the society and good opinion of the few like yourself, and am invariably theirs and yours of necessity. So adieu, my dear lord, and recommend me to my lady, who will take your word for your ever obliged.

75. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

TWITENHAM, *Nov.* 17, 1743.

MY LORD,—Your every letter is a fresh proof of your goodness to me, as it is unprovoked and comes voluntary. The truth is I have such frequent reason to be ashamed that I never am, like others of my contemporaries. Otherwise there is not a friend I have but I should be ashamed ever to write

[1] That is, it was the third visit he had paid to Oxford since there was a talk of conferring on him the degree of LL.D.

[2] At Amesbury.

[3] Pope alludes to the annuity he bought of the Duchess of Buckingham, and which would now be paid by her executors.

to, having not done that duty so long. But what shall I say? I have a heart, but I have no eyes. I have the spirit strong, but the flesh is weak. I have nothing to do, and therefore want time. This last is no paradox, but a common case. I know it is otherwise with you, and therefore I do not wonder you can find no time to attend the public. Lady Orrery deserves more attention than Great Britain. But what absolute necessity to attend Mr. and Mrs. Ph[ipps]?[1] Do but send, or cause to be sent me, an order for my arrear, and even stay from them, when my job is done. Just the same liberty, my lord, would be given you by a greater man. But he desires nothing from you but money,[2] whereas in truth I desire it much less (let me want it ever so much more) than I do your company. Therefore, to be serious, if you must come after Christmas let it alone, and if you can contrive, instead of getting my whole year paid, (which expired last midsummer) to cause them to pay up the year and half at Christmas, it will be better on this particular account, that for the future the year may be paid rather in winter than summer, as all the trustees are more likely to be in town at that season.

I have just seen Lord Bathurst, who gives me a very satisfactory account of you. I have made your compliments to Lord Bolingbroke, in whose company your letter found me, and with whom I pass most of my time, and shall, while you continue absent. I believe you will see him when you come, for he proposes to stay a month or two.[3] He is in very good health, busy about enclosing a common, and improving his estate here, about Battersea and Norwood. Would to God your lordship's estate was as near.

I am very ready to subscribe to the print, but do not know where, or to whom? Is this all I can do at your request? I would subscribe to the making a new giant's causeway to get

[1] Lord Orrery had evidently announced that he must shortly go to town on business connected with his executorship, which chiefly concerned Mr. Phipps, who was heir to the Duchess of Buckingham.

[2] The "greater man who desired nothing from Lord Orrery but money," was apparently a legatee or creditor of the duchess.

[3] Lord Bolingbroke arrived in England at the end of October, 1743, went back to France in June, 1744, and after a brief stay returned to settle at Battersea for the remainder of his days.

at you over that Serbonian bog in Somersetshire. I shall hardly live in Duke Street till you come.[1] It would at present be like shutting me up in a monument,—a place that would only put me in mind of what I have lost. I am sorry to hear of the dean.[2] My letter must end, or it will grow melancholy. Pray, my lord, relieve me, and tell me as soon as you can everything that you can which may please me; above all that my Lady Orrery and yourself are in perfect health, and perfect happiness. If the first be not wanting, I will answer for the second. I am ever, my lord, yours in one word.

76. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

March 30, 1744.

MY DEAR LORD,—Nothing could be kinder than your early thought of me at a time when your mind was full, I am sure, of the joy of escaping from London to my lady and Marston. I should be sorry even your affection for me should give you a thought that might lessen or cloud, though but for a moment, your perfect enjoyments there; and it is with an addition to my happiness that I can tell you news that will please you of myself,—that I am less languid, and breathe something easier than when I saw you. I have taken the air twice, and can bear a chariot very well. I am going this minute to Chiswick,[3] not to lie abroad, which I dare not, but to dine by myself before their hour, and return before evening. I shall there and everywhere proclaim your great goodness to me, which I shall feel while I live. My entire services to Lady Orrery. Know me for ever yours.

[1] Lord Orrery had no doubt offered him the use of the house.

[2] Swift became a maniac in 1742. In June of that year Charles Yorke wrote to his brother, "Dean Swift has had a statute of lunacy taken out against him. His madness appears chiefly in most incessant strains of obscenity and swearing,—habits, to which the more sober parts of his life were not absolutely strangers, and of which his writings themselves have some tincture." His violence was succeeded by stupor, and for the three years he survived he rarely spoke a word, or noticed anything. His confirmed state of mental vacancy had probably been mentioned to Pope by Lord Orrery.

[3] To visit Lord Burlington.

77. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

TWITTENHAM, *April* 10, 1744.

MY LORD,—Your letters are things that deserve a better name than letters. They are emanations of the best mind, and the kindest heart in nature, and lessen the force of all illness or pain, which is not so great an evil as the knowledge of so true and warm a friend is a good infinitely superior to it. Lord Boyle was the bearer, but what gave me a great disappointment, and was the only one I ever received from any of your family, he would not stay to come in. But the first day I can get to town I will be revenged upon him by going and dining with him.

I dread to enquire into the particulars of the fate of Bounce. Perhaps you concealed them, as heaven often does unhappy events in pity, to the survivors, or not to hasten on my end by sorrow. I doubt not how much Bounce was lamented. They might say, as the Athenians did to Arcite in Chaucer,

> Ah Arcite! gentle knight, why would'st thou die,
> When thou had'st gold enough, and Emily!
>
> Ah Bounce! ah gentle beast, why would'st thou die,
> When thou had'st meat enough, and Orrery?

For what in nature could Bounce want at Marston? What should any one, man or beast, want there but to live always under the benign influence of Lady Orrery? I could die more resigned anywhere else. I should not be so patient to suffer there as among those people here, who are less hurt by another's suffering, and before whom therefore I make no conscience to complain, nay to roar, or to be as peevish as the devil. But I thank God my days are more supportable something than when I saw your lordship, for my nights are better, though the grand cause of all,—the shortness, and sometimes almost stoppage of breath—continue without any alteration from the first, notwithstanding the heap of medicines so constantly taken. And the effect of my confinement, and utter inability to use exercise make me so excessive weak of limb

and nerve that my legs swell, and I have convulsive catchings all over my body. All I can do is to ride an hour or two in a chariot in very warm days, of which I have had but few. Pray tell me in return for this sad story, the joys you and Lady Orrery are partakers of, which, let them be ever so many, I am sure I heartily wish doubled upon yourselves, and continued to all your posterity. I am, my dear lord, entirely yours.

78.[1] LORD ORRERY TO MALLET.

MARSTON, *April* 21, [1744.]

EXTRACT.

LADY ORRERY goes on with her usual spirits and good humour. We are never melancholy but when we think of poor Mr. Pope, whose pains and sufferings, excessive as they were, have been borne with surprising constancy and evenness of mind. I own I am in great fears for him. Release me from them if possible.

79. POPE TO LORD ORRERY.

[*May*, 1744.]

MY LORD,—I am not so well as I could wish, or as you could wish, but I am well enough yet, with pleasure to enjoy all the good wishes I know you bear me. I have indeed a new physician, who tells me I shall be grateful to all my friends, and mend apace. He has changed the nature of my disease from an asthma into a dropsy, and certain it is he has drawn from me a great quantity of pure water, and after these evacuations I am more spirited than I used to be. I had been under one of them when Lord Boyle was here last. I go abroad almost every day in a chariot, but am very lethargic; yet I remember my lord and lady Orrery every day, and shall *dum spiritus hos regit artus*.[2]

[1] From the original in the possession of Mr. Murray.

[2] Mr. Pope's last letter; signed but not written by himself; received

80.[1] LORD ORRERY TO MALLET.

MARSTON, *May* 19, 1744.

EXTRACT.

I WILL write to you only a few lines, for the subject of my letter is grief and anxiety. What is become of our dear and matchless friend Mr. Pope? My accounts of him have been so various and have alarmed me so much, that I have not a moment's ease when I think of him; and to banish him from my mind is beyond my power or inclination. Pray send me, as speedily as you can, all particulars relating to his state.

81.[2] MALLET TO LORD ORRERY.

STRAND [NEAR BRENTFORD], *May* 19, [1744.]

MY LORD,—I never was at a loss in what manner to address your lordship till now. I had flattered myself with the hope of making my sincerest acknowledgments for the very particular kindness of your last letter still more acceptable by an account of our friend Mr. Pope's recovery. Instead of that I now find that I shall only afflict your lordship by what I have to say of him. He still breathes, but cannot be said to live, for he has not the smallest enjoyment of his life, hardly

at Marston, May 5, 1744. His account of his new physician, Dr. Tomson, who is said to have hastened his death; he complains of being lethargic; concludes with professions of great kindness; but notwithstanding all the many and high assurances of friendship, gratitude, and affection in these letters, he forgot me in his will. *Mens curva in corpore curvo.*—LORD ORRERY.

Lord Orrery could not expect a pecuniary legacy, but ambitious of literary distinction, and anxious for the world to know that he was among the poet's most valued associates, he was mortified not to be in the list of those to whom Pope bequeathed a memorial. On May 19 he spoke of Pope to Mallet "as our matchless friend," and on May 30 Pope died. The change in Lord Orrery's language must have arisen entirely from disappointment at being forgotten in the will, and had there been no stronger evidence of Pope's duplicity his character for truth would be unblemished.

[1] From the original in the possession of Mr. Murray.

[2] From the original in the Orrery papers.

of his reason. I have watched the progress of his distemper with much and anxious attention. After having been treated several months for an asthma by some eminent physicians without the least abatement of that supposed distemper, there comes at last Dr. Thompson, who asserts that his illness is a dropsy of the breast, and that the asthmatic complaint is only a consequence of it. He says too that he can cure him, weak and attenuated as he is.[1] For this end he ordered Mr. Pope several doses of physic, with what judgment I will not say, but they have evacuated him into absolute inanition. His strength, as well as his senses, is, I think, irrecoverably impaired. I staid with him all Friday evening and Saturday without being able to understand a word of what he would have said to me, till towards noon that I had him carried into the garden. There he recovered into some coherence of thought, talked intelligibly and rationally for above an hour, but grew weary, would return into the house, where I left him, without the satisfaction of taking a last farewell of him. I beg pardon, my lord, for this melancholy detail, but it is the

[1] Thompson's custom was to speak the confident language which was most agreeable to the sick, and he owed his fleeting popularity to the artifice. "He was a man," says Johnson, "who had, by large promises and free censures of the common practice of physic, forced himself up into sudden reputation." Either from impudence, or ignorance, he kept up his "large promises" to Pope when they no longer answered the temporary end of beguiling him by deceptive hopes. Dr. Thompson told him on May 15, "that he was glad to find he breathed so much easier, that his pulse was very good, and several other encouraging things," upon which Pope remarked to Lyttelton, who came immediately afterwards, "Here am I dying of a hundred good symptoms." Although no skill could have renovated his worn-out constitution, his two rival physicians, the old and the new, each laid his death upon the other. "A report is spread about town," wrote Mr. Duncombe to Archbishop Herring, June 10, 1744, "that, during his illness, a dispute happened in his chamber between Burton (who is since dead himself) and Thompson; the former charging the latter with hastening his death by the violent purges he had prescribed, and the other retorting the charge. Mr. Pope at length silenced them by saying, 'Gentlemen, I only learn by your discourse that I am in a very dangerous way; therefore all that I have now to ask is that the following epigram may be added, after my death, to the next edition of the Dunciad by way of postscript:

> Dunces rejoice, forgive all censures past,
> The greatest dunce has killed your foe at last.'

However, I have been since told that these lines were really written by Burton himself."

overflowing of a heart that long loved and esteemed him as a good man, no less than an excellent writer.

This, perhaps, should not be communicated particularly to Lady Orrery, from whom, in her present condition, all things disagreeable should be kept far. My wife, with her best thanks to her ladyship for the favour lately indulged to her, bids me offer again her real good wishes that she may speedily and safely make your lordship a happy father once more.

Were I writing to a person indifferent to the subject of this letter, I would make an apology for the confused incorrectness of it, but your lordship, I know, will feel and approve what comes from the heart, however rude and disordered. Give me leave to assure your lordship that in every situation of mine I shall be, with truth and attachment, my lord, your most faithful and obedient servant.

82.[1] MALLET TO LORD ORRERY.

STRAND, *June* 1, 1744.

AT last, my lord, we have lost that excellent man. His person I loved, his worth I know, and shall ever cherish his memory with all the regard of esteem, with all the tenderness of friendship. In the midst of his extreme weakness he remembered your lordship, and charged me with his last good wishes for your health and happiness,—that you may long live, and be what you now are. This commission he delivered to me with so much earnestness, and warmth of affection, that I am sure it will have the same effect on your lordship it has now on me: it brings the tears afresh into my eyes.

On Monday last I took my everlasting farewell of him. He was enough himself to know me, to enquire after Mrs. Mallet's health, and anxiously to hasten his servant in getting ready my dinner, because I came late. The same social kindness, the same friendly concern for those he loved, even in the minutest instances, that had distinguished his heart through

[1] From the original in the Orrery papers.

life, were uppermost in his thoughts to the last. He died on Wednesday, about the middle of the night, without a pang or a convulsion, unperceived of those that watched him, who imagined he was only in a sounder sleep than ordinary. But I cannot go on. After the loss of such a friend what can I think of but of those very few I have left? As the foremost of that number I am importunate with your lordship to be very careful of what is so valuable to your family and country, —your health and spirits,—the uninterrupted possession of which no man can wish more sincerely than, my lord, your most faithful and obedient servant.

I had the honour of both your lordship's letters. What accounts I receive of our friend's will you may expect to know by the first opportunity.

83.[1] LORD ORRERY TO MALLET.

MARSTON, *July* 14, 1744.

EXTRACT.

I FIND people in general seem surprised at the last act of our late departed friend. I own I wonder that you should be omitted in the list of friends. To my knowledge no man deserved a higher place in that list.[2] It is reported that Mr. A[llen] is extremely enraged at his share of money, not of books, or rather at the manner in which it is given, and which is indeed a perfect mystery to me.[3] But what is the

[1] From the original in the possession of Mr. Murray.

[2] Resentment at being "forgotten in Pope's will" may have been the sorry reason why Mallet turned against him when he was dead, and became the agent of Bolingbroke "to blast his memory."

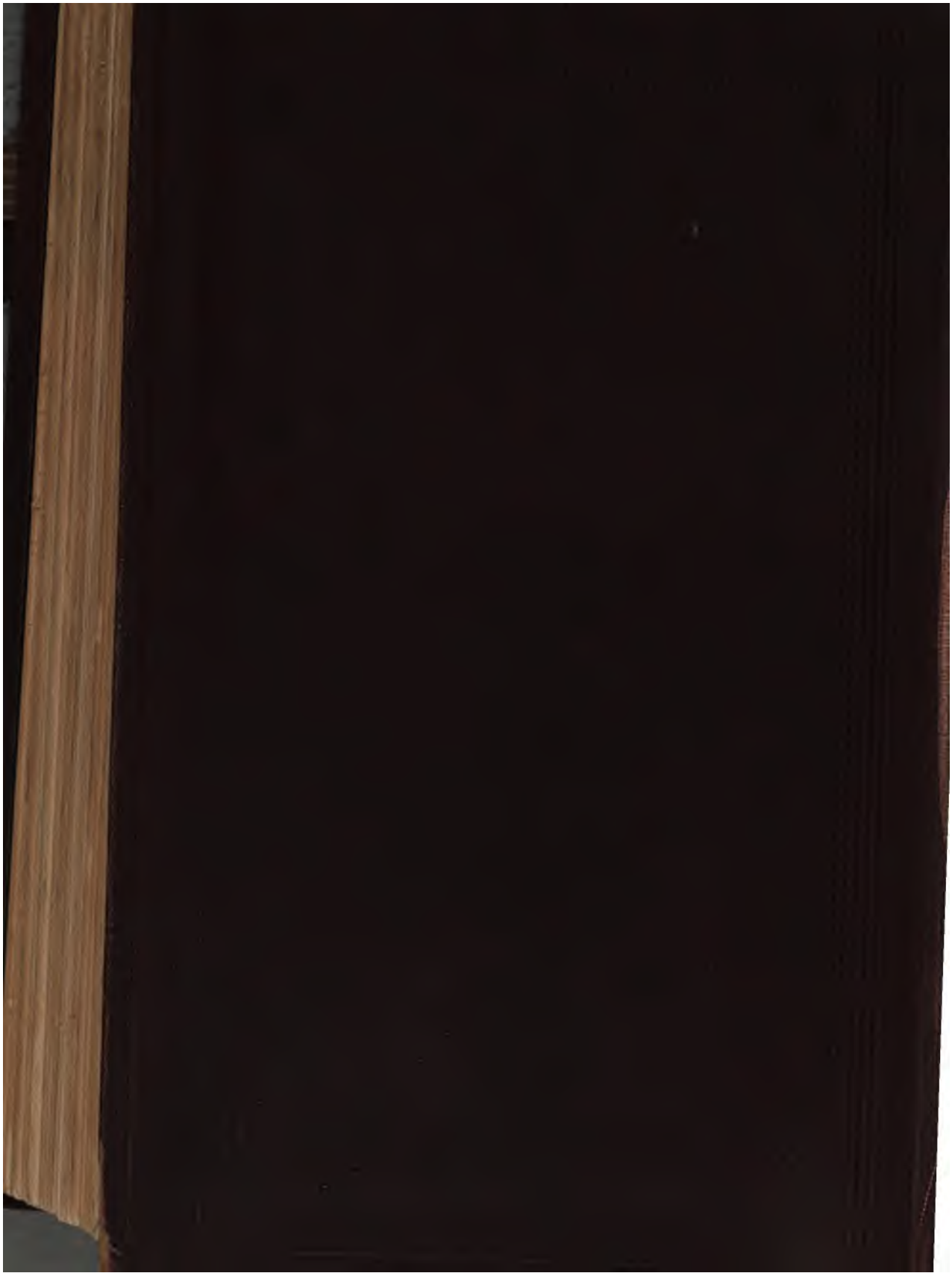
[3] The explanation of the mystery was that Martha Blount having quarrelled with Mrs. Allen, insisted that Pope should cancel his obligations to Allen, and refund, by a legacy, the sums he had received from him. Pope yielded to her demand, and after bequeathing his books to Allen and Warburton conjointly, he went on to say, "In case Ralph Allen Esqr. shall survive me, I order my executors to pay him the sum of £150, being, to the best of my calculation, the amount of what I have received from him, partly for my own, and partly for charitable uses. If he refuses to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way I am per-

will in comparison of the works? or the greatest legacy from the person dead, in comparison to half an hour passed in his company when alive? Those half hours we have had, and as Dryden boldly says from Horace:

> Not Heaven itself upon the past has power;
> But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

My head orders my heart to stop.

suaded he will not dislike, to the benefit of the Bath Hospital." He allowed the bequest to go to the hospital, and remarked upon the clause in the will, that "Pope was always a bad accountant, and that if to £150 he had put a cipher more, he had come nearer to the truth." Allen was hurt that his generous friendship should be flung back to him with a sort of disdain, and was indignant that, while professing a punctilious discharge of the debt, Pope should misrepresent the amount, with the double result of denying the favours he had received, and of saving his estate. The public joined their censure, and Johnson says, that Pope "brought some reproach upon his own memory by the petulant and contemptuous mention of Allen, and the affected repayment of his benefactions."

END OF VOL. III.

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